

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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Essays and Lectures



Dean O'Malley

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH IN TRUST FOR
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Yours Sincerely/
A. J. Malley

ESSAYS AND LECTURES

BY

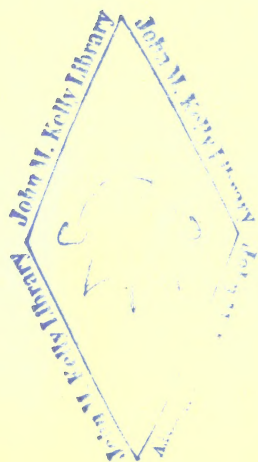
DEAN O'MALLEY

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"THE WRECK OF THE TITANIC," "AMERICAN STATESMAN,"
"SONNETS OF A RECLUSE," "SHAKESPERIAN AND
MISCELLANEOUS LECTURES"



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THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

MANY of my Shakesperian lectures recently, in some unaccountable way were lost, and I promptly resolved to publish those remaining to avoid a similar disaster. As all of them were published originally in a "weekly," they were rather ruthlessly compressed for reasons of space. Consequently in places the narrative is not as clear and connected as I could desire, but I could not afford the time now to recast them and I appeal to the clemency of the critics.

The other articles, originally for the most part lectures, were written recently and deal with topics of the day. Whether there is anything in them of permanent value is for the reader to say.

Combining Shakespeare and modern topics in one book may be considered bad taste, but I found it necessary and plead that for pardon.

A.O'M.

Barrie, 29 Jan., '16.

The Deanery,
Barrie, Ont.

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INTRODUCTION

THE book, "Essays and Lectures," of Dean O'Malley, offers instructive and interesting reading, both for the truth it contains and the variety of subjects of which it treats. There are thirteen essays in the collection and all of them carry the hall-mark of patient study and research. But let no one take up this volume in order to while away his time, for it is addressed to a high order of intelligence. The thoughtful student will be interested by the wealth of language and learning displayed in this attractive book.

The Dean modestly refrains from claiming that he has given in his pages anything approaching an exhaustive and entirely comprehensive survey of the territory he has travelled over. The analysis, indeed, is not exhaustive, but the choice of his subjects has been so well selected and the treatment so masterly that the general effect is that of comprehensiveness. The author's method has been to select, from a large sheaf of his compositions, a few themes with which he is intimately familiar and which he expands and developes with great skill and erudition.

The chapters on "The War" and on "Character" are, in these strenuous times, illuminating and very much contribute to the strength and value of the work. The versality of the Dean is phenomenal and his mastership of language startling. These qualities, united to a fine literary judgment, make his book excellently well-balanced. Within the legitimate limits of its scope the volume carries out its promise in a well arranged and helpful text.

The author has exercised his selective judgment to good effect and has included in his attractive book only those subjects to which he has given deep and intelligent thought and which he has treated in an attractive style. He writes forcibly and with ease and fluency and his book of 189 pages is conceived on a large and generous plan.

To glance through it, even hurriedly, is to realize that in painstaking research, in thorough and scholarly documentation, the execution is not behind the breadth of view with which it was undertaken, at least when its full and final inspiration came to the author. The Dean is no dreamer or visionary, but a hard and persistent worker, and no man in our Dominion, to-day has studied with more intelligent mind

or written on a greater variety of subjects than the author of "Essays and Lectures."

He possesses, beyond doubt, much of the *divinus afflatus*, which is something beyond the mere mechanism of composition or the jugglery of words.

Dean O'Malley's essay on St. Bernard and Abelard is of compelling interest. In selecting for his theme two of the greatest characters of the 12th century he displays his familiarity with the genius of both and with the spirit, culture and learning of their time. The author in his able review of the fierce controversy which had covered the fields of philosophy since the days of Plato and Aristotle and which had reached its climax in the time of St. Bernard and Peter Abelard, shows an intelligent grasp of and familiarity with the problems of Nominalism, Realism and Conceptualism. He outlines briefly, but satisfactorily, the problems underlying the dispute and dissipates for ordinary readers much of the haze and mist obscuring an abstruse question. He has an exceptional grasp of his subject and presents his arguments in a convincing way, applying a wide historic knowledge as well as philosophic acumen to his study. He has ideas and explains them clearly. Unlike G. K. Chesterton's charlatan who has no idea and confines himself to explaining that it is much too subtle to be explained, the Dean makes his ideas clear to the reader and satisfactory to the thinker.

The Dean has for years been regarded as a deep student of the higher forms of the drama, and his book strengthens his reputation as a Shakespearian scholar. With full and kindling expression he has invested the play of Macbeth with a new and beautiful interpretation, shows the worldly wisdom of the dramatist and with great analytical power has turned the salient forces of strength and weakness in the characters of the drama.

The author displays a strong partiality for the sumptuous beauties of the poetry of Shakespeare and lovingly extols the greatness of the Bard of Avon. Because of their appreciation of his marvellous intellectual strength and versatility the keenest critics in every land in recent years—and in recent years only—have greeted Shakespeare as the greatest uninspired seer the world has ever known, with the possible exception of Dante. They have recognized in the undisputed king of Elizabethan literature a man of the most penetrating vision as touching the actions and meaning of human life and gifted with a wonderful power of expressing his vision in absolutely explicit and intelligible ways, notwithstanding the universal harmony of critical judgment. Shakespeare, as the master of dramatic literature, it must be admitted, is little

more than a name. A great many, even of those who do considerable reading and think themselves well informed, could scarcely tell anything about Shakespeare's time and nothing about his dramas if we except a few which are known to the public through the interpretations of famous actors. For three hundred years the world has been learning something about Shakespeare. Next to the Bible his work has been the greatest source of information and has been a fountain at which all modern writers of note have slaked their thirst. It has been translated in its entirety, or in parts, into all modern languages and yet to-day no one can with assurance tell us whether Shakespeare died a Catholic or a Protestant. In the interest of Catholic students of Shakespeare an essay on the subject from the pen of the learned Dean would be interesting and illuminative if not decisive. His fine judgment and intimate knowledge of Shakespearian literature eminently qualify him for the task and as the English-speaking world will, on April 23, 1916, celebrate the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, an article on his religious creed by Dean O'Malley would be illuminating and timely.

The author's essay on "Peace" is a painstaking and able production. In this essay he canvasses every possible element and contingency which bore upon the causality of the war of the allies—the dynastic dreams of the Kaiser, economic expansion, world power, super-man, political ambition and incidental events, all of which he manipulates with the skill of an expert chronicler.

While reading his analysis of the political, economic and military state of Europe to-day you forget for a time that he is a devout parish priest and rank him with experts in the mysteries of deep diplomacy or with professional publicists.

The Dean's treatise on "Character" is an expansion of a lecture which he delivered not long ago and is, in our opinion, the finest in his book. It carries the marks of much study and research in the domain of ethics and is full and informational on Greek philosophy and Hebrew moral literature.

These essays and lectures, now given to the public for the first time, are among the finest productions of the genius of Dean O'Malley. A sure test as to the good influence of a writer on his age is, that when we have read his book we feel better in ourselves and we think better of others. This test, we believe, the Dean can safely stand. May he continue to enjoy many years of health, happiness and usefulness is a hope in which all who are privileged to know him will share.

W. R. (DEAN) HARRIS

The War

THE philosopher instinctively seeks the cause of the phenomena he observes, and hence we are all peripatetics in 1915; for no man could possibly live on this planet and witness the tragedies and crimes of the present appalling war and not do his utmost to unearth and analyze its moral and material causes. When the mountain flings forth against the tranquil sky its columns of fire and smoke, the rudest peasant will surmise there is spontaneous combustion in the bowels of the earth; when wild tidal waves rush like molten mountains on the shore, even the brawny fishermen will assure you that somewhere in the sea the earth has risen and forced the fretful waters out; and so in the present upheaval the causes are not farther to seek; a political volcano has vomited its contents on the nations, a military tide has devastated their shores.

Human nature is everywhere and always the same; it is a permanent quantity, an immutable entity. Men will ceaselessly seek political and even dynastic power, and races will wrangle over the open spaces and fat valleys of the earth. Few, indeed, will be found as magnanimous as Abraham was. True, education has lifted races and individuals out of the savagery and slough of barbarism; yet under the intellect and will where goodness and truth reside are the emotions and passions, and although their craters may seem harmless and extinct, history and psychology teach the opposite, and warn us to watch, for there are buried cities at the base. Do what they will—plant early and water well, Religion, Law, and Ethics cannot sow their seeds so as to secure their ideals against the explosion of the embers smudging restively within. Some ethnical problem like our Hindu or French language tangle, some ascendancy and creed question as in Ireland, some population problem such as disturbed Germany and Japan, is sure to crop up.

Looking for a place in the sun was undoubtedly the fundamental cause of this war. It was a population problem, but it was more; it was an ethnical, political, and economical problem. The German Emperor employed this pretty and picturesque phrase some months before the war, and practically served notice on his neighbors not to be surprised if something should happen.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but it would appear Germany had been distributing pamphlets rather freely for ten years or more. For forty even she had been preparing her presses. Of course, a deaf ear to the two peace proposals of the Czar on the basis of reduced armaments was not lost on the European chancelleries. A network of strategic railroads, absolutely useless and unnecessary for commercial purposes, built under the nose of Belgium, France, and Russia, was a storm signal to the neighbouring military. A new Gibraltar on innocent Salisbury's Heligoland, and a Kiel canal nearing completion gave even Madam Thebes a chance to prophecy what would happen in 1914. Prince Henry's visit to the United States was a love-making not thrown away on either Grey, Sassanoff, or Delecasse. A little telegram to Kruger woke up John Bull and his lion, and neither have done much sleeping since. A huge navy and a mighty army almost mobilized was a constant challenge to the Triple Entente. Von Bernhardt, with his burglar slippers on, visited the United States to whisper to the faithful, some of whom proved unfaithful, but he didn't much care, for he wrote a book on the next war, which turned out to be practically a plan of campaign. Neitchze expatiated on the superman, which we didn't know till recently was the Germanic alliance related to the rest of men. Treitchke in his pragmatism expounded the will-to-power theory, ridiculing the will-to-serve as Galilean.

While these were the handwriting on the wall, no one was simple enough to imagine they were more than symptoms of the deep-seated malady within. A post-mortem either verifies or destroys diagnosis, but neither of the combatants is yet dead, and, therefore, our duty is vivisection. Nevertheless, we must anatomize. Why did Germany have the feverish head, rapid pulse that at least precipitated the war?

She had too much blood. She had a healthy family life. Both the Lutherans and the Catholics had large families, and their cradles were teeming with children. It is an odd irony that morality should be charged with complicity in causing war. But it is even so. Neither Ghenghis Khan, Atilla, Alexander, nor Napoleon would have dreamed of world-empires were it not for the multitude of their fanatical followers.

The Treaty of Prague made the millions of Prussia and Austria a happy family; and both as brothers henceforth developed rapidly, for in union there was strength, and soon also a concealed consciousness. But the territory the Germanic brethren occupied was too small for their sons, and the United States, Brazil, and Africa received the overflow. Even with this loss, Germany in ten years forged ten millions ahead of France. Great possibilities were wrapped up in this teeming

population for war or for peace. And some dreamer seems to have been dreaming dreams. Why not turn them to account by rattling the sabre or even using it? The Slav peoples to the East, approximately two hundred millions, were not negligible. Rattling the thunderbolts of Jove wouldn't frighten a horde like that. France and England had some eighty millions, mostly dilettantes and shopkeepers, who were fonder of cricket and fine clothes than war, yet if the entente cordial was more than a document or sentiment, it might be well to let the bears and the lions and the man milliners sleep. The population question alone would never have tipped the scales of war.

What then did? Had conceit and arrogance a place or any weight in the argument? The Germanic peoples could hardly help having assurance. We all went to Germany for our post-graduate courses—England went, America went, France went. We filled their lamps and trimmed their wicks, and why shouldn't they burn? They were no doubt confident, with their superior kultur, they could overcome combined numbers. They could make guns and gases that their benighted neighbours were profoundly ignorant of. They had read Machiavelli, and had strenuously prepared in peace for the grim necessities of war. Their legions learned by rote the one word, "Sedan," and all the camps giggled with gladness. But conceit with the German is not levity—the opposite, it is thoroughness. The plodding, methodical German had no doubt of his ability to beat the mercurial, dashing Frenchman. They would offer the English the French colonies, and their old commercial and territorial cupidity would blind them as to their day of reckoning. If by any chance she did go in, they would give Carson enough guns to blow the roof off Ireland—and Canada would be induced or seduced to assert the sovereignty she had been so long dreaming of. They would tie up Russia with the manacles and fetters of unfair tariff discrimination. But thoroughness and conceit are not diplomacy. That art or science, or what you will, is more of a gift than something acquired by assiduity—it is insight, a knowledge of human nature not only in the individual, but in the species, and that, too, in peoples entirely foreign and alien in every way to one's own. A person or a people, it would seem, must have some defect. The Germans are confessedly not diplomats; they didn't size up the Irish right; they didn't seem to understand what Canada meant by nationhood; they didn't know that the blood and soul relationship of the sisterhood was a far stronger thing than a commercial or constitutional bond. They apparently expected Canadians and Irishmen to act as the Germans would probably have done. Steibers' invisible

army of spies gave them shiploads of advice, but it was as thick as lumber, and only misled their masters, if not in details at least in main and mighty things that blot out a world of cunning devices by a single act. Was the secret service to supplement or supersede diplomacy? We know not. One thing's sure: Events have proved their diplomacy was dunderheaded. The cocksureness of William der Grosse made him drop the pilot Bismarck. In dropping Bismarck he dropped Russia, and that was the fatuous and fundamental error of this hair-brained Hohenzollern.

Yet even added arrogance didn't tip the scales. Something altogether more substantial dropped the pan. The French milliards of the 'seventies were still at Spandau; the granaries were bursting with hoarded wheat; Essen was stuffing the arsenals with munitions of war; the army and navy were eating their hearts out at the trough; the pay-roll was prostrating the exchequer; the war-lords were peevish and sulky; the Crown Prince longed and languished to let the Frederick within him out. He was to have ridden, gold-braided and upright, on a caparisoned charger into both Paris and Warsaw, but Von Kluk and Hindenburg together couldn't underbrush a way wide enough to let him in.

To all these things were added economic reasons why the war was desirable. Germany's industrial machine had developed most amazingly, and assiduous science was everywhere its handmaid. Her tariffs quite killed world-competition, and the made-in-Germany slogan kept her wealth at home. An innocent world hardly read her policy aright. Now, if France and Belgium and Scandinavia were cowed and Austria and Turkey were suzerains (save the mark!) they would have to take their teddy bears and tinsel things that frugal Germans made on every farm; moreover, their market and bourses would have to pay toll to the Hohenzollern exchange. One fact here is very illuminating. Turkey was forbidden to borrow money from Uncle Sam for the Bagdad railway, one thousand miles of which was built by German money and engineered by German engineers. From Calais to Calcutta! There's a Cape to Cairo scheme for you that would make the Imperial Banque as big as the Bank of England. It might be remarked that neither Calais nor Calcutta belong to Germany. What of that? Didn't Clive and Wolfe grab India and Canada?

Closely connected with economic expansion, we shall always find political ambition. The German Emperor had many sons, and although it appears fantastic, there is hardly any doubt he would enjoy having them so many Governors-General if he could dig up posts and places for them. Eng-

land, his bete noir, would soon impose her sons on the colonies if they weren't too plebeian and democratic. That development he could see coming, and he grew sea-green with jealousy. But the old wine is too strong for the new bottles.

There is a difference between a limited monarchy and autocracy. The difference runs all the way between John and Charles. Germans haven't read English history, and they have no political initiative of their own. They're not a particle as a people more powerful than the Russians. Neither the Reichstag nor the Duma are more than debating schools. The Chancellor comes down with a policy, and unless there is a veritable explosion, like Mr. Ward precipitated on the "King or the Commons," if they debate till doomsday, it will make no difference to his budget. In fact, the Chancellor is not chosen by the Chamber; he is appointed by the Emperor, and to him alone is he responsible. In both these countries they enjoy only the ghost of democracy, but they seem to enjoy the ghost just the same. The whole thing is feudalism pure and simple—the last fortress of that once useful and necessary system; but democracy is as inevitable as doom and destiny, and this war is the last kick of an institution that soon will be a corpse.

If by any chance the German autocracy should win with a mighty army and an invincible navy that could corsair the universal sea, would not the Emperor impose on his knee-creaking neighbours almost any political status he desired? Certainly, Russia, the United States of South America (a political possibility), the United States of North America, and the united dominions of England would be the only autonomies in the Western world he would have to meet on terms of equality.

Besides all these, there is another element more volcanic and vitriolic than them all—the question of tribal ascendancy! Roughly speaking, Europe has the Anglo-Celts, the Latins, the Teutons, and the Slavs. Which of these shall be pre-dominant? Or shall it be the old balance of power armed to the teeth? Or, better still, shall it be a loose federation of States, where each, retaining its normal political status, will be responsible to all for its conduct? The latter would be ideal, but will it ever be actual?

Whatever the future may have in store, the Balkan wars uncovered a condition, a prowess, and a preparedness for war among the league that was distinctly disquieting to Germany, and at once upset the planned protectorate over Turkey which she had been nursing for a decade. It was a man's hand on the horizon which, in her imagination and may be in fact, hid the whole of Russia behind it. In brief, since then Pan-Slavism was face to face with Pan-Germanism. The Iroquois and the

Hurons over again; it was a question of tribal ascendancy. The Latins and the Anglo-Celts all together were quite despicable. Being peaceful, industrious, simple folk, all things considered, it seemed to Germany the psychological moment to strike and trounce them in the twinkling of an eye, one by one, if possible—a slaughter of the innocents in the West first, and then a struggle to the death with the monster octopus of the East. But dreams, and even calculations, don't always come true.

History, a very innocent and amiable agency, may well be said to have been the subliminal and subtle force making for war. Napoleon's desire for world-empire and indefinitely enduring dynasty—for such per se is the conception of the state—his military madness, and his phenomenal political career, had really pre-empted and monopolized the world-stage for a hundred years. Was it not high time that a Hohenzollern should show that the breed had not degenerated? Frederick the Great was a German. He hadn't the resources, the kultur, the vision, of William II.; he couldn't possibly deceive Francis Joseph more than Frederick deceived Maria Theresa. Besides that, Turkey seemed a willing and stupid victim. There would be an empire stretching to the Persian Gulf. If he succeeded, history would probably call him Great. Then, too, to the north there was a barbarian named Peter—that history called great. All he had to do was to weld the Russian peoples together, make religion a department of the State, thus creating a self-sufficient empire. Why shouldn't William preside over a great empire and a great Church? Cousin George even was such. To go a little further back, didn't Charlemagne found the Holy Roman Empire north of the Alps. It had lasted a thousand years in the hands of a nondescript dynasty. Julius Cæsar, too, in his high and palmy days, founded an empire or cemented one and wrote a book, the obsession of the colleges. If things went right, couldn't William write such a book or cull and compile one from the "next war" by Von Bernhardi (bless the mark!)? Surely at least Teutonic colleges would dote and ponder on its pages. The Germans teach history well, we hear, in that "high and mighty" way called the philosophy of history, where facts dwarf and are forgotten in the sweeping causes that produce them and the consequences that flow from them. History thus taught might make some dream dreams, especially if opportunity were at hand with her armies and navies. At any rate, to start at the end of a row (either end) of military prodigies like Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon would be a consummation devoutly to be wished!

Yet, with all this leaven in the mass, there was a handicap,

there was need of a crisis, a provoking cause. Butchering or botching a telegram was played out, and there was a reason. In forty-four years the world had studied ethics and history. One Lord Haldane had been talking at Washington—the innocent, amiable—on “the higher neighbourhood of nations,” which meant in the old-fashioned way that there was such a thing as international law. A Peace Palace had been built at The Hague by one Andrew the Ironmaster and Laird of Skibo. It was actually intended to educate the world in the ethics of honour, arbitration, and the like. Pacification through this propaganda had become more than a doctrine, and militarism with its braid and brutality was losing caste. There was an individual consciousness, a national, a world consciousness, that the sword must be beaten into a plowshare. Once more, there was even a conscience awakened in the matter. Was the game of war right when a tribunal of arbitration would be as effective as the arbitrament of arms? Germany had taught our post-graduates all that, and sent us professors of psychology to clear up our heads on the fundamentals of sociology, and how could she now doctor and destroy telegrams? She therefore had to wait and wait and wait till Kiel was opened, and Ferdinand was killed, which two things, rather fortunately, almost synchronized.

But perhaps an enemy would cut the leashes and loose the dogs of war. Now, had Germany any enemies, and, if so, why? The brutal candour of her literature for a decade had driven all the neighbouring nations into an entente cordial, and amazed the rest of the world with its unreasoning and undiplomatic stupidity. Tourists, faddists, and financiers were so boorish and so arrogant in Paris, Petrograd, and London as to poison the populace against them and place these peoples solidly behind the Government when war arrived. They had taken, by force of arms, Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark in the 'sixties, Alsace-Lorraine from France in the 'seventies, and approved and made possible the taking of Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908. Enemies indeed! Yes, and more than enough to press the button. However, the finger and the button were necessary owing to the international conscience. There was especially the tribunal of right and wrong in the United States, with its Anglo-Saxon origin, to be faced and squared. This people was profoundly democratic and devoted, at least in theory, to the decencies of public life. They would probably sway violently against anything palpably crude and cruel, as they have done in the case of Belgium and Poland. Bosnia, however, touched the button; assassinated Ferdinand. The dogs of war were loosed, smelt the blood, and

barked, but had to wait a month before fleshing their fangs in fair Belgium's body.

Events now moved rapidly. On the 28th June the Archduke was murdered, and on the 23rd of July Austria issued her ultimatum to Serbia. The document was exceptionally severe, and would have denationalized Serbia if accepted in its entirety. There was a forty-eight-hour time-limit for the answer. Right then England could have done, if she wanted war, what Japan did to Russia—strike with her ships without a formal declaration of war; but she didn't want it. On the contrary, Mr. Asquith intervened to stave it off. It was quite certain Russia would rush into the arena if Austria attacked Serbia. As France was the offensive and defensive ally of Russia, she would automatically come in. Similar reasoning would bring Germany into the lists with Austria. So, where was the sense in hesitating? It was certainly the psychological moment for the English and French fleets to strike.

They could have struck, because they just had had a review, which was tantamount to mobilization on land. In lieu thereof, the Foreign Office besought Germany to persuade Austria to extend the time-limit and Russia to secure from Serbia a moderate reply. Russia, England, and Italy were working like beavers to procure a round table conference. Germany's answer was a non-possumus—our ally must have a free hand. Serbia conceded all of Austria's demands excepting two, which would sap her sovereignty, and these two she proposed to submit to arbitration. Austria blankly refused to acquiesce in this. The Hapsburgs had forgotten 1908, the provocation, or perhaps they wished to add all Serbia to Bosnia and Herzegovina. That's what the refusal meant. Now, the "Bear that walks like a man" was standing upright, and sotto voce growling. Vienna heard the noise and listened attentively. The Hapsburgs always trembled when the Romanoffs roared. On the 31st of July Austria consented to talk it over with Russia; but, alas! the die was already cast up in Berlin. Germany very impertinently—for she was not a first party to the quarrel—sent out ultimata to Russia and France to demobilize in twelve hours. This was an open insult and an undoubted declaration of war. The Armageddon was on. The twelve-hour time-limit, when the primaries were willing to parley, was not a whit less clumsy than Bismarck's butchering the telegram. The facts are contained in the white books published by all the Governments concerned, immediately after the outbreak of the war.

With desire had they desired that moment, and now they were not craven enough to let the occasion slip. The crisis

came; the bell of destiny or doom had struck, and the German legions were soon before Liege.

It is pertinent and opportune here, before dealing with the conduct of the war, to look into the ethics of the Germans in the invasion of Belgium and Luxemburg, and of England in sending an expeditionary force to the fray when she was not bound by treaty to France and Russia.

It is a delicate and difficult task to discuss the ethics of war. The ethics of peace are bad enough—what with graft and crookedness in politics and commerce, race-suicide, divorce, luxury, and the rest. Some farceur or philosopher, or both, had said, "all is fair in love and war." No one in this present peaceful generation thought it was more than a pleasantry, a play on states that some assert are similar. It turns out that the phrase actually exploits a truth in the profoundest and keenest way. Quite as recklessly, too, we were wont to discard and exorcise that other wise saw, "the end justifies the means." We have written books, even, about it in our righteousness; especially non-Catholics were zealous in clamouring like parrots in the rain against the Jesuits. Proofs in the sun would justify them. Now all the combatants have one law—"Get there!"

Only to-day it has transpired that the French are said to be using turpentine and the Germans a sulphurous gas, neither of which gives a mere man even a chance to fight. Many of the discarded stratagems of ancient times have been resurrected in this war. For instance, it is said the Germans deployed women and children before their troops to protect them from the enemy's fire. The destruction of universities, cathedrals, and art treasures wantonly, the decimation of the non-combatant population, so as to inspire fear and terror, are methods that it was thought had been relegated to the scrap of civilized warfare.

The question here occurs, is fierce and terrible atrocity in the ultimate analysis mercy? The doctrine is old, and has been often preached; but civilization flattered itself it had been abandoned to barbarity. Belgium and Poland would seem to argue that Germany has no regard for civilized snivelling, piety, and platitudes. The military objective is victory, and the means simply whatever will accomplish it.

It is patent that the press of both belligerents saves the feelings and nerves of their partisans as much as possible, and prints for the most part what they know will please; but it seems beyond dispute from impartial sources, such as American Consuls that whole battalions of the invaders abandoned themselves most abominably to wine and the rest. If a tithe of the stories are true, they became merely wild beasts for the

moment, and forgot that they were born of women. To be fair and impartial, it must be added that both on land and sea in isolated instances whole companies conducted themselves quite humanely. On the whole, it may be said that the higher criticism, the categorical imperative, the superman and pragmatism have rather emasculated German morals than otherwise, and a return to Galilean ideals will aid in elevating their rather Corsican conduct.

By way of explanation or apology, it is urged that new eras create new ideas, and that tradition cannot clamp the conduct of posterity. For instance, airships and submarines are epoch-making and new in warfare. What would be the use of a Zeppelin if it didn't drop bombs, or the submarine if it didn't shoot torpedoes? Cities must be destroyed and ships must be sunk. There is something in the contention; but might they not be fairly employed against fortified places and fighting machines of their own class? And then we are asked how could Germany meet the starvation blockade in any other way than with her submarines, her regular navy being inadequate? And, as to morals they say, is it worse to sink ships suddenly than to starve us slowly?

The fundamental question remains: What of the solemn guarantee given by Germany to Belgium touching her neutrality? Does a matter of life and death, as Von Hollweg-Bethmann put it, release all theories of right and wrong? Does it relieve us of the obligation of plighted word and solemn promise? Is there any possible necessity that makes a treaty between autonomies "a scrap of paper"? If so, what is the use of meeting at Manchester or Rome or anywhere else precipitating protocols and signing treaties of peace?

As to England, was she right in going to war, and was she prudent? Both right and prudent. In the matter of morals, there were honour and friendship at stake. As to prudence and expediency, her very existence was at stake. There was no treaty between France, Russia, and England; they were merely friends; they had a mutual understanding, an entente cordial. England wasn't obliged to fight, but it was a question of friendship, and there was a moral if not a legal duty. The case was different as to Belgium. Great Britain was a co-signatory of a most solemn document with France and Germany, guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality and stipulating for the purpose an expeditionary force of fifty thousand men. There were here both obligation and honour. As to prudence, England wasn't pleased with the prospect of the Cyclops eating her—last. With France and Scandinavia helpless, what would happen the island Empire? If Germany dreamed for a moment that England would stand aside when

morality and existence were at stake, she is the biggest diplomatic dolt that ever occupied a place in the sun. Why blame or ostracize Lichnowsky? The brains of Berlin and the Fatherland are to blame.

The conduct of the war so far has been a battle royal between the strategists. Most certainly there never was a galaxy of men of equal capacity and genius, with William, Nicholas, Kitchener, Joffre, and Albert and French engaged in any one former war. Nor were there ever before twenty million men afoot at once. Four hundred and even six hundred miles of battle front is unheard of in history. There is not a shadow of doubt that the Emperor is the genius of Germany, with at once a most comprehensive, active, and exact mind. Von Hindenburg in the field is famous, but he has enjoyed only a limited scope. Their strategic railroads have enabled the Germans to fly from point to point, from East to West, with almost lightning rapidity. Whatever may be the finish, history will assign German strategy, mobility, and resource its fullest compliment of praise. On the other hand, the collective play and co-operation of Nicholas and Joffre is intended to wear down the nerve, the stamina, and the resistance of the giant in the fatal ring.

Four hundred miles in France of trenches have braziers and baths and music boxes—they are simple, modern cave-dwellers, with shooting irons to keep off the wild animals over the way. The Russians have been by far the most active, resourceful, and dogged, and their general, the Grand Duke, is easily the greatest genius uncovered by the war. He will probably be the first King of the reunited Poland.

There is an implication in this that the Allies will win, and there is lately some reason for it. The United States have been shipping arms and ammunition to whosoever will buy; but as the Germanic Alliance are pretty completely blockaded the British Allies are the only ones receiving them. The bitterness and resentment of Count Bernstorff at Washington show the way the wind is blowing; and he may shortly have his passport if he doesn't keep his temper. The Bethlehem steel boom means that Wall Street knows a secret. It would appear that Schwab has shipped enough artillery to place a big gun every ten feet of the four hundred miles. That seems fabulous, but, even heavily discounted, it would indicate that the Germans will have their match when the campaign opens in May. The battle of Neuve Chappelle is a case in point. So many great guns were concentrated on a limited area that whole ranks were buried under the churning earth. If rumours can be trusted, Nicholas and Joffre will take the offensive simultaneously, and will move on to victory—or defeat. One

must remember that there are one hundred and fifty millions in the Germanic Alliance, including Turkey. Of these, twenty million males ought to be available for war. If they have food and guns and munitions, they will prove Kitchener's forecast that it will be a long war. Prophecy is too delicate and dangerous to indulge in. We shall leave that to the Thebeses.

We may be permitted, however, to mention a few things almost inevitable, no matter who wins. There will be peace for a hundred years, and the arts and the industries will be cultivated as they never were before. A great literature will spring up around the war; poetry and history will embalm the names of the unreturning brave. The race will be chastened, and luxury will be lessened. Religion will have a new birth, and severer morals will be its handmaid. Almost certainly the smaller nations will enjoy a safer sovereignty, and they will be as buffers between the greater States. The peace propaganda will receive impetus. Temperance will doubtless find a place in the policy, if not the virtue, of many nations. With the example of Russia, France, and perhaps England before them, some salutary restrictions will at least be adopted. The revenue nightmare will disappear in the face of Russia's experience. Gladstone once said: "Give me forty million sober people, and I'll find the revenue." The Papacy in the hands of a diplomat like Benedict will gain in power and prestige. The presence of a British representative at Rome already seems to point that way. Dr. Dillon's argument that Italy will go in seems solid. She cannot for long feed one million two hundred thousand men from her own bins. If she fights, the old Illyrian shores must be hers. Protestant countries and peoples will have less bigotry, owing to war fraternity, and the heroic virtues of Belgium. Russia will be counted in as a European nation, and will be more sympathetically studied and better understood. Germany, in any case, will become really democratic, and the Government will be responsible only to the people. If the dynasty remains, it will govern by limited monarchy, as in England. The divinity of kingship will be no more. The brotherhood of labour will have an international strength hitherto unknown. Women will attain political rights, as Mill predicted fifty years ago, owing to their personal rights. Socialism will have to take a new tack. The fact that the Governments of England, France, Germany, and Russia have taken over the war, and many of the public utilities without even consulting them, have given them sea-sickness. The war has taught them and many others a much needed lesson. One might speculate harmlessly even more, but this must suffice.

Travel Talks

(Reviewed by A. O'M.)

THE plan of this book permits the learned and romantic author to be possibly more entertaining than if he was held down to the rigidly logical and chronological sequence of an historical treatise; and certainly the title "Travel-Talks" puts one at ease, expecting as he does a series of chatty chapters about the incidents and experiences of his sojourn in the sunny South. To our amazement we meet the most grandiloquent descriptions standing studded everywhere in these pages. It is true that at times he becomes colloquial and uses the language of the street; but far from pleasing it rather offends, and personally we should prefer him to keep pace with Prescott throughout than to drop, no matter how amusing, to words and phrases that need the apology of inverted commas. This is so infrequent and negligible, however, that we shall hardly be pardoned for adverting to it. The grandeur is so sustained that the more we read it the more we are amazed at the fluidity and felicity of his ornate phrases.

The book has a clear and well arranged plan, Sonora and the Yaquis occupying the attention in the first part; Baija and Digger-Indians in the second part; and Arizona and the Papagoes in the third. He discusses in very orderly fashion the character of these various regions and in detail gives us a verbal photograph of the tribes that inhabit them.

With a few striking and graphic phrases he gives us the boundaries of Sonora; shows that geologically it is part of Arizona; and adverts to its wonderful wealth which must under present unfavorable conditions remain unexploited and unexplored. He enters his own preserve when he undertakes the task of showing the origin of the Yaquis Indians; for he has been profoundly familiar with this topic for a quarter of a century; having in 1894 published his work on the Indians of North America. It may be doubted if there is an ethnologist living who can compare with the author in his familiarity with the topic of his choice.

The brevity of the sketch, its broad outlines, its freedom from lumbering details make it decidedly strong. We see first the great Athabaskan tribe of the North and the sedentary Yumis of the South. With one more stroke we behold the

Apaches decimating the Salt River Valley and driving the desperate remnant of its tribes to dwell in cliffs and caves to escape the murderous onslaught of these savage nomads. The pity of it all is profound when we witness their culture and civilization in their aqueducts and "Casas Grandes." The designs of Providence permitting such marauders to destroy peaceful populations are inexplicable to our short range of vision; but so are earthquakes, plagues, and war.

The author evidently has a great admiration for the physically fit even if they are banditti; for he lingers with evident enthusiasm describing the lanky men of toughened fibre and muscle, sons of warrior sires who bequeath to posterity their only property: courage, endurance, agility, strategy in war and cunning in the fight. Here as elsewhere his enthusiasm reveals, if unwittingly, the tastes and traits of his own character and personality.

As we proceed we shall offer no apology for panning the psychological attributes of the author, that lie sparkling in the splendid currents of thought that flow almost constantly from his pen. Although primarily a reviewer's task is to dissect the book; to draw it out of the brine, as it were, and examine it publicly on the slab, following its various veins, arteries, muscles and ligaments; showing where they are strong and healthy and where they are weak and atrophied; yet there are those, and their works are interesting, who very vividly place before you the author with his mannerisms and idiosyncrasies while commenting on the text of the book. This double task is more subtle and exacting than the dry mechanical labors of those who only see in a publication grammar, logic and rhetoric; for man is much more complex and profound than anything he can do or say. If the dramatist can thus construct and embellish the creatures of his brain, founded, of course, on a rich and varied knowledge of men and women and society it must be a much easier task to characterize the individual who scatters broadcast in his book the qualities that make up his mentality. If in this we violate the ethics of reviewers we err in good company.

But to proceed. The author unconsciously or otherwise hands us the key to the success of the marauding Apaches, when he tells us that they claimed descent from the wolf. The greatness of Rome in adventure and war may be traced to a tradition almost similar. The worship of heroes, warriors and statesmen in Japan by a well known psychological process reproduces individuals who almost invariably rise to the standard of the prototype. The "*horum omnium fortissimi sunt*" predicted of the Belgians by Cæsar probably accounts correctly for the well known valor of that brave race for the

past two thousand years. If the Dinnes emulated the wolf in its ruthlessness and rapacity they doubtless approximated him in physical and mental qualities and became in every country they infested the terror of their bewildered and dazed victims. It is a case of prophecy, by a psychological hypnotism securing its own fulfilment.

The fact that the Fathers of the early missions called Sonora "infelix" unhappy—a sufficiently sordid sobriquet is ample evidence that the wolf's ineffable ferocity was matched by these terrible men, who, secreted in their mountain lairs, and knowing the safe ambushes and hidden passes, bounded forth in howling packs upon the lonely villagers and trains of travellers, killing the men and carrying off the women and children to the fastnesses of their forest dens.

One can imagine how inaccessible the rock recesses are from the delightful description the Dean gives of the Sierras Madras Mountains, the Urique river and the Gran Barranca Canyon. They certainly do afford the Indian a deadly ambush and besides they have another office; they delight with ecstasies the traveller, as viewing the panorama of wonders, he lingers and languishes in meditation on the greatness of nature's forces and the works of God. The writer also has furnished to him unexampled opportunity for his powers of portraying impressions received here from the splendors of Heaven's grandest handiwork. It was fortunate for us the Dean, as both traveller and writer, went this way as we doubt that there is penned anywhere a more picturesque photograph than is found in his chapters on the Grand Canyon of Sonora. He gives us a glance at the imperishable peaks and spires of the Sierras, receiving and reflecting the rays of the eternal sun; and then with little regard for our nerves, lets us look into depths immeasurable to man where the Urique river flowing in flood is an ungovernable torrent. With the magic of his imagination he translates us over tracts of time to the days when the confederate waters of the mighty river were only raw recruits in lonely isolation on the crests and slopes of the mountains, where by the instinct of aggregation they slowly gathered and zig-zagging down searched their way to the sea.

With dramatic skill, like the grave digger's scene in Hamlet, he takes us away from the towering peaks, perpendicular walls, frightful abysses, gloomy depths and precipitous canyons where the wines of wonder opiate and dull the sense to the quaint tropical town Guaymas on the Gulf of California. Here our nerves relax and we have the sensation of repose in the company of the gentle and refined Don Elonzo Epinosa. Here, too, we first meet his majesty the burro and we are much

edified to learn that he can beat the goat, the sheep, or the chamois at his own game of mountain climbing. But we are not more amused than the author himself who reveals a sympathetic appreciation of the ugly stunted little courier, who has evidently been of consummate service to him in all his peregrinations through this rugged, romantic country. The cactus, in infinite variety with its cambric needles, he shows us has been an object of interest and fascinating study to him. Nor is the quaint and pious courtesy of the natives lost on him; for he sees in their prayerful salutation an image and an echo of the ages of faith. He pauses for a moment to admire the Tarahumari Indian mail-carrier; his enthusiasm revealing his own athletic tendencies. Prescott, however, set him the example by similarly noting the absolutely titanic errands these men could run. Elsewhere on page 55 the Dean describes a race between the braves of two neighboring tribes, the Yaquis and the Tarahumaris. Your hair, if you admire the athlete, will stand up, your pulse quicken and your breath will stop. The braves, men and women about and along the course have their last blanket up as stakes. The men run and return over cliff and glen the livelong day and at dusk they are sighted running shin to shin, neither pacing the other at any time is breathless and so are we and we're glad it's all over even if is breathless and so are we and were glad its all over even if half the Indians are robbed of their robes and blankets. The writer happens to have seen the Very Rev. Dean's trophies when he was a champion athlete and doesn't therefore wonder at his being able to equal Lew Wallace's description of the chariot race.

With consummate art to keep the interest stirred he now throws on his protean canvas a real tragedy. The scene is cast in the gorge of the Bacatete Mountains; the actors are the dons, donnas, and senoritas; the heroes and heroines of the play are the Mesas and the Hoffs; the villains are, of course, the ravaging, ruthless Yaquis. The carnage in the last act of Hamlet is not so great as here; for no mortal lives to tell the tale.

All this is but a pale and puny brief of the eloquence he pours out on the wonders of the Gran Barranca and we recommend the stylist to read this chapter again and again as a monumental specimen of topographical description; for in it and the next two (the three are really one) rhetoric with its handmaid, scholarship, employs picturesquely geology, history, Scripture and literature. Shakespeare, Solomon, Isaias, Dante, Kubla Khan and Tennyson join the procession that with pretentious pomp embellish his beautiful talk.

After all this grandiloquence the tone of the narrative in

sympathy with the topic suffers a great declension, yet apotheosis is the only word sufficiently categorical and comprehensive to cover the chapter on the "Friend of the Mountaineer." He suffers the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and still he is king of all domestic animals. He is called the clown and puppet of domestic beasts; but he is rather an imperturbable philosopher; he is a stoic among fatalists. He is the staff of emergency, the anchor of hope. His serene equanimity is as cool as quicksilver in January and will not turn a hair though Vesuvius and Matterhorn be in damnable conspiracy against him. His nerves are of steel and his feet are as safe as the mountain goat's. He is the precursor of the pioneer and carries the packs of the explorers, prospectors, surveyors and settlers to the valleys and plateaus and untenanted wilds. He has done more for civilization than senators and savants. All hail the burro!

After these moments of playful cynicism and satire the author grows philosophical and solemn; the words of Solomon "for in much learning is much grief and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow" become his text. He has been observing the trend of sociological phenomena and comes to the conclusion, rightly we think that the peaceful, industrious, uneducated peoples of Mexico have a more equitable distribution of what we call happiness than the busy pleasure and science seekers of the most brilliant centres. Whom the gods would destroy, we used to say, they first made mad. Now it must be amended to say, they first educate. Germany's scientific numerical and intellectual superiority made her immoral and mad. Shall we say, with the Dean, that the peasants of Westphalia, Normandy and Flanders have more happiness and virtue and sense than the ambitious, confident, restive Junkers and war-lords?

After gazing with zealous eyes on the huts and haunts of these peaceful peoples, he lifts his eyes and sees the sunset in the west. His words are so very like the strain of Shelly's "Revolt of Islam" that I make no comment but merely quote, "The air was preternaturally still and was filled with the reflected glory of the departing sun. The sky to the east was like a lake of blood, and under it the ancient mountains were colored in deep purple and violet. The sun was an enormous ball of fire floating in the heavens and above it were banks of clouds through which flashes of bloody light came and at times hung to their fringes. Just before it plunged behind its own horizon its light penetrated the motionless clouds in spires, and when the sun dipped and was lost the spires of glory quivered in the heavens and waves of red and amber light rolled on the atmospheric sea. Sharply outlined to my

right was the mountain rising above the Urique like a crouching lion and holding in its outstretched and open paw the unknown and attractive little village."

Before closing what he calls a rather long dissertation on the country and character of the Yaquis, he pays a visit and a compliment to a native priest and finds to his amazement that nearly half the Yaquis were converted to Christianity when the politicians of Mexico, on their declaration of independence of Spain, expelled or rather exiled the Franciscan fathers who for so long had been in control of the missions of Sonora. Now with a pitiful remnant of native priests the Indians of Sonora were neglected. Deprived of the softening and consoling influences of religion, they soon relapsed into the darkest savagery and the Mexicans now know that in ridding themselves of the Spanish priests they got rid of men who had more power in restraining the Indians of Sonora than a regiment of soldiers.

Leaving Sonora and the Yaquis the author crosses the Gulf of Cortez and lands on the inhospitable shores of that elongated monstrous thing looking alive, called Baija or Lower California. We miss at once the magnificence of the Gran Barranca, the Sierras and the Urique river. Here hemispheres of heat and cold where palms and pines meet and part again no longer appear, no longer do we gaze upon promontories and plateaus separating peaceful sleek valleys thousands of feet below. No more do we hear the wild turkeys call to one another from peak to peak. No longer do we see the valley of churches, battlements, towers, capitals, arches, architraves. No more appear the shelves of the Sierras festooned with the wonderful madrona, with its blood red bark, bright green and yellow leaves covered with waxen white blossoms, impossible of imitation on wood or canvas. Yet the Muse in the man will not down and we find this prodigal thing, as it were, alive, trying to leave the home of the parent continent and go abroad to the far country of the Pacific. The ocean in anger resents the efforts of the youth; it will tolerate no intrusion and for ages wars against its granite fortifications, hurling against them its mountainous immeasurable waves. Even on the east the Gulf of Cortez rises in its wrath and rushes with fierce violence against its nether flank. Primordial forces have left us here an orphan land of riven mountains and parched deserts. To-day, after three hundred and fifty years, it retains its name Baija; for it was baptized in the blood of the exploring Spaniards. The peninsula is a furnace; the sand is as hot as volcanic ash; it is an accursed desert abandoned to the horned toad, the tarantula and the snake; the streams are poisoned with copperas and borax and

surely "man enters here at his peril."

Even so the Dean finds a man who dares to enter, forsooth, the prospector; for he would enter hell, leaving all hope behind, lured by the lode of gold. Using the historic present the author treats us to one of the liveliest passages in the book: The call of the mountain allures him; the remorseless sun paces him; he staggers in the desert as if the air were afire and his brain ablaze; his eyes are wild and shot with blood; his gait is shambling and he ages in a day; he is mad and tries to shout; his sight is gone; his limbs are numb and he falls upon the desert dead.

Hypotheses are unhistorical but the author is as much at home with fiction as with fact; for again and again in this book he treats us to experiences, which the author could not personally have had. His imagination is so apt that he can clothe the bare bones of travellers' tales with all the warmth and realism of detail witnessed by one returned from the desert of death or the madhouse.

We doubt that the Dean is an expert psychologist yet he shafts and explores the mines of the mind with the artless ease of a Shakespeare. He makes Milton's "Gloomy Vengeance" his apology as he portrays the phenomenon of the wandering voice. The untravelled, the stolid and the inexperienced may be amazed at Gallego's experience but those who have had to do and to deal with the religious, and the poetic mind know that in their solitudes and labyrinths there are heavens and hells quite concealed from the vulgar gaze. It would be idle and misplaced to analyze here the mental processes that produced the ringing of the bell. The writer concedes it all and believes it all instantaneously. The law of association of ideas and images will account for the *senoritas* crossing the plaza and the hearing of Mass. That the miner was conscious it was an hallucination would not cure or cast out the obsession. For the lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact and live in a subjective world where they separate the currents of sanity and insanity, avow and deplore the "wildness divine" and yet have no thought if they could of casting it out. We are indebted to the Dean for his description of the "wandering voice" and the lonely apparitions mistlike and mis-shapen that assumed human form and whose illusions are so real that long after return to civilization they will not down; for many will thence undertake to explain scientifically mental kinks and caprices formerly charged up to human perversity.

Similar to if not the same as the experiences of the prospector is that of the traveller in the desert. Don Estaban in the Hormiga wastes almost lost his mind and would have

if, unlike Adam in "As You Like It," he had in his youth applied hot and rebellious liquors to his blood. A man, like an arch, is as strong as his weakest part, and hence the weakening is no traveller or prospector. But even the strong of body and sane of mind must not wantonly dare the dangers of these dementing deserts. The Indian, like the Liega, will lie down when he sees the sand storm coming or he will run like the Rodilla to a place of safety. In fact education, the Dean concludes, is a relative term. The philosopher and the scientist are great men in civilized centres but are mere children facing the moods and tenses of the desert; for he has not conquered its secrets and will starve and parch in the presence of reservoirs of water and granaries of food husbanded by the hand of nature for him in the ooze of the calumnar cactus.

The Cochimis Indians or the Cavadores, as the Spaniards called them, from their vile habit of rooting for herbs and grubs, are the real scientists and savants of this dreary desert peninsula. The Dean is in his own particular preserve when he undertakes to describe them, their habits and their origin. He quotes Hunter and Kane to corroborate his own opinion that they are positively the lowest specimens of the race alive. The noble savage of Dryden and Cowper is all right in poetry and romance but the real thing is so revolting that we shall not follow the Dean in the details he here indites.

We turn with pleasure from these foul and filthy savages to the Jesuits whose missions were established in Baija in 1683. Their "Relaciones" are admitted by the historian Charlevoix to be the only source to which we can resort to learn the progress of religion among these savages. With daring and delightful candor the Dean invites the Mexican Government to publish these "Relaciones" as did the Government of Canada in 1858. His eulogy of the Jesuits, though comparatively brief, sounds like Parkman's "Jesuits of North America" and quite matches it in the vigor, picturesqueness and polish of style. Rome, with the accumulated wisdom of centuries, sends her most distinguished scholars and specialists to the wilds of the earth to rescue the savages from their squalid degradation and heathenish religion. Such a man was Sigismund Taravel, the pioneer of the California missions. He was a professor of the University of Alcala when appointed missionary to these horrent wilds. For twenty-three years he ministered to their material and spiritual needs; he took the altitude of mountains, determined the course of underground rivers and made a geodetic survey of the southern end of the peninsula. But the ignorant savage knew not what he did and slaughtered forty-seven of Caravels brethren of the black robe while consecrating their lives to the uplift of men welter-

ing in an abyss of bestiality and degradation. These two chapters, one in topic, constitute an eulogy of the Jesuits and through them of the Catholic Church; for the Dean is a devoted son of the church and sees everywhere in the deeds of her Ordinaries and Orders the hand of God. No wonder a priest should grow eloquent discoursing of their devotion when the Protestant Parkman writes: "Maligners may taunt the Jesuits if they will with credulity, superstition and blind enthusiasm, but slander itself cannot accuse them of hypocrisy or ambition." True it is that Protestant apologists generally never cease dinning into eager ears their dispraise; that they appeal to history and point to this, that, and the other fact blackening their escutcheon; they were condemned by their own church; they were accused of treason, treachery and deceit; but on the other hand go to Alaska, Chili, Peru, China and Japan; go to the boiled and blistered sands of the South to the frozen fastnesses of the North; go wheresoever mortals were howso forbidding the clime, the country or the tribe and there you find the black robed stranger. What if a Jogue had his fingers hacked off; what if a Lalemont and Brabœuf were burned at the stake; what if a Barnum were frozen in the wilds of Alaska; what if a Law were eaten alive by rats in Africa? No matter, the depleted ranks were enthusiastically filled at once. And to-day, after three hundred years they are as scholarly, as pious, as refined, as daring, as unselfish as in the days of St. Ignatius Layola.

What a phenomenon! How explain it? The French infidel Felician Pascal tries to credit it to the spirit of discipline, and devotion to their founder, and other natural causes, but Dean Harris as successfully meets and minces his arguments as Newman did Gibbon when he maintained the same, touching the miraculous spread of Christianity in the first three centuries. This Freethinker, he admits, is unusually calm and dispassionate, seeking as a sociologist the origin and growth of an undoubted phenomenon. But in that there is the rub. There is more in the church than in society—there is the supernatural. There's where Gibbon fell down, where Parkman fell down, where Pascal fell down, where all merely materialistic minds fall down. The Dean appeals triumphantly in his apologia to St. Paul as the prototype of the Jesuits and quotes his eternal paradox, "I take pleasure in my infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecution, in distresses, for Christ's sake."

Intoxicated with the wine of this supernatural paradox, the Jesuits Kino, Salvatierra, Copart, Clavigero, and Taravel traversed these inhospitable deserts "in perils in the wilderness, in labor and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in many fastings, in cold, in nakedness"; but the

Dean is too just and generous to be partial and pass over their successors in the peninsula, the Franciscans, and consequently he devotes the last chapter of this book to an eloquent tribute to the memory and immortal fame of the sons of the Poverello. Although, he says, abler pens than his, e. g., H. Bancroft, C. F. Lummis, Charles Stoddard, Helen Hunt Jackson, Bryan Clinch and Bret Harte have sung the praise of their imperishable names and labors in these southern wilds, I doubt if any of them has to his credit anything finer than this: "From their monasteries came men whose names are beads of gold worthy to be filed on the Rosary of Fame; men of saintly lives and transcendent greatness, that raises them high above the level even of good men and whose sacrifices for Christ and humanity challenge the admiration of the brave and stagger faith itself." This and their eulogies, the followers of Francis certainly deserved; for in their day they founded nineteen missions and baptized 60,640 Indians before being expelled. Of them Curtis says, "No missionary—Catholic or Protestant—on any part of the earth accomplished more good for his fellow creatures."

Having seen the lands and the labors of the Jesuits and the Franciscans we pass with the worthy Dean from Baija and the Cochimis, or Cavadores, to Arizona, the land of scenic wonders. At the time when we revelled in his description of the Gran Barranca we wondered that the author did not draw more copiously on his beloved Dante. He was evidently reserving the good wine for the last. He joins Sonora to Arizona geographically and ethnically and asserts that Dante Aligherie would have found here a bewildering viascope of all that is weird, terrible and awe-inspiring, side by side with the beautiful, the marvellous and the romantic without drawing on his high and mighty imagination.

Sydney Smith once said, if a Scotchman were caught young a great deal could be done with him. The Dean would not have been a minor poet if he had wooed the Muse in his youth. Listen to this! It is neither Byron, nor Dante, nor Milton: "There the heavens are bathed in a lurid blood color in purple and saffron, or gleam with vivid sheen of molten burnished gold, when a falling cataract of fiery vermilion rests upon the purple peaks and ridges of the western mountains." This he says, describing Ash Forks under the glow of the setting sun. But the Cataract Canyon with its volcanic vomit two hundred miles wide and five hundred feet deep staggers his belief. Nor is this all: Topographical contradictions abound in such picturesque and bewildering variety that even Cervantes in his finest pages could not have hoped to parallel reality. To the cells and crannies of crags cling the cliff-dwellers. Antiquar-

ians were dumbfounded at these ladderless dens, rock lairs on the side or summit of cliffs, that no human being could scale. The Moqui Indians knew the secret: the squaws drew up the bull hide ropes when the braves were away at the hunt. The predatory Dinnes, or Apaches, of Athabasca taught them this strategy for necessity is the mother of invention. Here, too, the petrified forest and—well it reads like the Apocalypse—carnalian, precious jasper, banded agate, chalcedony, topaz, agate, onyx, are a list of the stones, once wood. Besides, there is here Cohino Forest, the Virgin river, the Mogollan mountain and the Tonto abyss; all of which nature made and fashioned when in an experimental mood.

It was not the 'prentice hand of nature, however, that planted this mosaic pavement. There are hundreds of acres of it and the cubes are as methodically arranged as the cones of the giants' causeway in Ireland. Nor was it an inexpert in art who painted this forest with all the variety of tints and colors of a painter's palette. Solomon himself when he sought silver for his palaces would have come here to Plancha de la Plata for these 2,000-pound nuggets. Here in the Diabolo Canyon the heavens have complemented the cup of wonders. You may see here the greatest of meteors, with the channel it cut, careering through the earth six hundred feet deep and a mile long. To these cosmic and cataclysmic wonders add a world of vegetation, and the scenic wonders that Dante would have adored are complete. Here we may view three thousand flowering plants, three hundred kinds of grasses, six hundred varieties of the cactus. This flora of the desert is the food and shelter and drink of its fauna. It is a case of God tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, or fitting the back to the burden. A scientific curiosity and question is where the desert vegetation gets its moisture. Both the sand and the air are dry and yet the barrel cactus contains ten gallons of pure water. The deserts themselves are among the greatest wonders of the region. They were once lakes and the salt and soda found on them in abundance proves that Salton Sink and Great Salt Lake may some day be similar deserts, or vice versa that all these deserts may again be seas. Such possible transformations as these make one shudder to think how short the time is man lives on earth compared to the vast spaces consumed in cosmic evolution. Revelation doesn't allow us to count time in the millions but scientists stagger and stop at nothing.

The prehistoric mansions, "Casas Grandes," are the wonder of antiquaries. They certainly postulate an educated people. Who were they? Where did they come from? They had an aqueduct. Did they also irrigate the desert? No

data now exists to explain and answer the question, and it is probable they will ever remain a mystery to man.

With the traveller's eye and the writer's mind the Dean rapidly stows all the wonders away in his camera oscura, only to reproduce them on the printed page in a passing panorama of marvellous realism and life. Reading as we run we almost quake at the yawning abysses that gape before us. We grow dizzy as we tread the natural bridge, a single agatized log, across a chasm a hundred feet wide. We swoon in ecstasy as we see on the canvas of our imagination the golden glory, the cardinal, the vermillion of his sunsets. Sociological, historical, ethnological and geological phenomena are laid bare on the marble of our minds with all their secrets revealed and explained. Observation and reflection play hand and hand in his active energetic mind so that we no sooner have a fact than we have the scientific cause and perhaps a train of bewildering consequences.

This fascinating and rare asset flings jewels of philosophy and wisdom intermittently into a narrative that of itself had sufficient charm and beauty. But this rapidity has the defects of strength; the unity and homogeneity of the paragraph sometimes suffer; for the ellipses latent in the gaps can not always be seen and felt by the slow of mind and the inexpert in matter. On the other hand the author sometimes explains too much and will not allow us to draw our own inferences. This does not flatter us. Besides, Shakespeare wrote "Midsummer Night's Dream" to teach that one canon of art. He is a poor playwright who will make Bottom Quince and the rest explain in detail their functions in the play. Again and again however where continuous narrative would tire he introduces freely the dialogue and carries on the conversation with raciness, wit and grace. The historic present, too, he frequently calls into service and he manages it with rare rapidity and charm. His stacatto and periodic sentences in graduated succession lend repose, dignity and grandeur to his paragraphs. In our judgment, once at least, he offends mortally against good taste, once also in "Days and Nights in the Tropics" he may not be forgiven. Often, too, he marks time Tropics he may not be forgiven. Often, too, he marks time magnificently and seems, if not to repeat, at least to make little progress, although one can always detect a new aspect of the problem or panorama he presents.

Notwithstanding some defects in order and co-ordination of matter and a too torrential manner, he is the only writer we know in America who approaches the style of Bancroft and Prescott. Very often both in conception and execution his work is highly poetic; for instance, in the Gran Barranca the

Baija peninsula and sunset at Ash Forks. His riotous outlines and images are often as picturesque and daring as Carlyle's, and he has the same claim to be called the prose-poet of this era as the rugged Scotchman. The marvellous flow of his rhythm is measured and musical. He never offends against consonance or cadence and is as technically free from the vicious ear as Coleridge himself.

His wonderful, profound and scintillating scholarship is a constant delight and despair. He seems to know geology as intimately as the professors he berates for their want of faith; the Old Testament and the New, he cites with the colloquial grace of a Bede or a Thomas. The poets, from the mystic of the East to the philosophic of the West, seem to be winged servitors unto him. All in all let us say that William R. Harris is one of the great literary men of our age.

Antony and Cleopatra

THE fate of the fearless orator, the great general, the dominant triumvir, is, of course, the main 'motif' of this great tragedy. Others there are—and great ones—that, in their power and perfection, will hardly subserve the ends they are ordained to; but, towering and terrible though they be, they must down before the fate and the fortune of this 'demi-Atlas' of the world. When the great Julius, in his palmiest days came home to Rome, it was Antony, the immortal Marc Antony, the true and trusty Antony, that thrice offered on the Lupercal the 'golden round' to Cæsar, which he did thrice refuse. When the bleeding corps of the ambitious Cæsar lay on the marble of the capitol, and the assassins, Cassius, Brutus, and the rest, like blood-sated lions, stalked pompously about, it was Marc Antony, who subtly gained the privilege to speak in Cæsar's funeral—and more subtly used it in that gem of peerless, passionate oratory, the like of which has never since fallen from the lips of man. When sovereignty shifted, seatless and uncertain, among the aspirants to power, Antony cemented the Triumvirate into being, and chose the East as his seat of empire. But then, oh then, when his imperial sun hung only half-high on the meridian line, it tumbled perpendicularly down, toppled brusksly off its base, tipped over as if the pedestal was seated on some unsafe trestle or deadly quicksands into the inky sea of disgrace and oblivion. The Attic-Egyptian queen was the honeyed arsenic that warped at once his judgment and his instinct out of plumb line; extracted the cunning, gorgon-like, from his eye; left him, cupid-like, maundering, sightless, shiftless, feeble and undone; dragged him yawl-like from the Cydnus to her Egyptian shores; and finally cast him up like some dismantled hulk to rot at the high mercy of time and the elements. The mephitic, mirasmic air of Egypt has undone armies ere now—but Cleopatra, single-handed, with her lethal spell, held, hoop-bound, the greatest of the sons of men. The greatest soldier is turned the greatest liar." "Your love is false." "Where are the sacred vials you should fill with tears for Fulvia's death?" "I see in Fulvia's death how mine shall be received." Antony feels the serpent's tooth and says, "You'll heat my blood; no more." But she banters on with him and her maids till he goes.

Antony is the fool, also the master of the triumvirate; "His soldiership is worth twice the other twain—but it's not alone at sea; he's also statesman and diplomatist. Now he has enough to occupy a dozen, but he digs his way through. He must explain his own folly; his absence in Egypt; the attack of Fulvia; and meet Pompey on sea and land, or make peace with him—but piecemeal. First, he must patch up a peace with his disgruntled brethren. The meeting is a fiery one. Enobarbus, the friend of Antony, the Plutarch, the philosopher of the piece, is, lowering. This hand could pluck her back that shoved her on. "I must from this enchanting queen, break off. Ten thousand charms my idleness does hatch." Enobarbus, keen and witty, and truthful, sees the change in the general and tries, warily, to chase the "Roman thought," but Antony "will have no more light answers." His head is full of "haute politique." "Now Fulvia is dead; Pompey has dared Cæsar; the slippery people begin to see the great Pompey in this his son; all this requires our quick remove from hence. Let our officers have notice of what we purpose." Cutting capers more than feminine wont stay him now; he is a sort of Cæsar in his firmness. In the coquettish debate, Antony gets some opinions that ought to disabuse him of insanity, lust and lunacy. "Stand further from me." "Why should I think you true when you're false to Fulvia, the married woman?" "Seek not excuse for going, but go." "The mighty Julius, in her teens was taken by her; but the Cæsars were heady and hearty; they were intellect and will; they were energy and ambition, and no siren could sing songs, no vulcan could forge bands to hold fast their imperial metal. Cæsar broke loose from the coil of the constrictor. Pompey, the warrior, the statesman, the would-be emperor, was among her friends. Was ever a woman so flattered by the greatness of her admirers! No wonder she learned confidence in the control of her victims. And, lastly, the old man Antony, the incomparable, kindly, kingly Antony, lays the East—the Ormus and the Ind—at her feet, and she, as lavishly, like meteoric showers, cast out upon him, from more abundant granaries than ever Joseph garnered, the largess, the luxuries, the allurements, the choicest harvest and vintage of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies. With all this, she threw in her own incomparable beauty and charms. The blue blood of Athens, the logic and poetry of Plato, the philosophy of Aristotle, the eloquence of Demosthenes, were all in her veins—she was Attic to the core. Transplanted to her Nilus' shore, the African sun only bronzed her beauty and heightened its effects. The last tribute to her fatal fascination comes from the boy Octavius as he stands with his staff gazing on the lifeless form of Egypt's Isis—

lying in its strong "toil of grace." He says, "Oh so lowly and so sweetly!—unconsciously happy—through some secret fear—that she's dead. How apt to catch another Antony." Cleopatra was only thirty-nine, had hardly climbed the heights of her meridian splendor, and it was well for young Augustus that she had nursed that "baby-asp" at her breast; that she had died in high Roman fashion to escape the chastisement of Octavius' sober eye and the Roman triumph, else she might have sat on the car as it rode home to Rome with Octavius' offering as much incense at her shrine as ever Antony did, or any other devotee did to this incomparable goddess of the Nile.

Cleopatra assisted in some way Brutus and Cassius; and Antony, the Triumvir of the East, had summoned her to render an account of her conduct. They had met on the Cydnus, and there the dotage began.

This lady of the Nile was young and Antony was old, and, at least, at this stage of her fancy was merely flattered by the attentions of the great Roman orator and general, and who will deny that greatness lends a glamor and an argument where other charms are absent. "Hear the ambassadors!" There's a good advice, but the general rejoins, "Fie, wrangling queen, no messenger but thine and Demetrius is forced to say." "I am full sorry that he approves the common liar that thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to-morrow." He knows the general.

Demetrius knew no hoops of steel would hold Antony when he heard the news from Rome. "He'll do better deeds to-morrow," and so he did. The announcement that Fulvia, forsaken and chafing with pique, had attacked Lucius, woke up the spirit of the man and husband within him, and, then, how he must have raged and ranted, and strode up and down his feminine, fleshly alabaster cage when he heard that Labienus' banners fluttered over Asia, Syria, Lydia, and Ionia. Then must Antony say to ~~Enobarbus~~ *messing*: "Speak me home, mince not your words, rail at me in Fulvia's phrase." Idiot that I am I deserve it. "These strong Egyptian fetters I must break or lose myself in dotage." The Roman thought is now in possession, and no one is more aware of her weakness than Cleopatra, or his strength, when occasion called him home. A new but unnecessary motive is added, when he hears, "at Sieven, Fulvia is dead." For a moment he is himself again. If he has faults, he certainly also has his misfortunes, and Cleopatra is the greatest of them all. "There is a great spirit gone—we could wish her ours again." This tragedy is a revolution fortunately, in hand. Lepidus is not the lion the other two are. Enobarbus and himself are busy dashing oil on the waters and water on the flames when things promise

to white-cap or crest too much. Marc Antony "soft and gentle in speech." "You know it is not a time for private stomaching"—"no passion in your speech." "Stir not the embers up."

This from the mild Lepidus. But here is the noble Antony. Both the big brutes in the one cage the first pass is ominous. Antony speaks vacantly to Ventidius of Parthian wars. Cæsar, only a lad but the Cæsars must always be reckoned with, says I don't know Meeænas; ask Agrippa; he's only talking; *vox et prætera nihil*; until some one or accident can bridge the chasm. Lepidus throws a strand from buttress to buttress and now the patching "*sartor resartus*" is on. "One doesn't commit murder in healing wounds"—surgeons sometimes do—noble partners—"let us touch sourest points with sweetest terms." They exchange formal courtesies and are seated. "You take things ill that aren't so, or being so, concern you not"—none of your business—pretty abrupt from the big fellow to this Cæsar whelp and there'll be trouble before the patch is on.

"But sir, (it is getting warm). You pocketed my letters and giped my missives sent to your riots in Alexandria." Meekly enough Antony answers "I had dined three kings, wasn't as sober as in the morning, but I explained, which was as much as to have asked pardon." The lad like Macduff "lays on." "You broke the article of your oath." Lepidus scents powder. Soft Cæsar! No Lepidus let him speak. The great Julius would hardly attack the honor of Antony. "Have it or lack it. Honor is sacred." "Go on Cæsar. The article of my oath you said." Cæsar goes on. "You denied me aid and arms," "no, neglected rather, when my hours were poisoned and bound me away from my own knowelge." "As nearly as I may I'll play the penitent to you." "Truth is, Fulvia made wars to have me out of Egypt." "I was ignorant of other motive and so far as becomes my honor I do ask pardon." The two friends—seconds if you will—see honor satisfied in the magnanimty of this colossal old pyramid. They want cushions to fall on, so they scapegoat Enobarbus. Antony: "You're a soldier only, speak no more." Cæsar: "The matter is alright, it's the way he says it." "If I could get a hoop to hold the staves together I would pursue it."

Agrippa finds the hoop but it won't hold these staves together. They fall in first and then fall out. May I speak, Cæsar—speak Agrippa. You have a sister; Marc Antony's a widower. What of Cleopatra? "I'm not married, Cæsar," Antony at once responds. Agrippa has thought it all out, "studied it, duly ruminated it," and he suggests "Antony to take Octavia to wife," and this "unslipping knot will bind

you brothers in perpetual amity." Antony: "I will never dream of impediment," "from this hour the heart of brothers governs us, there's my hand." Cæsar: "A sister I bequeath you whom no brother did ever love so dearly." The patch is on and also the hoop. Lepidus the third says "happily amen." But Pompey "Lies at Mount Misenum and will seek us if he's not sought." "It irks me much to draw my sword on Pompey." "He hath laid strange courtesy and great of late upon me." "Still I must defy him." This from Antony trying to ease his honor.

The parley before the protocol, "We both have hostages, let's talk before we fight." From Pompey: "You've received our written purposes, perchance it will tie up your sword and carry you back to Sicily." "It was not discontent; I meant to scourge the ingratitude of Rome cast on my noble father." This between Cæsar and Pompey. And now the offer. "You give me Sicily and Sardinia, require me to rid the sea of pirates, and give some measures of wheat to Rome. I come before you here, a man prepared to take this offer, Antony." "I have heard of all your courtesies, Pompey, and I give the liberal thanks which I do owe you." Again Antony is cowed with inconsistency.

The pirates are not so pleased. Menas growls to Enobarbus "the father Pompey would ne'er have made this treaty;" but Pompey's banquet goes apace. "Now is the winter of their discontent turned glorious summer by this widow of Gaius Marcellus." An understanding has been patched up, hooped in and a treaty has been termed with Pompey, "Then surely is Cæsar and he forever knit together." But Octavia is "holy cold and still and will be the very strangler of their amity." The winter of discontent will come again and it will freeze poor Antony and the Egyptian Queen to death.

Antony and Octavia have hardly taken their royal seat in Athens when the red sky over Rome plainly shows the conflagration. Cæsar has broken the treaty with Pompey, has put Lepidus in chains and will soon leap over the old man Antony into the saddle of the throne. Mincing motives is not the way of ambition. "If you throw between them all the food thou hast they'll grind the one the other." "Lepidus was too cruel, abused his high authority" and "here is Antony's Castaway, come hither without an usher like a market-maid to Rome." "We should have met you by sea and land supplying every stage with augmented greeting." And here's the cue also, the cause. "No my most wronged sister; Cleopatra has nodded him to her." This he harps on double-fanged until he has a motive and even the holy, sober Octavia agrees. "Is it so, sir?" is her consent. Cæsar is in arms and is off

to Actium and he enjoys like the Lady Macbeth the "future throne in the instant." Others are also at Actium, Antony's forces by land and sea are marshalled; his vassal and her admiral and her navy are also there, though Enobarbus would not have it so. "Your presence needs must puzzle Antony." "As president of our kingdom we'll appear there for a man." "Cæsar has quickly cut the Ionian Sea, has taken Torque, is there in person." "This speed of Cæsar's carries beyond belief." Oh, the fatuous decision to fight by sea! Cæsar is safer and sounder. "Strike not by land, keep whole till we have done by sea." "Alas the Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral with all their sixty fly and turn rudder and Antony, discouraged like a doting mallard, flies after her." "Experience, manhood, honor ne'er did before so violate itself."

Plutarch and the poet are hard on Antony. One for rhetorical and the other dramatic effect have made the best of their materials, but in all sense, where else would Antony go, broken at land and sea, in Athens, but to Alexandria? The battle was badly generalled but in defeat flight is quite defensible. They'll have it out, the goat and the cobra. "Whither hast thou led me." "O forgive my fearful sails," "pardon, pardon." Love, I'm full of lead. Some wine and viands.

Euphoneus and Thyreus exchange parley for the generals. Antony spurned challenges to single combat. Cæsar laughs at him. They engage again. "Our will is Antony be took alive," but that's too soon. Antony wins one day by land. By sea again Egypt deserts and Antony, broken in spirits, falls on his sword. "The serpent of the Nile" nurses the asp and dies easiest. "She shall be buried by her Antony and no grave upon the earth shall clip in it a pair so famous."

Lady Macbeth

MACBETH and Hamlet are, undoubtedly, the short and the long of it, the swift and the slow of it—the drama. The law of interest is found concrete in wit, and the soul of it is brevity. This quality is not negligible in any form of composition. The finest and the first quality of really great minds is to clarify, codify and crystallize the odds, ends and obscurities floating about, indefinite and unformed, in the general mind. This, in law; this, in divinity; this, in philosophy; this, in every sphere where the scientific mind has play.

Brevity is not necessarily jejune and barren, but it must exclude the irrelevant, the alien, and the unnecessary. Macbeth is a perfect model; it would suit, me thinks, the most law-abiding Frenchmen in its brevity, its cogency; its art, its elegance and its intensity.

Now we need no asthma or rheumatism if we wish to fraternize with the Duncans, the Donaldbane, the Macbeths, the Malcoms, and the Macduffs in this tragedy. One would like to have the Highland blood in his veins, the Tartans and the kilts on, with the pibroch sounding from his distant hills—when the two generals sword-smoking, hands reeking with blood, dash on the heath. With outfit and apparatus of this sort me thinks one could enjoy the splendid atrocities with more impunity, with less prostration than is usual.

One thousand years ago, morals were different. Our ancestors in those days were all Celts and Scots and Saxons, and a fierce, fiery, furious crew they were. The women were Amazons in war and husbandmen and hunters in peace, and we shall not cower like a hunted doe if we see one of them dash in to the arena, snatch the sword from some spineless, lily-livered warrior and do execution to make the ages stare.

We must dismiss history in discussing the play. It would mar our judgment, also our pleasure, besides being impertinent not to do so, even in the most intrinsically historical of Shakespeare's plays. We'd find motives and facts and principles that the poet did not use, and then we might as well talk of Nebuchadnezzar and Babylon so far as the Bard of Avon is concerned.

This is the swiftest and the briefest of all the plays and most perfect in organic structure. There are no incidents to

distract, no narratives to annoy. If we want to watch—and it is only human—the Polar “stars burn” and are impatient, when they’ve set, we shall have our dearest desires sated here. We’re pitched into the plot with rudeness that jars modern manners a bit—takes our breath, and makes us stare. We are wont to be warned and prepared by drumbeats and flags and generals. Even the mighty Julius, in his palmiest days, gave ‘fierce precursor’ before he fell—the ghosts squeaked and gibbered—the comets shed dews of blood—the moon was sick with eclipse. In Denmark, when Hamlet died, a ghost appeared, making hideous these “glimpses of the moon.” Two generals have returned from the wars—from rebellion, reinforced by Sweno, and are met by the “weird sisters” on the heath. The thunder is rolling, the clouds are lowering, nature and super-nature are in collusion to menace us with murders, malevolence, and war. The sisters are not the banshees, spooks or goblins of folk-lore—they are rather elite, disciplined, dignified creatures; they are dominated by Hecate, and usually are as docile and domesticated as Ariel and Caliban, but they got away this first time. Their maiden master is a little mad—but it won’t occur again. Next time, it’s going to happen “*secundum hanc regulam*.”

In view of the bad balance of most man-critics touching Madam Macbeth—all of which we have criticized already—it seems well to scrutinize the witches and the generals, and just what was said and done in this ominous, unearthly meeting.

Lady Macbeth is usually dismissed with a few words by the critics. She appears in the visitation and murder scenes of Duncan—also at the Banquo banquet, and again re-appears in retribution in the last act—unique, awful retribution of sleep.

She’s not permanent or paramount in the play, and authors lose proportion and perspective—through a weakness, who continually harp on her malignancy. Men usually, and naturally, are gallant, chivalrous toward women; that is natural and inevitable. The rude Indian or Arab loves his mother; that soft hand, that tender smile—that undying interest, unending worry touching his welfare, like the water-drop, would perforate a stone. And, tender relations aside, nature made men and women complementary, more especially—if that’s possible—in the mental, moral and social order than in the merely physical and animal order. This consciousness of partnership and profit makes the price—and, usually, the woman is a pearl of great price. Why do men then lose their head and eternally berate Lady Macbeth? Just because she was a woman, and men do not want a woman to be some-

thing like themselves. Macbeth was a man—never more—than when he said to his wife's inquisitiveness about Banquo—"Be innocent, dearest chuck." She fainted when they had hardly begun the bloody business—seeing two drunken chamberlains dead, or rather hearing of it, and, if ever Macbeth had had a thought of male issue or dynasty and he had long since abandoned it—she was too completely a woman in all but her tongue to make her any longer privy to his plots.

But the sisters, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth must be apportioned their proper parcels of malignity before proceeding. Psychology is here very pertinent. Tinder must have an appetite. Fire burns badly in wet wood. Goods will not sell without a market. When the sisters or witches announced "Thane of Cawdor and king hereafter" the innocent, honest man not already crumbling on the soft sands of ambition would have received the news courteously, and continently waited development of events. The temper and conduct of his companion proves this. The third sister announced to Banquo "Thou shalt get kings although thou be none" and straightway he's circumspect. "Have we eaten of some insane root that takes the reason prisoner." Macbeth won't drop the topic; it seems to have reached the right or rather the ready spot within. "Doest not the Thane of Cawdor live? Why dress me in borrowed robes," he mutters to himself. Trying to get the sluggish Banquo interested he says, "Do you not hope your children shall be kings?" But Banquo is no tinder; the wood is green and wet. "The hags are instruments of darkness and with honest trifles betray us in deepest consequences." What splendid acumen and balance Banquo possessed and how opportune was this warning to Macbeth if he were not fairly devoured by the cancer silently—even unknown to him—sleeping in the recesses of his heart. Why blame the witches—they were the occasion not the cause. Why blame the woman—she had the tinder but Macbeth had the flint and the spark was not more than mutual.

The general and the admiral are always superstitious. There are reasons. A thousand circumstances conspire to victory or defeat; all are beyond the ken and the control of even prophetic foresight. The one and the other may plumb the possible but the day, the place, the humor can seldom be controlled. Saul and Cæsar were victims and who were greater than they. Throughout Macbeth is bothered with possibilities beyond his control. If he had confidence with an army at his back he could have controlled easily all the contingencies that constantly menaced him. Ghosts and witches; soothsayers, sybils and oracles have all been created by the superstitious mind. They prepare their wisdom to satisfy and de-

ceive their victims. Witness the "Birnam wood and born of woman" promises. The cunning of the one plays on the credulity of the other; they are in some sort complementary.

The "Prince of Cumberland" proposition jars Macbeth but he decides in a moment—there is the characteristic of the general—"to overleap the step that lies in his way." It would appear that he had decided to murder Malcolm as well as Duncan before he had written to Lady Macbeth as he appeals to "the stars to hide their faces and not disclose his deep desires." His own initiative is complete and detailed. The letter is brief but pointed: "Thane of Cawdor"; "King that shall be"; "Partner of greatness"; "lay it to thy heart."

The quick, penetrating mind instantly grasps the ensemble and the entail. She certainly does "Lay it to her heart." The end, the means and the agent are all sized up in a cynical soliloquy. Two words thy "nature is milky and holy," then the decision—no general can act quicker than an ambitious woman—"I'll chastise with the valor of my tongue all the impediments to the golden round that fate and grace seem to have settled on thee." That "thee" is significant.

It may be observed throughout that Lady Macbeth's ambition is not selfish, it may be inclusive but then it is only incidental. One is justified in dogmatizing when the text is the only available or rather utilizable evidence. Powerful and poignant; non-moral and malignant as she is, she is no monster; she is always the woman and always the wife. Daintily and delicately enough, although one would not quote it, she refers in her vilest arguments to her womanhood, her wifehood and her motherhood. She says once to "unsex her" but it is apparently a wordplay as every turn and every act betrays the woman and the wife. In the atrocious banquet scene her quick wit bites scornfully not to hurt but to help her husband: "Are you a man;" but the moment she dismisses the guests "stand not on the order of your going but go," she is mute as a maiden, as modest and respectful as ever.

The news that Duncan "Comes here to-night" reveals the rapidity of the ravening lioness—the introspection and analysis of a woman's nature in the abstract not in her own. She had conned and compared the sexual attributes: Women are soft and amiable—"fill me top full with direst cruelty"; women shed tears of bitterness for sin—"stop up in me the access and passage to remorse"; women weep with "compunctious sorrow—"Shake not my fell purpose but give it effect." The knife is her weapon—"Come night and the dunest smoke of hell that heaven—she has a knowledge of retribution evidently—may not peep through the blanket of the dark. What an incandescent heat she's in and here comes

the "milk-minded holy" Macbeth—She's brief—"All hail hereafter"—"I feel the future in the instant." There is an imagination projecting itself into the future. That active artisan has constructed for her the whole framework of time and she's even now enjoying the regal pomp of queen-ship. "My dearest love," from Macbeth; he forgets the tigress; he's talking to the woman—and one, too, that he loves because she is a woman and not because she is now unsexing herself—"Oh never shall his sun the morrow see"; "you look up clear"; and "leave the rest to me." She has a sort of comic confidence, complete control and assurance. Macbeth does not demur to her but he does to himself; he's every inch a man; he has honor, intellect and will; religious and moral qualities; but he's a general and suffers from the defects of his virtues—he's ambitious; he must fight it out—and the struggle is titanic—the victory is his own—"We'll proceed no farther in this bloody business." "Bring forth men children only." Macbeth has now broken away from his moral and manly anchorage; he admires her undaunted metal and now the temper of the red line of battle is up in him—"I'm sealed and I'll send each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

"I laid their daggers ready; he couldn't miss 'em"—"Had he not resembled my father as he slept I had done it"—a queer evidence of the woman. She's only fooling herself. Could sentiment have a place among such unruly fiends in her mind? She is afraid of blood; when she's exasperated she actually does go and "guild the faces of the grooms," but when she hears that the soldier has despatched them both—without a shudder she swoons—and that's the end. Her sex sits on its throne again. Macbeth found his daggers—but there was another dagger—one in his mind; he thinks it's in the air; it marshals him to his room; but that last argument of love, the diamond from Duncan to his wife sets up a delirium and now he's a mad man. Was there ever such a struggle, and, that too, in the mind of a soldier. All tintured with the Tyrian dyes of blood. Religion has a "seat in that distracted globe"; "I could not say amen when they said God bless us"; "why couldn't I say amen?" "it stuck in my throat"; "I had most need of blessing."

The woman is cool and he crazy. She sees the incongruity of mixing religion up with murder. "That way lies ruin"; "consider not so deeply"; "must not be thought after these ways." "Sleep no more" keeps echoing in Macbeth's ears and then how sad and practical his reflection that "Neptune's ocean won't wash his hands—but rather they will the multitudinous seas incarnadine."

The porter scene and the soliloquy—vile enough—let the audience draw its breath, but only a moment; Macduff hurries as the hour has slipped him to awaken the king. Macbeth must have slept some; he is quite a philosopher this morning; "The labor we delight in physics pain," he says to Macduff. That temper and texture of mind if it would only stay—will let him incarnadine a thousand seas with human blood.

"Sacrilegious murder"; "the Lord's anointed temple"; and a "Gorgon sight" like Antony to Cæsar on the Lupercal from Macduff; must have warned by instinct the keen mentor as to where the latter would be found in future developments. Macbeth's platitudes, poetry, and hypocrisy as to why he murdered the grooms in his fury fools Macduff—"they were suborned"—"but Malcolm and Donalbane both post off to England and Ireland 'e're yet their tears are brewed." And thus Macbeth has planted a thorn that will fester him to death.

With Duncan and the boys gone Macbeth has only to reckon with General Banquo and his issue. That will not be so hard. With experience and power one may accomplish much. "Will entertain him"; "on the road waylay him"; "suborn murderers to dispatch Fleance and the general and then we'll sleep in spite of thunder." "The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?"—shows that Lady Macbeth in some way or other was privy to the murder of Macduff's family. Did she know of the plot to kill Banquo? "Naughts had all's spent" is an absolutely new tone. Her little experience in coaching the mastiff Macbeth has undone her and now choked with mischief and murder, he tells her "to be jocund and innocent of the knowledge"; "dearest chuck." Banquo is dispatched but "they didn't do the like to Fleance for he is fled" and then Macbeth's remarkable remark, "cribbed, cabined and confined by doubt and fears so long as he lives." The banquet is spread and the guests have "good digestion to wait on appetite," but Macbeth has none; his composure is gone; staring into space he addresses something: "Shake not thy gory locks at me." Lady Macbeth is instant, opportune, energetic: "It's a momentary fit"; "feed and regard him not"; "are you a man"; "oh proper stuff": but all in vain; the thing is too real. It goes a moment and returns and then "at once good night"; ends a banquet such as seldom men may gaze upon.

Duncan dead; Malcolm fled; Banquo butchered; indeed that would suit a Richard or a Henry: but, alas for superstition, Macbeth consults the witches; they warn him of Macduff: "Beware of Macduff." He hardly needs it, the "Gorgon sight" was hint enough. Then "none born of woman shall harm thee" "nor shall Macbeth be vanquished till Birnam

wood to Dunsinane shall come" is very satisfactory; but there's yet a thorn. "Thou shall get kings" was said to Banquo on the heath and Fleance has escaped; "Alas eight kings the last with a mirror" and "the blood-boltered Banquo smiling on them as his." "May this pernicious hour be accursed in the calendar" shows Macbeth's insight into the scene.

Macbeth is resolved to out-face fate and the witches, but in an instant Lennox announces the escape of Macduff.

And then, oh cruelty, how thou dost "curd and posset" the milk of kindness in a murderer's breast; "Give to the sword his wife, his babes and all that trace him in his line." How woefully, how pitifully does the abandoned lady bewail her fate and berate her heartless husband! But hear his far cry from the camp: "Oh hell kite! All! What all my pretty chickens and their dam at one fell swoop."

This last, how desperate a deed and yet so wanton. Helpless, harmless babes and their abandoned mother, murdered! What does not this monster deserve? Far off in Northumberland Malcolm Macduff, Siward and their ten thousand are treading the confines; they need no "Whetstone for their swords"; "their grief converted to anger blunts not their hearts but enrages them." The modern Medusa at home in Dunsinane wanders nightly in her sleep muttering "Hell's murky"; "Fife's wife, where is she now?" "All the perfume of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." "His dearest chuck" is demented.

Reports thicken: "bring me no more reports"; "out ye owls naught but songs of death." He nurses the witches' prophecy; berates the English epicures: "geese, villain"; "Seyton, I'm sick; fallen into the sear and yellow leaf." A moment to his wife: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" This to the doctor: What noise "the cry of woman?" Then "she should have died hereafter"; that's all. When "I looked towards Birnam methought the wood began to move:" from a messenger. Now he berates the equivocation of the fiend; sees the end "they have tied me to the stake, I cannot fly." "Roman fool dies on his sword; not I." "Turn, hell hound, turn," there is the voice of Macduff; "the unborn, the untimely ripper"; "ye juggling fiends," "Birnam wood is here and one not born of woman. Fight I will. Lay on, Macduff." In a moment he dies and Malcolm is king—"vive le roi."

Othello

PARING down improbabilities is a task arduously not easily attained. Yet Shakespeare with a wizard wand seems to accomplish the impossible. The grotesque is probable, the probable is possible, the possible is actual, the actual is easy, the easy is amiable—and then we're asleep—it is an illusion, a dream, and we go like Dante wherever our Virgil leads us. The Greek chorus charmed the Trilogy into imaginary unities: Unities of action, of time and of place, but the genius of Shakespeare dispenses with all but action; gives us all sorts of absurdity but so long as he throws in his alchemy, we murmur no doubt, disinterest or dissent. The scene of Othello is cast in Venice and Cyprus, in an age when the Indies East and West had just opened their "antres vast and deserts wild," to the amazed imagination of Europe. The wildest dreams and dramas are credible. Shakespeare takes the "tide at the flood and leads the people on to fortune." Venice owns the commerce of the world and "what she has she'll hold." The improbable element, "a Barbary horse," a "black Moor" or a "thick-lipped negro," even with the greatest fame, fortune, prestige, wooing and winning an aristocratic, artistic Venetian blonde, only gives opportunity to the poet to throw over it "All the perfumes of Arabia" and seduce us into adolescent admiration. Othello in the service of Venice is easy enough to understand: some of the greatest generals of Rome were barbarians, but his romance is of a different sort. The union of the blonde and the black is not only possible, but here it is inevitable. Shakespeare throws about the Moor such a mantle of majesty that we wonder not at this pure, passionless, plastic creature being spelled into ecstasy by the mere recital of "the disastrous chances, and his hairbreadth escapes, his moving accidents by flood and field." This is not the only place our poet tames caprice. The pound of flesh is as absurd as that other of handing out one's heart as a pawn. But we do not mind it much; it in no way mars our admiration of the "Merchant of Venice." Again Lear very amiably abandons his kingdom although kingship he could not and did not. Yet this keystone once placed in the arch, we never think of it again, but just enjoy our obsession to the end of its most bitter and abominable consequences.

This play has combined the excellencies of Hamlet and

Lear: the honor and the intellect; the purity and the philosophy of the one, also the poetry, the passion, the pathos of the other, and they implement the interest and satisfy the demands of the greatest critic and the profoundest connoisseur.

Iago is one of the most provoking of all villains. One falls in love with Richard; he is such a power; he is so humorous; so cynical, so colossal and so successful; but one hates Iago from the start. We'd like to stab him, he does so much deviltry to such delightful splendid folk. He has no good reason, either. None that "would stir to mutiny and rage," the breast of the most callous insentient creature. The loss of a lieutenancy is no great "motive and cue of passion." Coleridge sizes him up exactly when he calls him a motive-hunting motiveless villain. The initial inkstain on Edmund; the ironic "blush and brass" of Gloster; the heel of society hurting his neck; the effort, the conscious effort, courtesy is in his regard; "his nine years away and off he'll be again" all "curd and posset" his blood and one feels "the Almighty ought to be with the bastards"; and that he has good reason to undo the darlings of society even if blameless. Not so with Iago, he poisons the living streams; the running waters and all life dies in his mephitic company. He's a Cameo in the Louvre of immortal scoundrels. Monologues like sonnets are masterpieces, of pith of power and poetry; they usually are revelations pure and simple of the mind of the actor. So Richard, so Edmund, so Hamlet. Not so of Iago. Excepting to buy up the confidence of Roderigo—at the outset he never tells the truth to himself or his audience. He is an intrinsic, essential, systematic liar. If he talked in his sleep like Lady Macbeth, he would even there "smile and smile and be a villain." He is so great a power that we do pardon Othello just a little for abdicating, dismantling his manhood under his hypnotism. He is the keystone of the plot, he is the woof and the web; he is an ocre or a magenta giving it a horrid glare. At once he hates Othello; fools Cassio; buys Roderigo. He is thoroughly constitutionally selfish; he throws a "show of service and thrives well by them." He is a hypocrite but doesn't fawn; he's bluff, "plain, blunt man," speaks the truth always; he loves mischief; teases Brabantio with the most outrageous taunts. He is moral; "he'd kill that scurvy villain only for conscience." He is dignified; worldly wise; "put money in thy purse." He is also a cynic; he's jealous; jubilant; a boon companion and desperate. In the end he stabs Emilia for her revelation, and then "seals his lips forever."

One may rave in admiration of every second scene or character which Shakespeare has created if he forgets or abstracts from the others; but it is wiser and juster to seize

on the point in which a climax or character excels all others and then paint it as it is. Iago the candid, cordial, consummate villain needs prismatic coloring and care to sustain his intrigue and yet award him in the end dramatic justice. Compared with him it was comparatively easy to hew out the outlines of the statue-like Othello. One might as easily compare Laocoon and Pompey: So complex and so simple are these conceptions. Othello is simple, upright, righteous. A good man, honest soldier, great general. The natural cunning, the infinite craft of the "ancient" turned to vinegar and gall of hypocrisy, by the election of Cassio could not have had an easier victim than the noble Moor. How contrary and how complementary these characters are, can only be realized when one sees how successfully he wins and warps the whole fabric of his mind. An Essene withdrawn to the wilderness of Arabia communing with the birds and the beasts; and the trees of the forests; riveting his heart on the God of Abraham and singly serving him could know as much of the world and its wiles and wickedness as Othello does. Born and brought up in the camp he had learned the art and exercise of arms, tactics, strategy; and the conduct of campaigns are the constant food of his mind. Daring, adventurous and hardy, he breasted every difficulty and broke every obstacle; he became the prop and pillar of the state and even arrested for a heinous crime he still retains the confidence of the council and is appointed commander of the army and fleet setting sail for Cyprus.

Magnanimity is modesty, pride is poverty. Othello had balance, perspective and proportion. He knew what he knew, and he knew his limitations. He distrusted his judgment in matter alien to his own art, and here was "the heel" that the villain aimed at. His want of confidence in all else than war was his undoing. This is such a paradox that the poet paints it in his deepest dyes. It is quite the exception—odd and extraordinary to find a man who can and does properly appraise his own merits. The world is wont to know all things, or at least they pretend they do. They will interfere, dictate and dogmatize in matters and spheres entirely alien to their occupation, and very often foist an imposter and a fake into positions for which they are utterly unfit. The exact knowledge of our powers and accomplishments, and the candor and conscience capable of acting within these limits is so unique that the poet consecrates a complete plot to presenting the ideal. The question is canvassed—whether Shakespeare has not over idealized the character of Othello in making his honesty so unsuspecting that by completely underrating his own capacity and neglecting ordinary caution and research

he constitutes the cunning, criminal, sagacious Iago, his interpreter, as completely as if he were a legal idiot.

Does this character really exist which confides as completely in the assumed supremacy of others as to constitute them in some sort demigods? Some one has said that "the genius is the fool, but by the thickness of a hair." The artistic temperament is peculiarly weak in commercial cunning and usually it is easily pirated out of the harvest of its earnings. The poet, the actor, the painter, the sculptor and, may we add, the general, all stand in need of the general manager. In some characters diffidence of personal powers and parts amounts to a mildew; it paralyzes every sphere of its activity. Othello hands over his business to Iago and his love affairs to Cassio. Desdemona was first led to listen to the Moor at the suit of the lieutenant, and Desdemona, pleading pardon for his unfortunate orgie, reminds Othello of Iago's kind offices, which of course, promptly exasperates him. The fates even seem playing at conspiracy with Iago. Othello, true to his weakness, never felt a fit suitor for the hand of Brabantio's daughter, and, only after the most transparent hint, did he venture to ask her to wed him. It was, though, fairly reasonable in him and marked a "clearness" of judgment to feel that his age and his color as compared with his blonde, well-bred competitors of the north were not such as to win a fair and youthful maiden. This consciousness needed only the stimulus of one word to set up an all-consuming conflagration in his heart. "She was not true to her father," nor was she true to the suitable suitors of the court. What a pity that the morose, mad pride of many, consuming their hours and days of idleness in the contemplation of their other attributes and achievements—and Othello had others in the ample—didn't invade the Moor and balance up the seeming void of the milder virtues and charms! Had he properly appraised, as the senators and the duke did, his feats of valor and conquests in war; had he the slightest insight and analysis of a woman's nature, he would have never doubted the loyalty of one who was enamored of the majesty, the mien, the power of his parts, and the history of his life, rather than by any of the animal attributes that ordinarily arrest the admiration of the unthinking soubrette; he would have known that a woman, who could love for such reasons, was infinitely superior to the whole herd of Venetian beauties. In any case, why compare himself in contest of love with the gentle Cassio who was cunning, not far above Othello himself, and possessed not a jot of his fame or his fortune, or his prowess. Surely, this is the entire absence of that self-conceit and emulous pride that is, in some degree, necessary to every poised and powerful character.

Antipodal as they may seem, Othello and Iago are the very tongue and the groove to each other. The very nobility of the one is the medium in which the other moves. A very ocean of candor and callous criminality sweeps over the splendid personality of Othello and he is actually sinking before he is aware of the heavy sea of cynicism that has been surging all around him. The scoundrel is a surgeon, he has anatomized the carcass, and knows how to articulate the every joint, nerve and artery of his victim. The soldier is simple and unsullied; he knows only one woman; he has never generalized, but the news that all women, especially Venetians, are frail, finds ready reception. Appetite, at best, is caprice; love is lust, and women, for whatever reason, have been branded "the weaker sex." This is philosophy to Othello. Had he been abroad daily in the streets of Venice, how little he would have listened to these scraps of worldly wisdom, but the ancient camp was as clean as the porch or the grove, and this unwilling saint vouchsafes to protect his witless, witless lord by his own experience and wisdom. What a pity the power of Iago wasn't turned into another channel. His honesty, his bluntness, his candor are attributes of his. He abuses them, of course, but, if circumstances were other and opposite, one ventures to aver that, like Paul and Augustine, he would have been mightier in good than in evil. There is, however, everywhere he appears absolute, unadulterated evil, but that is his business. Like Richard and Edmund, he has been wronged. Notwithstanding his ability, experience and knowledge, influence robbed him of his lieutenantcy, and he must needs avenge the evil. How contemptible his tone; in everything he says to Cassio of Desdemona, and even as compared with the pawn, Roderigo, he shines like anthracite with blackness. The poor "snipe" that worries the life of Brabantio, turning his house into a barn—"This is no grange"—was an early suitor for the hand of Desdemona and brought jewels over the sea to win her even when she was another's wife. Yet this manly, magnificent miscreant always speaks with respect of the woman he loves and follows. How naturally the poet lets or makes his characters move in their respective grooves: Othello, simplicity; Roderigo, pertinacity; Iago, duplicity.

We blush if we miss the point of humor, but we stare vacantly if we miss the moral in a play. Many there are completely unconscious of the pith of Shakespeare's highest idealizations. Beware of the smooth water, it may run deep; beware of the mountain, the base may crumble; beware of the waters, they may be poisoned. The poet would stultify him-

self to advert to these things, but the lesson is there just the same.

The influence of Iago is pervasive, permanent, and paramount. He, not only dominates the Moor and all about him, but his cant, his candor and his honesty is not even suspected by Emilia till the last moment, and surely she ought to know him best. We hardly protest when wealth writhes and warps poverty to its will; the thing is inevitable, but when power grapples with power, the onset ought to be equal. We are impatient and angry at Othello for the abominable attitude of respect and faith in everything the ensign avers and does, and yet we mistake much in our madness. Galileo, with his glass on Fesole by night, didn't see the firmament more clearly than we do the designs and the diabolism of Iago, but poor Othello, in the very closeness of the range, the very setting of the scene, is deceived, his eye misses the mark. The great "scene of chivalry" in which Othello wages war with himself ensures our sympathy. His own honesty, honor, and chivalry, his wife's duty, devotion and love, and his friends' kindness, candor and sacrifice are all in the crucible together. The struggle is Titanic, terrible, and interminable, but, eventually, justice drops her balance, and he leaps on the crutch of credulity and discredits his wife's devotion. The dramatic power and pathos of this struggle between the chivalrous trust and delirious love for the one; his complete confidence, deep devotion to the other, and the acute dread of dishonor is hardly matched in any language or literature. The scene, too, is a paradox as plays go. The law of progress, or, rather of ascent to climax, is violated. Like Beethoven, Shakespeare creates, or rather his characters do, a vortex when least expected, and then, without ending everything, as is usual, the river moves on to the sea, mid groves of poetry and pathos that would charm the rude Indian or the Tartar of the north. Oh! had the Moor only acted up to his better instincts and judgment, how easily he would have averted the awful denouement, and how we should have loved and honored him! Mere suspicion has no influence, nor inuendo, on that elite lofty mind. How he berates its victim in a splendid speech, and how he resolves to resist and have proof and certitude! Hamlet coaching his pro-actors with such infinite, and, apparently unnecessary care, is set on one thing—certitude. Is that "spirit of Heaven, or a goblin damned?" Horatio must be co-detective, and, if the "brow of the king drops," then the ghost is true, but, alas, the unsteady, rolling sands of resolution! Othello enters the house of agony; deception and doubt are his only guides, and, alas, he leaves it, firm in the creed of his wife's guilt, without a jot or tittle of the real.

evidence he had demanded. The erudite debate touching the jealousy of the Moor need not detain us. "What's in a name—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Desdemona exempts him. He, himself, thinks "he is one not easily jealous," and Shakespeare has inspired that phrase. If English had another word finely shaded, we should use it, but here jealousy must remain.

Of all the ornaments set in the diadem of a woman's crown, none surely is a pearl of such immense price as purity. All the world admires it in the concrete; the poet in the abstract. In person, in politics, in religion, integrity is what counts. Desdemona is the very incarnation of purity. A moral virtue is elevated, alchemized, by this chemical mind, and then he deposits his "logos" in the most charming creature he could create. She is no advocate like Isabel. She has no "valor of tongue" like Emilia; she is gentleness itself, but gentleness here is not convertible with weakness, for when the climax comes, she pleads and prays with the pathos and eloquence that would have reached the heart of Nero. Like Hermione, atrociously suspected and wronged by Leontes, she has never a word of reproach, even when the dagger of doubt is driven home before her partner in the scene; nor is she as feminine as her sex. It is long ere the tear wells up to relieve her emotion—she is astonished, bewildered, and then breaks down. O, the pity that she is undone in the coils of so candid and so callous a villain. There is no evidence of anger or hatred even in the end of the awful ordeal. She appeals to no one to justify her as Hamlet does to Horatio; asks no one to drop hot the bolts of revenge; not even indignation or resentment have found one word to voice the unspeakable wrong heaped upon that "Whiter soul of hers than snow and pure as monumental alabaster." She loves the Moor without measure. She, like Ophelia, saw that "noble and most sovereign reason was blasted and jangled." When the Moor scowls and thunders that last "Get thee to bed on the instant" and Emilia "unpins her," she still thinks that "even his checks, his frowns, have grace and favor in them." No words can paint the praise of her who, in such piteous and profound fidelity, tumbles into what was to be at once her wedding and her winding sheets. Her mind is so perfectly, so unalterably pure, that she cannot even conceive the idea of being false to her husband. The love-tale of wars and voyages and adventures that first beguiled her heart is still ringing in her ears. The "noble Moor" may kill her, but kill her love for him he can no more than his own for his "divine Desdemona."

Richard the Third

SHAKESPEARE has created some rascals, some villains, also some murderers, but not many monsters. The Commune with its Robespierres, Mirabeaus, and its Dantons can hardly produce such a rainbow record as Richard. Edmund and Iago were pretty fair specimens of villains, and Dogberry and Falstaff were rascals, but none of them in wanton caprice, cool calculaiton, consummate ambition matched this peerless monster of the stage. Hamlet has intellectual power in plenty, but it is relieved and balanced by the moral and the humane. King Richard also has intellectual power, but in reckless criminality he has no compeer save Mephistopheles in Faust. The abandoned deviltry of this fiend recalls or mimics Richard's many-sided diabolism. Notwithstanding this the popularity of Richard III. not only in the days of Shakespeare, but ever since, requires an explanation. One may not quarrel with the vox populi, but must rather seek to inquire the subtle or sublime or maybe the simple quality that reaches the heart of humanity. Richard was a monster—Hamlet a misanthrope.

The mission of the one was to blaze the way through a forest of his kind; to underbrush and burn his fellows as he mounted the steps of the throne. This, whether imposed or selected, makes no pleasing appeal to human praise or applause. The other was chosen or fated to be heir to the most torturing heritage that ever fell to the lot of mortal, when required to avenge his father's death by murdering his uncle. Blighted "in his noble and most sovereign reason" by the loss of his father, the incestuous marriage of his mother, and the suspicion of the court: surely all this makes no ordinary appeal to our sympathies. The multitude usually admires a drama of sexual or social intrigue. Of course, Richard was hewn from a great piece of marble. The quarry that gave him up was of the richest and rarest. He was an historical character, too, and that found a canvas in the popular imagination all ready to work on. He was strong, intellectual, and ambitious. No Frederick, Peter, or Napoleon brushed men and women aside more ruthlessly than did this son of York. But he was unamiable, diabolic, and damnable.

Behold the Titanic task of the poet to make such a personality palatable. The hero, the orator, the artist must get

at once into the bosom, nay, the very archives, of his audience or, like the general without strategy, the day is lost. Will Shakespeare fool away precious pearly moments among the underlings of the action as Cibber did? Oh, no! Shakespeare's too shrewd for that. Gloster must win sympathy at once, and he does. He is poetic, playful, cynical, humorous, honest, and candid, so Gloster has to leap, and he does leap right on to the stage, glares about a moment, until the audience smiles. Like Mirabeau he is daring and dangerous. He cartoons and caricatures himself. He is not pretty, nor handsome, nor well made up. He knows the sympathy that comes to the conscious cripple, and he meditates in the open: "I am curtailed of proportion, cheated of feature, lame, unfashionable, and unfinished. The dogs bark at me as I pass by."

Richard, after Hamlet, is the greatest creation, if creation it be, that Shakespeare has produced. He is a many-sided, marvelous man, but he is always a man. In his debut, with splendid candor, he reveals the villainy he contemplates, almost gives a sketch of his many-colored murders, and where he cannot retail he hints and dives down. His workings henceforth will be underground, cavernous and colossal, and all may be and are, in fact, prepared for the most preposterous events. He is no midnight assassin, no pettifogger, no petty, peevish villain. With him it is always power. He never has a misgiving apparently. He attacks the impossible and the walls crumble. Like Alexander an Oriental world opens its gates to him. He seems to win as much by prestige as by power, but in both he is indomitable. He has chameleon power of simulation—a very Proteus to put on the smile or the frown that the occasion demands. He is all things to all men and to all women, too, to undo them and devour them like the eaglet in the eyrie. He loves to swallow them and their offices and effects. He is ambitious, religious, loving, wooing, winning, friendly and fierce by turns, and yet the grandeur of his power, the persistence of his purpose, the cynical carelessness of the humor with which he pursues and gains his end steals our sympathy.

We smile at the fools of women that he woes and wins over the corpses of their murdered husbands, brothers and babes. As he wins them he laughs at them, chastises them, sneers at them and then brushes them aside as he attacks some other citadel that stands in the way of his ambition. This unadulterated deviltry is so novel that we stare and wonder what else he'll do. He is absolutely immoral and monstrous but consistent and candid, makes no pretence to himself or to his audience at any of the milder virtues but relies solely on his iron will and labyrinthine resources of eloquence and

invention. He hires, cajoles, suborns, concocts, argues, anticipates and answers all objections; wins every venture; mounts the throne. In admiring him we admit fascination first. It is as 'twere the serpent of the Nile that has outdone us Antonys. We have "no Roman" thought when Richard is before us. When Margaret swears we have a moment of lucidity, but we devote it to the Basilisk, we are thinking what a fine tiger he would have made. Hunchback, toad, bottled spider: that is altogether too petty to cover the qualities of this octopean monster.

After his pearly prologue we meet him sympathizing with George, Duke of Clarence, on his road to the dreadful tower with Brakenbury. The sick king is guilty, he has listened to the wizard's story that "by 'G' his issue disinherited will be," but Gloster is the cause. He blames the Woodville ascendancy and protests he feels the deep disgrace of brotherhood deeper than you can imagine and promises improvement won't be long. "I'll deliver you or die first," and then, oh horrors, the first gleam of the forked lightning that blasts and blights and rives everything in the world this monster moves in. "Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so that I will shortly send thy soul to heaven." The desperate dialogue of death in the dungeon between the murderers and Clarence shows how completely he had deceived with dissembled love the same simple, plain Clarence.

He spends a moment of confidence with himself after his conversation with the good Lord Chamberlain and then he reveals again the fire and brimstone—"When God takes Edward to his mercy George is post-horsed to heaven, they'll leave the world for me to bustle in."

Here follows what Gloster calls a keen encounter of our wits. Here then we have Gloster's arguments intended to win Anne: "Sweet saint," "lady, know you not the rules of charity that renders good for bad," "vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman," "Fairer than tongue can name thee," "your beauty was the cause." She spits on him but he argues on and adds "Scorned to shed an humble tear till thy beauty was my fee." She takes the ring; he promises "repentant tears" and the most famous love-scene over a corpse that the world has ever seen is ended. Then he scathes and scorns and frazzles "this widow of the woeful bed" and goes to get a looking glass and some tailors.

The scene is changed with Anne in a fool's paradise and Clarence in a prisoner's dungeon. Edward dying and urged to vengeance against his son, the protectorate is an easy prize, but it's death to the Woodvilles. They fall acursing and Gloster answers in kind but so severely that Elizabeth threatened to acquaint his majesty with the upbraiding and bitter

scorn. In the lull of the storm the lightning is fierce again. There is no doubt now the way the wind is blowing and one imagines he was a fool, but the simple gulls as he calls them—Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham, back him; he goes right on and hires the two murderers to despatch "this thing" and to drop millstones instead of tears in the doing of this dread business, the murdering of babes. In the famous reconciliation scene before the dying Edward, Gloster is the most pious of them all. Enmity is dead to him. He desires all good men's love and thanks God for his humility. Right there he announces the death of Clarence and subtly shifts the blame on the Woodvilles. Mark you how the guilty kindred of the queen looked pale. Then Edward dies. Rivers, Grace and Vaughan are hurried off to Pomfret and it was the mighty Dukes of Gloster and Buckingham that committed them.

Anon, aside, and this is ominous; "so wise so young they say, do never live long." My Lord protector advises the princes to sojourn in the tower and then tells Buckingham to chop off Hastings' head if he won't conspire with them "and when I'm king claim thou of me the Earldom of Hereford." Hastings visits Pomfret and his friend to stay for dinner, "for supper too" says Buckingham, although he knows it not. Lovel soon drops Hastings' head before Gloster and then the hypocrite says "So dear I loved the man that I must weep." Now "for the brats of Clarence to draw them out of sight." Buckingham and the bishop must now work on the sympathy of the wooden headed citizens to force poor pious Gloster to accept the crown. Buckingham scenting Hereford is resourceful. "Get a prayer book in your hands, stand between two churchmen, play the maid's part, still answer nay and take it." "The king is at his holy exercise." "On his knees in meditation, at his beads in contemplation." Buckingham gets peevish. "Ahem, Zounds, I'll entreat no more." Gloster is pious; "do not swear my Lord of Buckingham." Then he softens. "I'm not made of stone but penetrable to your kind entreaties, albeit against my conscience and my soul," and then to the Bishop, "Come let us to our holy work again." Gloster is now king. The little princes must go. "Now I'll play the touch to try if Buckingham be current gold"; "not won't to be so dull." "Thou art all ice, none are for me that look into me with considering eyes." He is too circumspect. Buckingham's sun is set. The page brings Tyrell; Richard says gold is as good as twenty orators. Dighton and Forest dispatch the boys. Buckingham demands Hereford. Richard rewards him with contempt. "Made I him king for this?" murmurs Bucking-

ham, and off he is at once to Brecknock to fight against the monster.

The tide begins to turn, the clouds are lowering low, Breton Richmond has his eyes on the throne, aims at marrying young Elizabeth; Catesby comes. "Ely and Buckingham in the field. Jove's Mercury muster men, we must be brief when traitors brave the field." Margaret sees the clouds gathering. "Prosperity begins to mellow and drops into the rotten mouth of death." Richard forestalls fate and woos Elizabeth to get her daughter away from Richmond and wins her, then mutters "relenting fool, shallow changing woman." Breathless Radcliffe announces "puissant navy," "Richmond is admiral," "Buckingham welcomes them." Another messenger announces Devonshire, Exeter and Kent are coming. The rebels flock and grow strong. Richard is annoyed; "out on ye owls, nothing but songs of death." Richmond lands at Milford Haven; soon they are at Tamworth, and even they are advanced to Bosworth field. There is something wrong, "prosperity is mellow and it drops rotten." Richard's conscience or consciousness is his worst enemy now and he wants wine, has no longer "his wonted alacrity, his cheer of mind." These seven several repetitions of "despair and die" in his dream bring on a prophetic sweat and like Macbeth with Banquo's ghost, the thing is too real for him, it won't go away. "Cold fearful drops start on my trembling flesh." He argues away the dream and tries to staunch the wasting courage. Even the rain is an evil omen. He argues with his conscience—it's a word that coward's use, "invented to awe strong men." C'est le comble. Lord Stanley does deny to come again—he bolsters his courage. "A thousand hearts are great within my bosom. St. George inspire us with the spleen of Dragoons." Richmond gallops on the field. He is modest and even pious. He is surrounded by a band of timids, only too conscious of the wild boar they are about to husk. He is the cynosure of all England. He is the hero of humanity; the defender of women and children; the avenger of crime. The airs of heaven and hell anticipate our hopes. We feel that the curtain is about to fall on the foul unfeeling usurper, the horrid husband, the unnatural son, the wanton lover. We are conscious that none too soon the bloody process of justice will here sweep him from the earth. The forces join, the onset is awful. The hero is always a hero. He is more than human. He kills five Richmonds, but now Richard himself is down. His horse is slain. "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." The word "withdraw" awakes again the hero within him. "Slave, I've set my life upon the cast and I'll stand the hazard of the die." Again

he wavers; life is sweet. "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." In a moment the word comes, the day is ours, the dog is dead. This puts a period to it all and the curtain drops on the fiercest and the fearfulest creature that ever wore the habit and resemblance of a man.

St. Bernard

IN 1091, in the Village of Fontaine, in Burgundy, a half a league from Dijon, St. Bernard was born of a distinguished and noble family. Tescelin, his father was Seigneur of the country, and vassal of the Duke of Burgundy; his mother, whose name was Aleth, being of the House of Montbars. Both his parents were distinguished for their piety, and God blessed their marriage with seven sons and a daughter. The mother, with her own hands, offered them all to God soon after their birth, and with the tenderest affection performed all her duties, so that, nourished with her substance, they should participate in her powers and her piety. A dreadful dream presaged to her the magnificent career of the unborn Bernard; for a holy man assured her that he would be a watch-dog of the House of her Lord, who would not cease to guard it against the wolves of the world and of hell; in a word, that he would be endowed with a special gift for preaching the Word of God and defending the dogmas of the Church. This prediction was most amply justified by his brilliant and useful career. Reassured by the pious prognostication, she not only offered the child to God, as she did the others, but consecrated him in a special manner to His service; reared him with the greatest care, and handed him over to the secular canons of Chatillon-sur-Seine to be educated. As Bernard was gifted with a "marvellously cogitative" mind, he very soon advanced far beyond his age and quite outstripped his companions. From the very beginning of his college career he loved retirement and meditation; was simple in manner, silent of speech, and singularly sweet and modest in address. He beseeched God daily in prayer to preserve his youthful innocence, and studied the Humanities with great application and eagerness, so as the better to be able to understand the Holy Scriptures. Young and ambitious as he was, he gave as much of his money as he could spare in alms to the poor. Like Samuel of old, God vouchsafed him from his very infancy singular favors. One Christmas night, while he was at chapel, as they were commencing to celebrate the Divine Office, he was suddenly overcome by a heavy sleep. He had a vision then in which the Infant Jesus appeared to him. His beauty all divine so charmed him that ever after he was inflamed with the tenderest devotion for the mystery of the Incarnate Word;

and always when occasion offered to preach it then it was that in sweetness and in unction he appeared to surpass himself.

At the age of nineteen he lost his pious mother, who was regarded by the world as a saint on account of the abundance of her alms; her zeal in visiting the hospital and caring for the sick; the length and the rigors of her fasts, and her ardor in the practice of every good work. She had a great devotion for St. Ambrose, and was accustomed to invite the clergy of Dijon to her chateau to celebrate his feast with her. On the eve of the feast, 1110, she fell sick of the fever, and on the morrow she received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. The prayers were recited for the dying, to which she answered with as much fervor as presence of mind, and then, breathing a pious prayer, she passed peacefully to her reward and rest.

Bernard, now on a visit to the family home, was the master of his future. His father, occupied with his affairs as a military officer, could not watch over his conduct. He appeared in society with all the advantages that could favor or flatter a young man of his aristocratic birth and station—a bright and cultivated mind with rare prudence and natural modesty; affable manners, address pleasing and agreeable; a charm of conversation that won the hearts of all who were fortunate enough to know him. But all these advantages could easily prove pitfalls. First of all, he had much to fear from his friends, who wished him to participate in the pleasures of the world, where so often God is grievously offended. With the help of grace, he discovered their designs, and resolved to absent himself always from the snares and seductions of its perfidious pastimes.

He who loves danger shall perish in it. Bernard was not insensible to the allurements of pleasure nor quite immune from the influence of charm and beauty; and began to think of his safety, which alone seemed secure in flight. The world and the prince of the world offered him great things, and greater hopes, which suspicion showed him to be deceptive. "Come to Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you," was continually in his heart. "My yoke is sweet and my burden is light," was always a corrective for his conscience when assailed by the insidious pleasures of the world.

At length he resolved to quit the world, and promptly set about finding some sequestered spot where his soul might enjoy the yoke of Christ. The new Institute of Cîteaux was at hand. He approached and enquired; but the poverty and austerity was so great that he was afraid to enter it. The unexpected, however, happened, and this was precisely what Bernard did. He hoped to be alone with God, completely hid-

den from the world, especially to be free from vanities, such especially as beset a young man of the nobility endowed with genius and the magnetic charm of innocence. His brothers, who loved him dearly when they discovered from his conduct that he was going to quit the world, insidiously set about destroying his design, and did everything possible to interest him in business affairs and the study of letters and science. When closely pressed, Bernard admitted his intentions. The remembrance of his holy mother constantly came to his mind, and she seemed to say to him and to reprove him that it was not for worldly and vain pursuits that she had so prodigally squandered her efforts and affections upon him. One day as he went to visit his brothers in camp with the Duke of Burgundy then besieging Nancy, he was overcome by the perplexities that beset him. He entered a church and demanded of God to make known to him His will and to give him the courage to follow it. His prayer ended, his vocation became so clear to him that all anxiety ceased, and he thought of nothing afterwards but to embrace the author of the fires that burned within his breast.

Bernard at once set out to win his brothers to his way of thinking, and leave the world with him, except the youngest, whom he wished to remain at home to console his father in his old age. His uncle, the Seigneur of Touillon, a famous soldier, was the first to succumb to his importunities. Bartholomew, his brother, who was only a lad and not of age to bear arms, next joined Bernard. Andrew, another brother, who had seen a campaign after a great struggle, abandoned arms, saying: "I saw my mother. She appeared to me smiling and tenderly applauding the resolution of Bernard and Bartholomew." Like the prodigal, he didn't hesitate a moment in the balance, but renounced the militia and the world and became a soldier of Christ. Gui was the most remarkable of all the brothers. He was already married and had a family, was immersed in many affairs of the world and of war, but he could not resist the call of religion. His young wife was unwilling to consent to separation; so he retired from his estate and resolved to earn his living as an humble laborer. At length his wife fell sick unto death, and sending for Bernard asked his forgiveness. She sought at once for a separation, retiring to the Convent of Lorrey. Gerard, the second brother, was a man of much merit, beloved by the world, and highly prized for his prudence, valor and bounty. He laughed at the facility with which his brothers abandoned the world, but Bernard admonished him that adversity and affliction would give him wisdom. And truly in a few days he was surrounded by the enemy and was wounded unto death. As

he approached his extremity he cried: "I am a monk, a monk of Citeaux." He was put in irons and cast into a dungeon. Cured against his will, he didn't retract his vow, and captivity alone prevented its accomplishment.

Bernard came to secure his liberation, but didn't succeed; he was, however, permitted to see him, and calling to him through the prison bars, said: "Do you know that we shall soon enter the monastery together? As to you, if you can't come with us, may you here be a monk and this be your monastery." A few days afterward, when Gerard had worried himself into a deep sleep, he was awakened by the words of his dream: "To-day you will be delivered." It was the time of Lent. Towards evening as he thought of the words he heard he touched the bars that caged him in, and they fell as if by a giant's force to the earth. The great door of entry opened as miraculously, and he escaped to the church, which was then an inviolable sanctuary, and meant his liberty. Converted and delivered, he now fulfilled his vow at leisure.

Having gained for God all his brothers and his uncle, he undertook a similar mission to the young nobles, who had been his friends in the world. He spoke both in public and private to gain souls, and the Holy Ghost gave such an efficacy to his word that multitudes were moved. Things came to such a pass, that mothers hid their children, wives their husbands, friends their companions, lest he should allure them off to his retreat, for, as in the primitive church, all who assembled there had but a single heart and a single soul. They remained all together in a house, which they secured at Chatillon, and scarcely anyone dared to enter, who was not of the company. If others did, they glorified God that they had seen it, and at once joined their number, or retired deploring their miseries and esteeming the brethren happy. For six months they retained their secular dress after their first resolution, in order that their numbers might increase, and that every one should have time to arrange his worldly affairs. At length, by a singular miracle of grace, Bernard at the age of twenty-two had assembled thirty companions, mostly of the noble class, to enter together the Monastery of Citeaux. At last the day to consummate their vows having come, Bernard and his four brothers went to ask the blessing of their aged father. On bidding him farewell they said to the old man: "We leave you Nivard, and to him we give all our possessions." But the lad cynically replied: "You take heaven and leave me earth. It is an unequal award." And no sooner was he of age than he, too, became a monk. Later his only sister, Hombeleine, and her father also entered religious life.

Bernard entered Citeaux with the intention of hiding him-

self from the sight of men, but God had other designs and wished to make of him a vessel of election; not only to fortify and extend the monastic orders, but to carry His Name before kings and peoples to the ends of the earth. The saintly youth, who never thought of the like, incessantly excited himself to fervor, and constantly said to himself: "Bernard, Bernard, what hast thou come here to do?" When he commenced to taste the sweetness of divine love, he feared so much to lose these interior consolations that he scarcely permitted his senses the privilege of communing with the sights and sounds and society about him. He soon contracted the habit, which became a second nature, of thinking so continually of God that he saw without seeing, heard without hearing, and ate without enjoying the bread of life. He had become so dead to himself that he seemed neither conscious or curious of anything about Him. In all his exercises, his fervor was admirable, but especially in the performance of his ordinary affairs. While the others busied themselves where skill was required, he used the spade and axe, and often carried great loads on his shoulders. During the seeding and harvest, ordered by the Superior, as being weak and inexpert, to sit down and rest, he was extremely afflicted, and prayed God fervently to grant him the strength to participate in the work like the others. External affairs interfered in no way with his prayers, his union and converse with God. While working, he secretly prayed or meditated on the Scriptures. He often said it was in the fields and forests that he got his highest spiritual inspirations. During the conges he was quietly at reflection. He read and re-read the Holy Scriptures untiringly. He often averred that the text itself was easier and clearer to him than any of the commentaries, and that all the truths it taught were more accessible in the original than in the paraphrase. Nevertheless, he read the Fathers and the Catholic doctors, and followed faithfully in their footsteps.

About this time Hildebert, Canon of Auxerre, resolved to open an institute of Citeaux in his district, and appealed to the Abbot Stephen. Bernard was selected. He had been hidden for two years in the solitudes of Citeaux, like a light under a bushel, but God hastened to place him on a chandelier to illumine the church. In a word, in the valley of Absinthe, in the Diocese of Langres, for long the retreat of brigands, he was destined to become not only the lamp, but the fixed star, the cynosure of his age. In this remote secluded spot, Bernard and his twelve companions built cabins for cells, and for a den of thieves had a house of prayer, and a temple of the Living God. There they led the angelic life, and the valley of Absinthe became "Clara Vallis," popularly called "Clair-

veaux." William of Champeaux, the famous professor, was Bishop of the diocese, and when two monks called on him, the one merely skin and bone, the other robust, alert, and affable, he was not slow to pick out the saint. Bernard and William had but a single heart and a single mind ever afterwards.

The rigors of life in this modern Thebais were so telling that, what with poor nourishment, hard labor, and little sleep, Bernard soon fell dangerously ill. William of Champeaux, the Bishop, post haste, hurried to solace and assist the holy man in his extremity. Bernard would abate none of his rigors, and the Bishop was forced to appeal to Citeaux, to hold a chapter. They authorized him to build a private cottage, and procure a doctor to care for the saint, whom he forced to abandon the cares and conduct of the community. The doctor proved to be a wild animal, or at least that is the way Bernard described him.

Most doctors are called hard names when they have an unruly patient, pious or impious. He may not have been a specialist, but he made the holy man eat and sleep—the two things he needed much more than medical skill. Drugs are not everything, and what they lack obedience often supplies affording nature an opportunity to relax and recuperate.

Bernard, restored to health, returned to the monastery. His father and four brothers were now monks at Clairveaux. The sister, Hombeleine, who was married and very worldly, visited them; but as Bernard and his brothers heard of her retinue and display, they refused to receive her. She broke down, and in tears exclaimed: "Although I am a sinner, Jesus Christ died for me, and it is because I am a sinner that I came here to seek advice. If my brother despises my body, let me say to him that no true servant of God can despise my soul. Let him come, let him command what he will, and I will obey." Bernard and his brothers at this heartrending appeal consented to admit her. Hombeleine being married, the saint contented himself with reprimanding her pride and worldliness, and giving her as a model in Mary, the Mother of Jesus. Hombeleine was so changed and afflicted that for two years she lived at home, as in a cloister. At the end of that time, obtaining the consent of her husband, she entered as a Religious the Convent of Julii, where she spent piously the rest of her days.

The fame of St. Bernard soon attracted to Clairveaux multitudes of postulants, amounting in all to seven hundred. Among them were numbered two princes of the royal blood of France and Sardinia, as well as many of the *grande*es of the nobility. When elected Abbot he made the mistake of re-

quiring all to imitate his own standards of austerity and perfection; but soon, however, he reversed his method, and pleaded with the weaker brethren with all the tenderness of a mother. Clairveaux was now a paradise, and all obeyed Bernard as if he were an angel from heaven. On descending the mountain, that led to the Monastery, at first view, one would have concluded that God Himself had chosen this Eden for his saints—so sweet, so silent, so orderly was the scene. The valley was a garden, in neatness and order, and the fields were green or golden with the fruits of their methodical and constant toil. Flocks and herds abounded, and were watched by the silent monks, whose example was so bewitching to the worldly throng that came to gaze or admire, that they imitated their silence and picked their steps as they trod this sacred ground.

As to Bernard, he was the moving spirit and the marvel of this Thebais. After passing a year in retirement in obedience to the Bishop, for the sake of health, like a torrent dammed up, he broke forth into his austerities again. Standing, he prayed night and day, until his knees weakened and his feet were swollen. The doctors marvelled that the weak frame could endure so long the fatigues and fasts he underwent, and yet he lived sixty-three years, founded several monasteries, preached constantly, and wrote many excellent works. In addition, at the call of Christianity, his country, and the Pope, he was continually immersed in the most difficult affairs of his time.

Of all these public functions, the most important to the Church was the composing of the schism. After the death of Honorius II., 1130, Anacletus II. and Innocent II., were elected to the Papal throne, by rival Roman factions. Innocent was forced to fly to France, where Louis the Fat espoused his cause. Bernard's advice was immediately sought. From the depths of the valley he reluctantly came forth and plunged into the controversy, that had riven Christendom in twain. The King and the Prelates made Bernard supreme arbiter. After careful and profound research, he decided in Innocent's favor, and flung himself, with characteristic fervor and force, into his defence. Though banished by Rome, Innocent was now accepted by the world. Bernard and Innocent travelled as companions, and eventually retired to Clairveaux, where the Pope was edified by the poor and homely fare they served him. Bernard induced the Emperor to take up arms in favor of Innocent, and Anacletus was forced to take refuge in Castel Angelo. His death soon afterwards cleared the horizon, leaving Bernard the champion of the Church, and Innocent securely seated on the Papal throne.

Perhaps the most dramatic and interesting episode of his career was the controversy with Abelard. The latter was eminent before Bernard became Abbot of Clairveaux. When a youth of twenty, he dethroned the great William of Champeaux, who was king among the doctors of his age; but his audacity, his restlessness, his heresy, his romantic misfortune eclipsed his future and damned his career, before it was fairly begun. However, at the Council of Sens, where the king, the nobles, and the Prelates of France had assembled, he dared his enemies to impugn his opinions. St. Bernard was alarmed at his teaching, and had secretly informed his friend Innocent and the authorities of both Church and State, so that presumption, if not prejudice, was already against Abelard; yet when this meteoric hero of the schools threw down the gauntlet, there were no Athanasius at hand ready to rush into the breach. Bernard submitted "that he was a stripling, too unversed in logic, to meet this giant, practiced in every kind of debate."

But all were come prepared for a spectacle, and Bernard was forced into the lists. Abelard, however, for reasons of his own, refused to defend himself, and appealed to Rome. The Council condemned Abelard, and Bernard followed it up by sending a letter to Innocent, indicting his antagonist with heresy. The Pope promptly confirmed the condemnation, and Abelard retired to Cluny, where the Venerable Abbot Peter received him cordially, and reconciled him with the great protagonist of orthodoxy. Abelard died in harmony with the Church and in submission to her authority.

What Bernard considered the greatest blot on his career was the miserable failure of the second Crusade; or at least he deemed it expedient to write an apology to the Pope. The Turkish army took Edessa in 1114, and Christian Europe was shocked to its foundations.

The Pope delegated St. Bernard to preach the new Crusade, in order to reclaim the Holy Land from the hands of the infidel. Bernard, old and bent with ill-health and austerities, at first hesitated, but soon hurled France and Germany headlong on the East, by the magic and the power of his marvelous eloquence. Louis and Conrad led the Crusaders by way of Constantinople. The perfidy of the Greeks and the jealousies of the knights drew down upon them the wrath of heaven, and they were ignominiously beaten and dispersed. This disaster brought a storm of denunciation and disgrace on Bernard. It was his "season of calamities," to use the phrase of the unfortunate Abelard. Broken in health and heart, sleepless and faint, his spirit was still unconquerable, and whenever necessity called him forth, his mind mastered his

infirmities, and he would surpass robust men in enduring fatigues. Many of the companions of his youth were already dead; the venerable Suger, Thebaud, Conrad, and Pope Eugenius, his pupil and greatest friend, all died in the same year. He felt his own end was at hand, and, worn with fatigues, fasting, and prayer, he died at Clairveaux 21st August, 1153.

Learned and orthodox, ardent and earnest, saintly and unselfish, he was easily the greatest man of his age, although not the equal of Abelard in the liberal arts and dialectics. He was the incarnation of his time, while Abelard, his great opponent, was the pioneer of posterity. He was the conservative, Abelard the liberal. The resultant, as usual, was a compromise; the doctrines of the one and the method of the other were handed on to the thirteenth century, when Albert the Great and the angelic Thomas, as their heirs, improved their inheritance, and produced the finest fruits of Scholasticism. Abelard was an erratic planet and felled by impact whatever approached. Bernard was a fixed star that steadied the universe about him and gave it a grand and glorious light.

Abelard had no moral influence on his age; Bernard admonished Popes and princes with the same freedom and candor that he did the monks of Clairveaux. Abelard was facile princeps in the tumultuous arena of the schools; Bernard was undisputed champion on the equally turbulent stage of the State and Church. The method of Abelard in the hands of St. Thomas saved the Church from the rationalism of Aristotle, whose doctrines had been popularized by Avicenna and Averrhoes, showing that the Stagyrte was no opponent, as Boetius did in the sixth century, but rather the protagonist of everything Christian. The learning and eloquence of Bernard, modelled on that of St. Augustine, was destined after the decay of Scholasticism, to become again the glory of the schools. His "Memorare" is still recited by every good Religious as the prettiest of prayers to the Blessed Virgin, and his rhetoric, which flows like a river of fire, is still calculated to kindle the admiration and the effort of ages and nations entirely out of joint with the spirit embalmed in St. Bernard's works.

The centuries have jealousies like men,
And strive with all the ardor of their race
To lend the world rare children that will grace
Their times and times beyond all human ken.

Thus they bring forth genius and prodigy,
Till angels, envious of the happy earth,
Would gladly change their heritage for birth.
'Mid men to taste superiority.

The angels in this mood, was Bernard born.
His foster-parents were but phantoms pure;
Flesh veils to save the sanctity of Heaven
Which in this saintly mystic now was given
To man, as Jesus was, here to endure
The burdens of the flesh, and draw the thorn.

Abelard

THE illustrious era of the scholastics ran between the 9th and the 14th centuries, commencing with the ontological monologue of St. Anselm and ending with the Summa of St. Thomas. The period was one of marvellous fervor and fecundity within the walls of the Church. Learning flourished in the monasteries, and monasteries like mushrooms, sprang up in the valleys, on the mountains and in the depths of the forests. There sedulous monks pursued their studies until they became the doctors of their day; there with infinite patience they made copies of the classics and the Bible; there they became experts in dialectics and prepared to meet the protagonists of heresy, for no age passed in which religion was not contentious matter. This greatness in debate seems to have created the giants that ornamented the era. Since printing was invented we have not produced any Anselms, Abelards, Shakespeares or Thomases, for the reason, it would appear, that it caused dialectics to decline. However, this may be there is no gainsaying the fact that Scholasticism produced the giants of the middle ages for the very simple reason that the whole world was Catholic and there was no other system. Their splendid dialectics were almost as direct and powerful, although it was only Order against Order within the church, as later when her phalanxes had to meet the guerilla but great warfare of Luther and Calvin.

"Facile Princeps" in fame as a dialectician, in these six centuries was the redoubtable but fickle and unfortunate Abelard. We love him for his "burning and shining light." We condone his frailties and follies for he "loved not wisely but too well" and we furtively feel like forging new weapons for his needy defence. Although the greatest debater of his age, no one benefits more by the solace of history's silence. And yet the red flames of his life glow brightly over the whole horizon of history notwithstanding the grimy clouds of salacious gossip that roll beneath them obscuring, obliterating at times his profile on the firmament of his age.

Like Homer, Virgil, Petrarch and Dante he was the heir of his ancestors and a rich legacy of learning fell at his feet when he first stepped on the world's stage. That might be said of every man in every age, but it is only the Anselms,

the Abelards, the Bernards and the Thomases that are able to take over the administration of the broad acres that Time has thrust before them. "Some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them:" so sang the Bard. That depends. What is greatness? Estates are trifles. Trash! The only real greatness is achieved. Inheritance and opportunity play their part. There must be a tide to take at the flood or few will ride on to fortune. Abelard had ability, energy and ambition. The tide was in—Time's date in culture—he mounted it, rode out on the high seas of fame if not of fortune.

Abelard, who is the subject of this sketch, was fortunate enough to have a Paris in his country with a cathedral school already famous for its professors and students. It was not known this early as Sarbonne, for Universities were just coming into existence in the 13th century, not alone in France, but in England, Italy and all the European countries. The school in Paris was already paramount and counted its students by the thousands. Students then followed famous professors from place to place and if a Thomas or a Bernard or a William or an Abelard was at Paris, Milan or Rome there were the thousands, just as where the carrion is there will be the eagles; the one hungry for intellectual, the other for physical food.

The great Abelard was the most famous professor of the Parisian academy during the 13th century. It is said he was superficial, supercilious and proud; that his learning was not orderly or solid; in fact, that he made no pretence at system, that he was a bad theologian and a poor philosopher; that he had bad morals and that he was shifty, unreliable and heartless. These are the horrid black clouds that intermittently bleared the heavens of his life. But what a wonderful being he must have been to live through this mephitic, mirasmic air. And what was worst of all, he seems to have generated the lethal gases his enemies used against him. But the impartial, imperturable voice of history speaks up and shouts out aye! and will not be silenced: he was facile princeps as a dialectician in his age; he towered like Parnassus and Pelion in rhetoric, in eloquence and in encyclopædic learning. And besides Fame will embrace no other favorite so soon as him. The great St. Bernard, the greatest theologian of that age, the greatest churchman of that age, will not be silent even if he scandalizes the assembled Fathers at Sens: "I am a mere stripling, I will not meet this man who is master of all the arts of the dialectician." William of Champeaux will also testify; his bitterness will testify; his honesty will testify; his admiration will testify: Abelard! I was his Gamaliel and

he dethroned me; pushed me off the sacred seat of the Academy and I am forced to say as Plato did of Aristotle: "He is like a colt that kicks its mother." To survive through the tragedies that he lived and acted alone proves him the colossus of his age. He was Marc Antony all over again: great statesman, great philosopher, great fool. This dotage of our general says the great dramatist and history will say: "Oh, this dotage of our Abelard." And yet he was the noblest dialectician of them all.

Abelard was born at Palay, some leagues from Nantes, now lying without a stone upon a stone under the hoofs of the German hyenas. War and religion were the only two professions of the age. Which would our youth embrace? The strong went forth to war against the neighboring principality. That way was power and applause. The pious, the timid, the weak went to the nearest monastery and there was sanctity and salvation. To be a monk was to be a scholar and Abelard had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. The military man was a soldier; that was all. If he knew the evolution, tactics and strategy he was an Ensign of Mars. Then the soldiers' scholarship was war and only war. What would Berenger do with Abelard?

Berenger was the exception. He had a great love for learning and he had correctly appraised the talents of his son. He resolved therefore to educate him soundly and then let him enlist if he would under the ægis of war. Well equipped for the highest command, Berenger doubtless hoped to see his son the greatest general of the age. But Abelard would have none of it; not that he was pusillanimous, for he was hardy, husky and courageous, as his long, arduous, unfortunate career amply proved, but because his mind was a very maelstrom sucking in all knowledge that reached its vortex. He renounced, to the amazement of his father, war with all its trappings and pomps; he renounced his primogeniture and his possessions, and started out like Goldsmith, Shelly and Byron, later a sort of peripatetic wandering scholar. His parents having separated and entered a monastery and a convent respectively, Abelard was free to indulge, like the comet that he was, his erratic, roaming career.

Having made some progress in the sciences and become already redoubtable in dialectics, he abandoned his native Brittany and wandered through the Provinces looking for new worlds to conquer in the sphere of dilettante debate. Of course at last, he arrived at the Ultima Thule of students—Paris, where he hoped to develop his talents and let them blaze forth in the conflagration that they were. William of Campeaux held the first chair in the academy and was

world-famous. To him Abelard hastened. At once he gained the great man's affection and confidence but held them not for long; as his skill in dialectics, and his natural ardor of temperament, led him to defend his views with such great warmth and success as to embarrass William, who till then was accustomed only to admiration, sovereignty and applause. The professor henceforth tolerated only with apparent grace the aggression on his preserve of this turbulent titanic youth.

The sensitive, high-spirited Abelard could brook no neglect or rebuke and he felt he must make a change, as the ruptured relations permitted no further progress on his part at the feet of this great Gamaliel. He was young but no matter, he opened a school in the environs of Paris at Corbeil. Now a new jealousy seized upon the great William, for crowds of his students went out beyond the walls of the city to see this new star of the East. They were captivated by the subtlety and the eloquence of Abelard. Intoxicated by the suddenness of his success, he plunged into his studies but far beyond his depth and his health gave away. He was forced to retreat to his native Brittany to recover strength and allow his nerves to repose.

After several years he re-appeared in Paris and sought without a shudder or a blush reconciliation with William, who was now a Canon of St. Victor's, in order to study rhetoric under him. But the leopard does not change his spots and the dialectician again savagely attacked the rounded sentences of his master's rhetoric and smashed them to smithereens. Abelard forced William to abandon his tenet that the universal was real in the unit. This so discredited William, that seeing his students abandon him in droves, he resigned his chair to another professor, who eventually had to relinquish it to the odious but redoubtable Abelard.

Again owing to family affairs Abelard had to abandon his favorite task of annoying William and return to Brittany. His father had become a monk and his mother also was on the point of donning the religious garb—a thing common enough in those days. He succeeded soon in arranging the business of his parents and was at once off to Laon, where Dean Anselm, a famous theologian and teacher, resided. It would appear he was still looking for new intellectual worlds to conquer. He was a dialectician and master of rhetoric, and now he ardently desired to be a theologian. As usual he discovered, or thought he did, that the great Anselm was over-rated and promptly proceeded to cross swords with him. The professor showed him the door and he marched out only then and there to open a school of theology in opposition to Anselm and began interpreting Ezechiel—a rather pretentious

task in the mistress of the sciences. The Dean, probably inspired, absolutely refused him premission to teach Scripture and not knowing exactly what to do he meandered off to Paris only to be offered the chair of the illustrious William of Campeaux to mount which was the ambition of his life. There was, however, no more jealousy between them as William was now Bishop Chalon-sur-Marne and hedged in by his holy office, was safe from the annoying shafts of this erratic, romantic adventurer. At Paris Abelard's success was now meteoric and he was soon intoxicated with praise and applause. His pride and passion precipitated his fall. A shameful intrigue prostrated him, nor did he ever completely escape from its meshes, for a life of many woes and wanderings can be surely traced to it.

The English poet Pope exploits this salacious romance ad nauseam and it is not necessary nor desirable now to give it more than a mention, as, although a poignant and regrettable incident, it still remains only an incident in the great man's life and by no perversion of historical perspective can it be distorted into a thing of major moment in his active energetic and interesting career.

If Canon Fulbert had had ordinary common sense or the keenness of observation usual in a confessor he would never have taken the brilliant and dynamic dandy into his house, and Louise, who was the victim of two fools and herself the third, would have been saved from an intrigue that was the gossip of the age and the shame and the humiliation of history. The pair were secretly married but Canon Fulbert, enraged at their conduct, published it broadcast subjecting the unfortunate Abelard to raillery, jibes and jeers of his students. This almost ruined his reputation and to mend matters he persuaded her to enter the convent of Argenteuil. Canon Fulbert was beyond himself at the news and wreaked a "nec nominetur" vengeance on the youth which with unusual sanity, all his life, he regarded as the just judgment of God on his crime. He could no longer support the ignominy and shame that fell like bolts from heaven on his head and he became a monk of the Abbey of St. Denis. Louise took the veil at the hands of the Bishop of Paris and entered the convent of Argenteuil notwithstanding the supremest efforts and influence of friends to dissuade her.

The turbulent Abelard was not long at St. Denis till he mixed things up as usual. The Abbot was not strict enough, thought this would-be reformer, and he solemnly rebuked the licentious lives the monks were leading, little conscious of the adage that dwellers in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. He may have been a bit of a player and under the

mask of puritanism was really seeking expulsion, as at the very time his former students were clamoring for his lectures. Now since his eyes were opened and his pride punished he may have sincerely thought (nature gives men such salves) he might labor for the good of men and the glory of God, neglecting the world's laurels which he knew only too well wilted at the first frost. He received a ready and welcome permission to go to Provence, where he opened a new school. The town soon could not accommodate with food and lodging the concourse of scholars who flocked to his lectures. He now thought it proper to teach theology using philosophy for a bait as the great Origin formerly did.

His success at Provence was so phenomenal that in a measure it constituted a compensation for his former humiliation and disgrace. But he grew proud and peevish and jealous. Two great saints and scholars, Bernard and Norbert, he could not tolerate; discounted their sincerity; denied them the distinction and merit they universally received and even went so far as to call them hypocrites. There was a reason for all this: Abelard was always straining after novelty and consequently taught doctrines that aroused the anxiety and suspicion of so great a churchman as St. Bernard undoubtedly was. His first fall was for his worldliness, sensuality and pride in having surpassed and superseded in fact and in celebrity William and Anselm, both of whom were now dead. That was no lesson for this incorrigible, careering comet. He must now have a head-on with the planet of the age, St Bernard, entirely untaught of caution or care by the furnace of affliction through which of late he had passed.

At Provence, intoxicated again with the applause which the subtlety and penetration of his genius brought him, he hesitated not to grapple with the most sublime mysteries of religion and undertook to explain them to his disciples. Although he had never made a profound and systematic study of the sacred sciences he had the daring to publish "an Introduction to Theology." "Would that mine enemy should write a book," some one has cynically said and well said. The crows crowd around the carrion; it is a feast for them. Theologians dearly love to analyze the tyro's book and history shows them to be mincing and merciless critics. In this case they were apparently, but not really, disarmed and disappointed. In his preface Abelard makes the modest provision: that if his teaching or sentiments are erroneous or wrong he will always be found willing to retract them, not desiring to fall into heresy, which is not found in the expression but in the inexorable adhesion to error. Theoretically that was following the formula, but in practice, when ordered to withdraw

certain propositions, he was convulsed with his usual pride and passion and stubbornly refused.

The book was almost at once denounced to Radolfe, Bishop of Rheims, and Conon, the Papal Legate, was importuned to condemn it. Abelard's high-handed hauteur always put men on edge; he would not consult them; he would not conciliate them; he defied them. Hence the hornet's nest. A fierce and formidable array of enraged harpies swooped down not upon Abelard but his unfortunate, inaccurate treatise. For although the literary critics gave him generous praise he drew the lightnings of theology upon himself by counter-charging four professors with as many errors. They promptly used their right of reprisals. Two of them, Alberic and Rotulfe, old pupils of William and Anselm, were implacable in the zeal with which they ran him down and conscientious, too, no doubt, so little do we know of our psychology when our professional or party or personal interests are at stake.

In short the Council of Soissons condemned the work, and its author was cast into the prison of St. Medard after being obligated to cast his darling "Introduction to Theology" in the flames. If one would believe the unfortunate man the merit of the book was its crime; jealousy and envy were the motives of his opponents; and Cardinal Legate Conon was weak and ignorant of the dogmas in debate. But history clearly shows that every innovator condemned—even the modern George Tyrrell said the same of Merry de Val—made a similar if not the same plea. The book almost entire is still extant and is in itself the document that has condemned him in the court of history. It manifests a mind but superficially trained and little familiar with the system co-ordinating the dogmas of theology. And what is worse, the book contains many propositions inexact, equivocal and even erroneous.

His imprisonment ineffably humiliated his swelling pride and his pretended obedience in the preface is revealed in a rather sorry light. The Abbot of St. Medard, by the way, a monastery, received the famous lecturer and dialectician with open arms and great unconcealed joy. No doubt he rejoiced that the wandering prodigal once there would return to orthodoxy and his father's house, retracting his errors; and also that no little fame and advantage would accrue to the academy by the presence of this great Gamaliel; that maybe, too, Abelard would become a brother and live and die with them. But all such speculation in the nature of the case was nonsense. The prisoner raged within himself like an angry lion; nor was his anger so much against man as against God. His own words are hyperbolic blasphemy. We shall

not expect a humble submission from this man when confronted with condemnation.

For eighteen years Abelard seems to have conducted himself correctly, or at least was not performing in the spot-light of publicity. But the sky now begins again to grow dark and in several places. One, Arnold of Brescia, a pupil of Abelard, is drawing a man's hand on the horizon. Shortly it will be a black boiling storm and very dramatic lightning will be necessary to dissipate it. It came in the Council of Lateran. Arnold, like his master, was a wonder; an orator, a dialectician, a philosopher, an economist; he knew everything superficially and nothing profoundly like a certain Lord Brougham in later times. He made love to the laity and to the secular power and potestates, and was only less noisy and turbulent than Abelard himself.

The latter was condemned at Soissons some years before and he saw in the condemnation of Arnold at Lateran a reiteration of his own sentence. Nevertheless he continued to teach and with his usual perversity nothing but theology would do him; he would not devote himself to the liberal arts in which he was paramount the facile princeps of his age.

One, William, Abbot of St. Thierry, became his Nemesis. Running across a book entitled "The Theology of Peter Abelard," the good monk was curious and plunged eagerly into the deep sea of its subtleties. No doubt William, at least by fame, knew Peter Abelard very well. He could not, living in the intellectual world as he did, help knowing him as he was the bright particular star of his age. The good Abbot, no doubt, was delighted to have the opportunity of putting this book on the slab. Surgery is not the preserve of doctors; theologians can dissect, too, when the humor serves. William found thirteen bones in this carcass all crooked, distorted and wrong. Banter aside, the Abbot extracted thirteen propositions from Abelard's theology and refuting them categorically, forwarded them to the Bishop of Chartres and the great Abbot of Clairveaux, St. Bernard. Neither of these were in such hot haste to hunt the boar; they knew he had tusks and could use them well. And besides there were lots of things they loved better than living ivory. In a word Abelard had a sharp tongue and a quick wit and like Voltaire was the nightmare and the terror of the time. St. Bernard took his leisure and consulted and advised before going into the lists with so redoubtable a combatant. And yet the towering personality and the kindly character of the Abbot of Clairveaux was the adequate equipment to deal with the impulsive erratic, impassioned Abelard. Wishing to correct his error without confounding the author, the great Abbot met the

dialectician privately and reasoned with him so modestly and so well that he agreed to abandon his erroneous tenets. But Abelard was never consistent, resolute or reliable in his conduct. It would appear, too, that he was badly advised. At any rate knowing that the great Council of Sens was about to be held and having full confidence in his unparalleled powers of debate he approached the Archbishop, complained that St. Bernard had reprimanded him and demanded that he be summoned before the Council to defend his orthodoxy. The good Bishop, probably without prejudice, promptly complied and commanded St. Bernard to come to the Council as a consultor and defender of orthodoxy. The kindly but keen Abbot quickly showed the Bishop where the onus of orthodoxy ought to rest and pleaded unpreparedness and the arduous offices of the monk. He was, however, importuned and successfully by a chorus of churchmen; for he relented and hastened to take his place in the assembling Council.

It goes without saying that when the two greatest intellectual gladiators of the age were pitted against each other in the arena the whole world would want to be in the coliseum. And it was even so. All this perturbed St. Bernard who wrote to his friend Pope Innocent protesting that he was little prepared for the dispute and assuring him that only the scandal of the church, at the apparent bankruptcy of his colleagues coerced him to consent to enter the lists with this redoubtable debater.

The Council of Sens was convened on the 2nd of June, 1140, but the doughty combatants did not appear in their shining armor and the rightly curious ecclesiastics were utterly disappointed. It would appear that at a preliminary meeting the night before the Council, at which St. Bernard was present but no Abelard, the propositions were prepared that were to be discussed. Abelard took umbrage at this; held that his case was prejudiced and prejudged, and consequently refused to appear. He appealed at once to the Holy See. A complete report of the proceedings of the Council was drawn up and promptly forwarded to Innocent II. The condemnation of the Council was confirmed by the Pope and the unfortunate Abelard was again forced to beat an ignominious retreat. His rear-guard action was, however, fairly good. He at once composed an apologia which contained seventeen headings. He took occasion, too, to denounce "the sentences" which passed as his but were really spurious. This was addressed to the faithful. One of his own disciples, however, turned adversary, trained his guns upon the beleaguered veteran and soon his rear-guard was a rout. It was simple,

too. He placed Abelard's Introduction and Theology in parallel columns and they did the rest themselves.

This whole affair gave great scandal to the Convent of the Paraclete over which Louise now presided Abbess, and it was incumbent upon Abelard to explain matters which he did as best he could in his second Apologia.

This institute is of so much importance in the history of both Abelard and Louise that it deserves more than a casual mention. After Abelard was condemned and outraged he sought a refuge from the slings and arrows of misfortune at the hospitable board of St. Denis. Almost at once, for want of something subtler, he attacked the patron saint of the monastery and the hornets and the harpies were soon savagely buzzing about his ears. The Abbot Suger diplomatically permitted him to retire to Nogent-sur-Seine where students almost like locusts flocked to his retreat. They built an oratory for their master and huts and cabins for themselves. Here for a while he was very happy, having received consolation from on high and in consequence called it the Paraclete! One can imagine how great was his need of this when he says his enemies among Christians were so numerous and bitter that he had resolved to pass the rest of his days among Infidels. He was so good and so exemplary here that he was elected Abbot of St. Gildas in Brittany. This he accepted but soon regretted the step as he paints in parti-colors the conduct of the monks of that institute. He burnt the bridges, however, and must remain. At the time of his transfer from the Paraclete Louise was Prioress of the Convent of Argentuil. Things were far from satisfactory there and Abelard seized the opportunity of placing her in charge of the Paraclete. He wrote a "Rule" for the new institute and became their spiritual director. This was neither opportune nor wise and gossip began wagging her tongue again forgetful of facts and history. For long the new Priory was in great poverty; but patience and perseverance on the part of the amiable and excellent Louise and her little flock overcame the frowns of fortune and at length the community became happy and prosperous. History has had something to say of the correspondence between the famous pair while Louise resided at the Paraclete. On the whole she does not hang her head. Abelard's letters show an inflexible cold, high, heartless hauteur; while on the contrary those of Louise are too candid and confiding and for her position probably more romantic and human than they should have been.

To return. Abelard's imperious, proud heart that knew no consistency in youth knew no conciliation in age. After the Council of Sens, though he was minded for a while to

make his defense literary and he went far that way, yet he soon resolved to go to Rome and present his appeal in person. When the broken king of controversy, wending his way thither, arrived at Cluny the Venerable Peter Abbot of the famous hostel demanded of him whither he went. "I am persecuted," answered Abelard, "by men who treat me as a heretic, a name I hold in horror; that is why I wish to have recourse to the Holy See." The holy man praised the loyal motive of the supplicant and assured him that the Pope would render him justice or grace and pardon as the case might be. At that very time the Abbot of Citeaux arrived at Cluny, desiring to confer with the Venerable Peter as to the most prompt and efficient means of reconciling St. Bernard and Abelard. In truth the good offices of the Abbot of Citeaux accomplished a marvellous transformation in Abelard, who retracted whatever he had said or written offensive to Catholic ears. With him he went to Clairveaux and was reconciled with its Abbot. The latter was not a personal enemy, and only an opponent in controversy after an indefinite deal of persuasion; as he stubbornly maintained that as a monk his duty was to serve God and not to confound men.

The reconciliation was scarcely accomplished when news arrived at Cluny of the Pope's confirmation of the Council of Sens. This naturally crushed Abelard, who was now sixty, aged and infirm and ill able to go to Rome or return to the tumult of controversy. He appealed to the Venerable Peter to take him into his monastery and allow him to live as a simple monk the days that remained to him of life. Peter at once wrote to Rome regarding the illustrious penitent's desire perhaps not unaware of the charity implied and the good that would accrue to his convent by reason of the fame and scholarship of so great a man. Innocent II. was thoroughly informed, if in no other way, by the magnificent report of St. Bernard of Abelard's arguments and the manner in which the Council answered them. In fact we may suppose with all Europe he knew what a thundering meteoric mind it was that was loosed by the powers of nature over the firmament of France. It is surely beyond all doubt that he was delighted to accord Abelard the asylum he sought under the hospitable roof of one of the most famous homes of scholars and saints that religion has ever produced.

Abelard lived with the Venerable Peter two years and enjoyed the companionship and affection of this superbly peaceful, holy man. In a letter to Louise, describing her illustrious but unfortunate friend and giving her the most notable tribute of praise for her erudition and piety, he adds the following memorable portrait of the 13th century's setting sun:

"I never remember seeing his equal in humility, not only as to his dress but also his demeanor, his countenance and his language. I obliged him to take the first place in our numerous community but he appeared to be the last in silence, poverty and meekness. In the processions, while he walked before me, and that was habitually, I was wrapt in admiration of the man whose reputation was world-wide conducting himself with such unfeigned simplicity and sweetness. I observed also the same frugality in his food and all his bodily needs as in his dress. He condemned by word and deed not alone luxury but everything beyond the bounds of bare necessity. He read continually; prayed often and kept perpetual silence except when forced to speak, to give conferences or preach. These he did delightfully, willingly and often to the whole community. He said Mass nearly every day, after he was reconciled to the Holy See. In a word he was always occupied in the pious practices of religion or in teaching the truths of theology and wisdom."

After two years spent among the brethren of Cluny and in its sequestered haunts his infirmities augmented rapidly. The Venerable Peter sent him for change and air to the Priory of St. Marcel, a delightful retreat in Burgundy. But he could not rest; he kept on with his pious exercises and his religious conferences. His career was soon to be consummated; for the lightnings of his last disease and death struck him down like a bolt and he rendered back to God and nature the crushing debt which men must needs ultimately pay. Abelard died on the 21st April, 1142, at the age of sixty-three. His body was furtively taken to the Paraclete but Venerable Peter willingly went and solemnly conferred on the remains as a gift to the community of Paraclete. The celebrated pair now repose in Paris among the immortals of France

In his own age Abelard did not get his proper place in the opening prospective of history. It is in intellectual as it is in material things; and truly one can not enjoy the physical proportions of the Rockies, the Andes, the Himalayas, unless he be seated far back on the horizon. Certainly St. Bernard and he were the unapproachable peaks of the 13th century and their brows are still aureoled with inaccessible light. It is a moot point which was the greater man and history when consulted observes a cautious silence. Liberal scholars and conservative churchmen see through their own glasses and decide accordingly. Certain it is Abelard contributed most to the method crystallized in the next century in the Summa of St. Thomas. He was the intellectual leaven of the age as he kept the whole world awake watching him rise. His doctrines were the firebrands and the foot-

balls of controversy and while they often were erratic or wrong their discussion, like all controversy, helped to clear the air.

The report elaborate, classical and complete, of the proceedings of the Council of Sens sent by St. Bernard to Innocent is irrefragable proof that the latter earned the title "Father of the Church," but it is more it is a manifest of the mental stature, equipment and compass of the man they were refuting. It stands indeed still an imperishable monument to the memory of both. Abelard was as subtle as rapid and as keen as St. Augustine. And, too, his early career in many regards was almost an exact parallel to that of the greatest uninspired mind the church has produced. Yet polarity set their characters a world asunder. The Bishop of Hippo was serious, profound and pious; Abelard was acute and learned but supercilious, vain and selfish till the bolts of age and the church struck him down in the very arena where the wild plaudits of the world, like the Siren, had deceived his heart.

Character

THERE is nothing more important, it must appear, than the study of character; for knowledge of it as the element of our personality and that of society is the key both to success and fortune. Nor may we approach it lightly. On the contrary it is the most difficult and profound subject one can well undertake to explain. Psychology is the science of the soul and the soul is spiritual and immaterial. There at once is the elusive, subtle element. The material is tangible and may be weighed and measured. That task is comparatively easy. Character which is the clamp of the soul easily escapes our awkward efforts and requires the keenest concentration to comprehend and categorize the elements that so impress our spiritual natures as to make them what they are. The seal that leaves its image on the melted wax is tantamount to these influences, and as the seal may be artistic or crude so may be character. The common sense of the race has always placed the highest price on the moral aspect of character and consequently calls it good or bad; treating all other definitions, even if desirable as not paramount. This is, we think on the whole, highly creditable to the race, but other elements, it must be admitted, are not negligible. The will is only one faculty of the soul and as all the other faculties, emotions and passions are equally amenable to discipline, terms implying this, like temperate, artistic and intellectual, can correctly be added to good and bad.

Indeed then character has so many phases; if it is so complex and subtle one would imagine it would be the life study not only of professors of psychology in colleges but of every one who sought success in the world. Perhaps nothing is farther from the fact, men are the victims of vices that are daily wrecking their lives and are quite unable to trace their ruin to its particular source; nay, they are the happy possessors of virtue that has made them the day-stars of their age—the cynosures of all eyes and are blankly ignorant of the causes that produce these effects. “Know thyself” is an old adage and it would be as easy as it is old if men formed the habit early in life of noting their mental, moral, artistic and physical equipment, of toning up this defect and pruning down that excess in whatever department of our being it appears. It

is opportune and proper, therefore, that on this occasion we pass in review the factors that constitute personality and the influences that happily or harmfully affect the deposit which nature gave us.

Heredity is paramount in the makeup of man. When the Bible tells us the sins of fathers are visited on their children and their children's children even unto the fourth generation it proposes a truth and propounds a doctrine. The visitation is moreover not only moral; it is psychological and physical. The Original Fall entailed in its train a darkened understanding and a weakened will and likewise every other fall weakens the vitality and the velleity of the sinner and even of his offspring so sure are the penalties and sanctions of the natural and moral law. The opposite is also true that untouched and unsullied integrity multiplies power and accumulates momentum not alone in the possessor but also in posterity. Nor is this hazarding anything dogmatic or arbitrary; it will be found that experience, the sanest and soundest of teachers, has given this its imprimatur. The fact that we inherit tendencies is patent and undeniable but if you ask me how they are transmitted I answer it is beyond the power of human investigation and analysis to answer.

Granted this all important fact, how shall we orientate ourselves regarding it? It would never do to let such a blessing or such an anathema prevent and paralyze initiative, as it undoubtedly does in the cases of inherited talents on the one hand and tendencies to indolence and sloth on the other. Conscious that their forebears were fixed intellectual stars or depraved and emasculated libertines many meekly bow to what they deem the inevitable. They feel that by some law of necessity they will be great, neglecting the means whereby their fathers attained eminence; or that they will founder and fail no matter what their efforts and efficiency. Thus both the scion of society and the offspring of the underworld lose hold of the wheel, the chart and the compass given them to sail over the summer sea of fortune or to ride over the mountainous main of natural depravity, low circumstance or estate.

But such are rare, isolated and atavic. Most men are dynamic and active. They know the mines of wealth within the storage battery of energies they possess. They are conscious of confidence, will and faith. It is all untried. They have heard that faith will remove mountains and they almost long for obstacles to test their strength. If life has pyramids and pitfalls they say bring them forth. We shall surmount them, we shall span them. If the sun of fortune rises in such fulness that effort and opportunity are condemned to sloth and

luxury and sin, the majority will seek out some dark continent untenanted and unexplored by man, become the heralds of civilization and thus contribute their quota and opportunity to the world and to men. It may be truthfully said, therefore, that the handicap of heredity, whether of excess or defect, is an incentive to action, nay, even to progress and perfection; for the lapped in luxury will develop and grow great by thus plunging into the ocean of adventure be it science, religion, art or literature, and the victims of adversity by buffeting the waves that mocked their youth, by rising, by taking the tide in the affairs of man that leads on to fortune.

We may pardonably pass over the boon of talents and wealth that comes to us an unearned heirloom from our ancestors; as the thing is patent and analysis is unnecessary; but the handicap of heredity may not be so lightly dismissed. What then is this physical defect, this intellectual, this moral defect? I deny at once that it is a wanton arbitrary curse. Phthisis, syphilis, rheumatism and the rest exist in the earliest currents of the blood and the germs multiply and develop there as surely as if they were furnished an artificial culture-media. The laws that wait on reproduction are faithful and true and automatically hand on to posterity whatever nature gives them be it good or bad. Physical qualities, therefore, as well as intellectual and moral are more or less faithful copies of what the progenitors possessed. Experts testify that lunacy, idiocy and insanity depend almost entirely on the malformation of the brain, and that if this organ be defective in parents or ancestors it will inevitably be so in the children if some new, strong and healthy strain is not introduced. If on the other hand the brain is large, firmly formed and vital, even if the rest of the physique is ordinary or atrophied, they assure us the child will be endowed intellectually with the dynamic energy of an author. But the transmission of mere momentum is simple of solution as compared with the intellectual and the moral in this matter of heredity. The will is immaterial and dynamic like the intellect and they are at once so fused, so distinct and so interdependent, that the greatest psychologists are not agreed as to which—if either—is precedent and paramount in action. If they are thus obscure as to nature they must be more so as to the mode of transmission. Just how qualities of intellect and will are transferred, each soul independent of paternity, being created at conception, is a problem well nigh insoluble. The fact remains that mathematics, music, art, literature, piety and the rest run in some families, while drunkenness, sloth, libertinism, coveteousness and the like curse the careers of others. Just here it may be remarked that curiosity and question as

to the origin of physical and especially moral evil is as old as Christianity, nay, civilization and the human mind itself; we shall leave this and the riddle of moral and mental inheritance to your leisure and labor.

Touching the elements that anticipate or influence character, heredity is not the only help or handicap that men enjoy or deplore. Environment often puts the clamp of vice and infamy on adolescence that remains irremovable in spite of the energy and the efforts of age. Dare I say, too, that it is a band of brass about the deposit of intelligence and virtue that generations of honorable ancestors have been husbanding to hand on to their heirs. In this category fall the home, the school, the church, in a word, society. If they are high and holy only the exception will bolt and burst the bars that guard its innocence, but on the contrary, if they are low and sordid rarely will even ambition rise above the squalid brake of circumstance.

Postulating poor heredity and bad environment, one can appreciate and correctly appraise the asset to society he is who removes the twin mountains that crush his adolescence and bar its way. I regard it as a proud privilege to have the opportunity of establishing the fact that men can and do rise superior to themselves and their ancestors; that men frequently rise on the rounds of perfection to the possible, from the foot of the ladder where wallow sloth and license and crime.

That the lucky and the fortified should capture fame and fortune is negligible; they would be pigmies and poltroons if they failed; but it is most important that mediocrity or even meanness should scale the rugged forbidding heights of inaccessible Olympus. Most important, not so much to the individual as to society, for the common good is always paramount in this world, and one always lives and dies to amplify the inheritance of the people, while pursuing his own happiness and perfection. Whether the high or the humble succeed his success will be proportioned to his character. And as success is like the sunrise to the multitude they will gaze upon it with curiosity, delight and amazement; they will become the subjects of envy and ambition; they will investigate the causes of the phenomenon and perhaps soon emulate its light and heat and glory. The influence of character as the cause of success is then correctly comparable to the power of the sun in renewing universal life, and it will be exceedingly profitable to scrutinize the elements that constitute this invaluable asset.

Genius is a gift; character is an acquisition. That is brief and bold but in the main it is true. Genius has influence; it

sets on fire the spirit of emulation but it dwells in light inaccessible and is therefore inimitable. Character on the contrary is quite a common commodity and hence is easily attainable or at least comparatively so. Learning is a wonderful lamp, its light flares out over the vast seas of men illuminating their way and cheering their heads and hearts. And yet learning is often dry, unhappy and barren. The philosopher, the scientist, the musician is frequently a suicide; he has neither faith, nor hope, nor charity, nor fortitude, nor temperance, nor prudence—no religion, no morals, no virtue, no character. There's the rub.

If genius and learning fall short of character in power and influence, infinitely more does wealth and worldly possessions. The nouveau riche or the normally rich often assume or possess a hauteur hurtful alike to their happiness and their prestige. They provoke by prodigal and reckless display the wrath and the sneer of the proletariat. Far from being exemplars for imitation, they are objects of derision and contempt. To be fair, genius and learning and wealth may have character and consequently power and prestige; but then these may be traced much more directly to the latter than the former. Yet the monuments which learning and wealth and genius have left us embody ideals that may well be incorporated in character. Thus, too, may the meanest as well as the mightiest product of the human mind subserve, used properly, the ends of personality.

In fact the faithful and conscientious performance of the ordinary rounds of duty remain not unseen or unrewarded of God or man; it is a great virtue in the eyes of the One, and a great asset to the other. Industry is the first principle of happiness as it is the fertile and flowing source of power influence and wealth. Health of body and energy of mind are its concomitants and results, and these win unsought the admiration and applause of the world be it active or inert. This incidental reward maybe pardonably prized as it usually stimulates to further and higher activity.

Persistently doing the details and drudgery of duty with delight soon hardens into habit and this ordinarily is reliable and inamissible. It takes on a character and property, which will steadily and surely turn in a lucrative rental to the coffers of the mind. It soon produces practical wisdom. The end once in view, once conceived, there is no halting, no doubting as to the means. Time and health and application will accomplish the impossible. Without vision they say the nation is lost, but the visionary is often an unhappy bankrupt, while he sketches the map of the future and counts and categorizes the forces that produce it. We must not assume

however that the ordinary mind bent on the details of homely duty is always or entirely bereft of plan and foresight. On the contrary, the greatest railwaymen, the greatest merchant princes, the greatest captains of industry, the greatest statesmen have been office boys, clerks, politicians; they have climbed slowly and progressively each round of the ladder until they reach the top. A happy combination of the speculative and the practical, of the active and the thoughtful, of the dreamer and the drudge is undoubtedly genius. Wishing to coin a phrase, men have said "genius is labor." Genius is the power of taking infinite pains. Nonsense! No amount of pains will make a Paderewski, a Paganni, a Bryan, a Shelly, a Burke or a Webster. There is and always must be the primordial and paramount element—mere gifts, talents, vision. These necessarily give birth to a legion of activities and unconsciously the genius becomes the greatest of drudges; for he knows that in no other way can he display the wares of his mind. The dexterity of some limb or organ is his means. These are the subjects of habit and habits cost time, patience and application—drudgery. There you have it! Great talent and great labor. Then it is patent that the high and the humble depend on the same means for success: honest, industrious, meticulous application.

A story is told of a peasant who was advised to dig for a treasure hidden in his garden. In all good faith he traversed its area—but in vain. Then, thought he, I'll plant it. In the fall when the gold hung pendant in every head of grain he soon discovered where the treasure lay. Such is the cumulative momentum of industry that not gardens alone give up their gold, but mountains yield their treasures under the pressure of the pick. Circumstances, the most untoward and forbidding, crumble before this element of character. Witness a Wright, a Marconi, an Edison performing the impossible. It will be said that these are exceptions and that circumstances necessarily create and crush character. But it is equally true that character controls and coerces circumstance. The momentum of many an author, regardless of garret, misery and privation, rolls on as relentless and as steady as the tide. Regardless of health, regardless of age, regardless of decline, many an author feeds the press partly for pleasure, partly for pastime, when the need of profit is past and principally because he cannot dam up the stream of thought that flows so freely from its full and flowing fount.

This is fitly termed the force of character, and it is as truly force and energy as anything in the physical order. It is the analogue of inertia in matter which is active or static by a law that postulates an intelligent legislator. We thus

find behind creation character and personality impressing on it the faculty and the function it has in the universal scheme of things. Everything in this world possesses in correct degree the image, the likeness or the vestiges of the Creator. We are "*participes divinæ naturæ*" and possess a power an energy and a force much mightier than we imagine.

This force often amounts to intrepidity and absolute fearlessness. We are envious of and admire the dauntless daring and fierceness of the lion and we call him the king of beasts but on occasion for altar, for family or for fatherland men will do, knowing their fate, what the lion would shun. Men by the million face the red-mouthed cannon when it roars and go down to death with gladness and content. Fathers will drudge daily for a life time in the depths of the earth or the lofts of the air for family, and wreck but little of the length of life or the suddenness of death. It would be a psychological subtlety to settle what part of intrepidity is natural and what is acquired. It would be bootless, too, for in the last analysis it is a splendid element of character from whatever source it flows.

While this intrepidity, this daring, this energy is invaluable in the individual it becomes infinitely more so, when it becomes a common social national character. Society is but an agglomeration of units, and like apples the sound and the rotten ones have a necessary effect on their fellows. The fearless stag will lead the herd across the stream and sink or swim they'll follow him. There is in this a psychological contagion. It is the analogue of physical contact that protects or propagates disease. The industrious man, the daring man, the virtuous man, the intrepid man is of great social value for this reason, that he is a leader in the nature of things though he knows it not. Spartan is a byword for bravery; Rome for jurisprudence and justice; Greece for art, letters and philosophy; Egypt for astronomy and mathematics; Israel for morality and religion. Why, think you? Because they were happy in having men who set the pace, who led; men whose talents, energy and intrepidity quailed at no obstacles. This is why a Paul, an Aristotle, a Plato, a Thomas, a Scotus had schools, aye, shoals of disciples; they could not escape imitation so great was the stimulus of their energy and example.

But leadership and example can be good or bad and history knows that multitudes will follow either way in its wake. It is important, therefore, it is paramount that society have care for morality, for the conscience of its members. One consummate criminal will do more harm to a community than a dozen saints will do good; for human nature gravitates

quickly and heavily downwards. When the intellect is trained and sharpened so much the worse for society if it is not dominated by the moral will. If the will gains momentum by positions of command and is not saturated with virtue informed with justice it will tyrannize its subjects, it will destroy the state. If the memory is a river bed of debris, sickening and salacious, it will pour into the sea of society its putrid precipitates, causing disease and death. And the imagination if it takes over the data of memory what an orgy, what a riot, what a babel of confusion will be there if it be not wholesome and clean! The soul will become a very brothel of unclean things, a sink, a cesspool, a hell.

To the end that conscience be an integrant of character nothing is so important as the ordeal of obstacles, as it were the trial by fire. Persecution produces patriots, it produces Amazons, it produces martyrs. A sandy, unproductive soil produces thrifty peasants. The mountaineer who lives on berries and game is hardy, healthy and happy. Righteousness is nearly always the inheritance, the heirloom of simple, severe and frugal life. Sickness, captivity and want almost certainly reveal realities to men; restore to them their lost perspective; give them back their conscience long languishing or dead. A man usually rises from the bed of disease with a finer and firmer fibre of body and mind. He is chastened, awakened, renewed, and likewise the nations that gave the world law, religion, morality and politics were the very ones that were bandied and bartered about the chessboard of empire like pawns. On the contrary, those that enjoyed world power, dominion, wealth, luxury and laziness, fell, wanting the stimulus of trial pain and conscience, quickly into the backwaters of history.

In the word patriotism we have conscience working for one's country's good. "Pro aris et focis," for religion and country, was the ancient Romans' slogan. In fact, if the fatherland were God, then patriotism, were religion. In the East religion is the worship of ancestors. To die for or with the Emperor; to die in war for one's country is to be apotheosized and worshipped in the lengthening temple of time by an unnumbered throng of admirers. Short of this sacrilegious extravagance the patriot who loves his country lives for it, dies for it, will have earned unsought, universal applause in life, and in death history will fling the fires of rhetoric about his name. This passion of patriotism is an index, an infallable exponent of integrity and high character. For the slacker, the loafer, the poltroon who has no conception of country and conscience to reveal his duty will be found worthless, as a citizen in every other case; he will be

found a selfish, lazy, luxurious egotist approaching the animal who eats and sleeps and plays. All hail to the conscience, then, that makes a man a soldier, a patriot, a hero! His name will outlive time and flourish in eternity, for even there thousands will wear a diadem who caught their flame from the furnace of his life, whose torch burned bright on earth, whose memory remains in grace and whose career in Heaven may be traced to the power of a conscientious character.

If such is the influence of the righteous, sterling character on the world, on society, on history, it will be interesting and profitable to trace the ideas that dominated the various nations of antiquity.

The East had Pantheism long before Greece had Stoicism or Christianity had Chastity, Poverty and Obedience. It is still characteristic of Asiatics to live in pain and poverty and disease with a resignation and a heroism only comparable to that of the Mystics of the Middle Ages. That this is not religious, not reared on the supernatural, on the hopes hereafter of a reward is amazing and incomprehensible, but it is nevertheless true. It is ethical, it is moral even, if not expressed in so many words. The Israelites though in the East were not Mongolian, and were not influenced by their stolidity or their Pantheism. They were *sui generis*, a law unto themselves. From the dawn of history they had a revelation and were taught to be an exclusive people, and although literally carried about by the neighboring nations they never lost their religion, their morals or their character. It is true there are no philosophical categories in the history of their speculation, indicating an exact science of ethics but from the fact that their government for so long was theocratic, we may conclude that their morals and religion were always as fully fused, as they were originally in the Commands of Moses.

The nearest approach to analysis of the virtues that constitute character is found in Isaias where wisdom, understanding and knowledge are set down as the qualities of the intellect while fortitude, fear and benevolence are the attributes of the will. If he has no words to express the control of concupiscence, a word which comprehensively expressed the Commandments sufficiently covered that vice. The Greeks, as usual, having a fine psychology in the intellect, the will, the irascible and concupiscible appetite found words to express the controlling virtues so crisp, so exact, so satisfactory that even yet, after two thousand years, no thinker is so hardy as to suggest a change. Temperance was the antidote of concupiscence, a word which comprehensively expressed the desires of the individual in the interest of self and society. On the other hand fortitude presided over man's possessions

and defended him against attack. These two most completely cover our animal activities; the one a goad, the other a rein; the one awakening sloth from its sleep, the other bridling action in its haste. Prudence was the attribute of the intellect, it was the wisdom of Isaias, it was, in a word, the application of the tried laws of life, while justice ruled the other hemisphere of the mind, the will where rights and duty and obligation reside.

To the splendid categories of the Greeks prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude, the Christians added three others: faith, hope and charity, as aptly expressing man's relations to God, as the former do the government of himself: and certainly whosoever possesses these seven shields, these moral and religious virtues, possesses perfection so far as it is attainable in this world.

But, alas, how few there are who possess them all! Who has not felt the force, the felicity, the truth of Horace's dictum—"Facilis descensus averni."? How few there are who have not let the wild horse of concupiscence go unbridled! How few have put the spurs to sloth and made him leap! And wisdom and prudence are so rare, that they seem to men like glittering gems that stud alone the angels' crown. How often the virtues are voiceless when anger and lust take possession of the soul.

So far are virtues from ruling supreme in the soul of man, that Christians have other categories—categories of capital sins, the corrosives of those cardinal virtues whose value I have just canvassed. These sublimates make the whole fabric of what the Greeks called *ethos*—character crumble. What a redoubtable array when confederate: pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. What of your charity, what of your justice when pride and covetousness take the field? And when lust and anger and gluttony sit on your throne your temperance must abdicate! What, too, of your fortitude when sloth and softness, luxury and fear possess your soul? Your crown, your kingdom and your kingship are reduced to naught.

To be triple brass, to be granite, to withstand the wear and tear of these elements one must build with the patience and selection of the Egyptians at their pyramids. Materials count, too, as well as skill in architecture. Mere sandstone would make a phantom fabric what beauty soever showed in its perspective and proportions. Infancy must be guarded in the nursery; adolescence in the school and church; the mature man in society. No use saying the oak grows strong in the north wind. The physical parallel does not hold here and even the young tree, to survive and be fit, must have a

wind-break of some sort. The saloon will sap all your foundations be they never so reinforced. Petty pilfering destroys honesty and equity, and makes the commercial and judicial perspective oblique. Tampering with the truth, even in white lies, dissolves the nascent fabric of faith, fundamental to society.

It is evident the start must be made in the home—that conservatory where the tenderest plants with heat and light and water just enough for their needs will grow like the acorn, humblest of origins, to the mighty towering oak. "The boy is the father of the man" is an adage that sticks persistently in the memory for its truth and its paradox. It embalms the profoundest wisdom; and every propaganda in the world, philosophical, religious or political, makes a rush for the kindergarten; for as the twig is bent that way it grows. It is shallow to sneer at the Shintoist, the Buddhist or any other "ist"; he is what the umbers and the ochres of his infancy made him; he is Stoic, Peripatetic, Epicurean almost infallibly if the atmosphere of his infancy was that. But why argue and enfold a thought so patent, so evident that he who runs may read? It will profit more to investigate the manner of the fact.

The child mind is wax to receive impressions and granite to retain them. The octogenarian will skip over a half century of adult doings and open the gallery of childhood, where the pictures and the paintings glow with all the iridescence they had fifty years ago. The domestic atmosphere, the social surroundings of his youth compenetrated his very pores. The mild mother and the kindly father he has imitated in every jot and tittle of their characters. Their language, be it correct and racy or rude and uncouth, will be lisped with the exactness of the echo. The piety and the morality or the profanity and the scurrility will come back as faithfully as the shadow from the substance. The pictures on the wall, the playthings, the music, the songs, the jests, the plays, will all be mimicked with the fidelity of the apprentice in the forge. St. Augustine never cut the cable that held him to his mother's heart. He could not, it was tugging at him turbulent, and titanic as he was how ever so far he went from home. This one fact is encyclopedic; it contains a world of philosophy for those who would be wise. The father be he never so kind, industrious and provident does not appeal to the infant like the mother's smile. He is colder by nature, and by necessity he is abroad, busied about the many things that make and keep the home. The greatest of men are not unmindful of the morals and the manners infused into their early cup by the tender abiding plenary affection of their mothers. The prayerful mother has made pious sons; the cultured mother scholarly boys; the

artistic mother mannerly boys; and the uncouth, the craven, the slothful mother has filled the jails, the prisons and the asylums of the land. Women are conscious of this influence and reign in their little kingdoms with the undisputed autocracy of tyrants. They enjoy a dominion and submission unparalleled on earth. Elevate, educate and refine women and you leaven and uplift the race.

Another stanchion, another buttress to support the ideals we have aimed at and erected in our souls is companionship in example. Beyond the precincts of the home the child must go. The instinct and force of imitation we have seen in the family circle finds wider area and longer range in the great world that touches on every side, that earliest paradise. In our idealism we assume it such. Yet when we have dwelt with delight on the beauty and brightness of our imaginary models we are horrified at the hideous devils who come swarming like locusts from other grimy haunts. There are bad homes as well as good ones and beyond the pale and precincts of our ideal home there are companions who will drag us down, as Lucifer did a third of Heaven's hosts, if we are not fortified against the leaven of iniquity they constantly cast into our mass. No one who has reached the meridian of manhood will deny his indebtedness to one, perhaps to many, examples that were providentially placed in his way. And many will rejoice in their escape from the contagion, from the rapids, from the vortex of contamination that had almost sucked them down. One pedestalled towering example will draw like the sunflower to the sun, approximately to its stature every career that falls under its sway. Even though they cannot emulate or equal him, when he rides his noonday heights or sinks in glorious decay, their efforts to rise out of the rut they wallowed in does them honor and earns the applause of their generation. Simple goodness too, which has never enjoyed the spot-light of fame, is as diffusive of itself as the greatness, that draws and dims the eyes that gaze. The evil in life melts before it like hoar frost before the rising sun. The influence of the good and the gentle is paramount on the child that is trying its first feet on the hinterland of his home. Energy, too, is contagious, energy evokes energy. Inertia and sloth are often dragged after its chariot and show an action and a speed till then foreign to their nature. There's the rub. There nothing beside the unseen gifts and aids of God so salutary as the society of good, upright, energetic companions when a child first leaves the palisaded precincts of the home.

The power of example to protect in the wide cold world is only surpassed by the law of labor. Work is the law of

being; it is the price of the body's health and the mind's energy and vivacity. It is even maintained by physicians and psychologists that a vigorous body frequently connotes and even creates an athletic mind; and that an energetic mind is the promise, nay, often the pledge of a healthful and happy longevity. How to explain this law of interaction would be a subtle and difficult task. That courage and confidence in disease is more than half the battle, is a truism among doctors. Likewise that the correct co-ordination of nerve centres, of digestive and respiratory organs, frequently restore the disordered and even diseased mind to its normal and natural functions, is a fact that physicians have known for centuries. That the persistent, if moderate, exercise of the brain and body keep men muscular, healthy and resilient is so true that its absence in manhood or age soon lands them in atrophy and collapse.

The Dives' disease: luxury, distemper, idleness means melancholy. No need either to anatomize it here. That has been done more ably than we could possibly do it. The law of disintegration and decay is inexorable. Let iron lie, the victim of repose and the elements, and it will rust. There you have it; that is true in the animal, in the vegetable, in every kingdom under the sun. All things must move—must move on and up. Progress is the law; the procession will not wait. Keep step or drop out of the route march to perfection. Pliny and Virgil knew this; the one in prose, the other in poetry, paints and exploits the glory and the goodness of active retirement on the farm. Be you young or be you old idleness is distemper and decay. Relaxation and leisure is a different thing. The law of muscular development—of all development—is action and repose. Relaxation is not indolence, it is the recuperation of wasted energy. Once admitted that between sleep and leisure a whole hemisphere of life is spent there is no room for moping or loafing in the other half. Thus convinced, and conviction is life's mightiest motor, indolence and idleness pass like a dream, like a devil by the boards.

Industry etches with an eating acid the one word character on the mind and heart; it is the indellible, ineradicable pen beyond compare. Given an intellectual, a moral, an artistic, a mathematical, a musical, a literary competence, you have with the complement of labor an Augustine, a Liguori, a Da Vinci, a Newton, a Mozart or a Milton. In an humbler way, with industry and a modicum of mind, you have your captains of industry, your generals and your architects. But modest or great they have one law, labor. It would be odious and idle to excoriate laziness and sloth and not prescribe a remedy. We suggest even a diletante pursuit which, while

frequently useless, is refreshing. There is here, too, at times, an accidental compensation when nature gives us habit that will be up and doing and will not let us mope. Many of the greatest statesmen and litterateurs read Plato and wrote rhymes with no more practical perspective than to energize the mind and beguile an ennui. By accident multitudes of idlers have stumbled on an aptitude, and then activity enabled them to conquer the ordinary and even the arduous.

The power of the mind to make mountains of molehills is a magnificent faculty. Who wouldn't want to be a Dante or a Shakespeare, or a Shelly, and be able to plan and paint a purgatory, a heaven and a hell or pass in review the facts and the follies of the world's teeming stage with the ease of the artizan who builds with brick or stone? Yet imagination is a hurt and a hindrance to the timid and the weak. It has a mathematical ingenuity substantially perverse which multiplies the arduous until it is impossible. Courage alone can correct this arithmetic. Fortitude is one of the indispensable letters in the alphabet of character. Courage cures the outrageous perspective of the imagination and reduces everything to reality. We talk of the courage of conviction but there is besides a physical courage—a firmness of nerve. The soldier must have both. He will not enlist unless he has moral power, high principle and patriotism. Living and dying for the fatherland, after religion, is the supreme emotion, the profoundest passion of the human heart. Physical courage is the opposite, the antithesis, the antidote of the coward and it is as necessary in this instance, at least as moral courage; for he who fears to face the firing line will be dragged to the rear and shot. We are apt to forget, too, that in times of war there is almost as much heroism at home as in the tented field. There is the quick of the question. More than mere courage is necessary to endure the privations, the disease, the death—by-products of war—that flock like locusts into the soldier's home, when the husband, the protector, the father is far away on the fighting line paying the deepest of all debts to nature, to conscience and to country. Even in peace often there is almost as much fortitude displayed as in war. How many a martyr has not written his name in his own blood high on the scroll of religion, morals or science! Conservatism and reform have ever been locked in deadly combat, and woe to the pioneer who fells trees or breaks new earth in stolidity's preserve.

The great astronomical work of Copernicus was published posthumously, so great was the courage needed to set forth a theory that would overthrow an hypothesis deeply embedded in both revelation and science. One always had to die

for the people is not only true of religion but also in politics, science, in fact, in every field where progress is possible. But to die for any cause requires the most consummate courage of conviction—requires the talent and the temper of the hero and the martyr. Socrates and Thomas More both died for principles when cringing and knee-creaking would have saved their lives. Men will grapple with the lion defending their homes and dear ones; they will dare the cannons' thunder for the fatherland. In these love and passion play their pregnant part; but dying for principle, for science, for the faith, unaided by affection's power, enhances the martyr's glory and earns enduring fame. Leaving these high and mighty heroes for the time, what a degree of courage is required to rise above the foothills of failure after failure and ascend the great white Alps of victory where success will crown the rugged front of fortitude. What a noble courage, what a high character, too, has not the peasant or the prince who quietly pursues the homely path of duty and dies on the spot where he was born. The dramatic, the wonderful, the romantic has ever had a mighty fascination for men, and great is the temptation to go to the far country of adventure. The elder brother who bides at home and cares and cultivates the farm frequently, though unappreciated and uncultured, is a real hero and in the court of his contemporaries will receive eventually his just though tardy applause.

This same sturdy, steady temper is the pledge of happiness higher up. Society sits upon a gilded throne and its servitors are slaves. To be born in its glittering kingdom and not conform to its canons is to invite a winter of coldest contempt. All hail to him or her who buffets the north wind of ostracism to follow conscience and the dictates of duty, leaving the gee-gaws and tinsel things to butterflies of fashion and the slaves of pride and vanity! To be an outcast and be happy shows the incorruptible granite of the character he has. The unthinking throng will pity him and pander to popularity; for applause appreciation and praise are the breath of their nostrils; yet this Ishmael, stalwart and stubborn in his ways of conscience and duty, will be found to have more intellectual intrepidity, more moral courage, profounder generosity, greater magnanimity, sweetness and tenderness than the selfish pleasure-loving social fiends who roll along the paths of least resistance.

Of all the elements that construct and buttress character: home example, work, courage and the rest, there is none that has the magic of that last word, resistance. It is worth all of them put together, and if a man had full measure of it he could bid adieu to all the other factors that fashion mind and

heart; for self-control is an impregnable fortress to all the onslaughts of the world, the flesh and the devil. The tendencies in man are good; his appetites, his passions, his emotions are primarily good. They are good because they are intended to attain the designs of God and nature. Man wouldn't be man if he lacked one of them. They are essential to his metaphysical makeup. Man only actualizes the exemplar in the mind of God. The will is part of it and when the will is recalcitrant, uncontrollable and perverse we have the abuse of the greatest dynamic faculty in the universe; we have moral evil. The will itself is an appetite, but it is primarily and by design the desire for universal good. When it is distracted and weakened and permits the animal appetites to escape their cage then there is evil both physical and moral. Then you have sickness, sorrow, remorse, regret, shame, a hell of disorder begotten and born of a want of self-control.

The intellect was darkened and the will was weakened in the First Fall; men are born children of wrath; hence the early reinforcing of nature by Baptism as soon as convenient by grace and heavenly aids. These will not allow us to abdicate the offices of abstinence and self-control, for we are to some, if not to a large extent, the architects and the mechanics of fortune, if not of our fate.

This being the case, we ought early to apply the discipline to desire, to the imagination, in a word, to all the faculties and appetites. Then will the husband and wife live happily together; then will the children obey and love their parents; then will masters protect their servants and servants obey their masters; for each, practicing self-restraint, finds his offices and obligations easy. The idle word, the angry word, the outrageous word throws the whole organism of the family and even of society out of gear; for the family is the unit of society. And this depends so much on the reign of rights and duties that it will decay and die if husband and wife are not faithful to each other; if children are not obedient; if servants are forward, if, in a word, every member of it does not contribute his mite, his quota of control and restraint into its commonwealth of virtue. Yet there is a just pardonable a righteous wrath the Scriptures assure us. It is the voice of authority outraged, of virtue wounded, of order destroyed; but this touches not the essence of self-control, for the father, the maiden, the teacher more in sorrow than in anger at times must punish, and certainly more character is required to reprimand in coolness than in rage. Such conscientious control if it became cumulative, would make society a paradise of peace and harmony.

The Platoes and the Mores and the Bellamys, and a host of imitators, have portrayed for us the land of their dreams, their Utopias—perfect paradises where conscience and truth and duty would be the character of every citizen. It made fine reading, great literature, because it not only amused and interested but stimulated economic investigation and moral research. That is all nonsense, however; the ideal will never be actualized. Human nature, the raw material of the state, is imperfect, is fallen, and like water, it will not rise higher than its source. We cannot expect greater perfection in the state than in the individual; hence, as the latter will quarrel, so will the former go to war. Enduring peace is morally impossible.

But this side—short of perfection there ought to be and will be progress; for the law of unrest, of divine discontent, the law of created beings makes for it. This is most marked in the spheres of morals and science; the intellect and will will not down; the one seeks light and the other love. The limitations of the one touch confines of the infinite; of the other the perimiter of perfection. The one would know all truth, the other would be identical with goodness—would fulfil every duty and perform every obligation. Duty and truth fix the whole firmament of character. A thousand other stars may fleck the vault but these are solar and all sufficient. Eclipses may occur, but the system moving on, these cynosures appear again and all is clear and bright. A consummation devoutly to be wished, to have such beacons posted high on the headlands of character.

We paused a moment ago to say that self-control, temperance, was the mother of virtue; at once encouraging and repressing, giving sufficient and denying excess. And yet temperance has to do with regulating the animal, the irascible appetite. When we here apotheosize truth and duty, intellect and will we in no way discount the eulogy we there pronounced; for intellect and will are to the irascible and concupiscible appetite as mind is to matter. If truth and duty, therefore, are so paramount we shall do well for a moment to tarry and scan their duties and their provinces. To say all that might be said of duty we should have to begin with Zeno and Epicurus and then a world of moral philosophy would flood our page. Even to speak of conscience as the Christian sees it were an intricate and titanic task; for conscience is as comprehensive of our moral, as consciousness is of our psychological activities. You may call it the voice of God, you may call it a syllogism, you may call it the ultimate practical judgment, you may call it what you will, it is the universal monitor of men's minds where duties and obligations are concerned. May one add that it is a religious instinct, too, inasmuch as

obligations are only due to God. That is a difficult and delicate thesis but the "categorical imperative" is not a satisfactory "ultima thule" in the investigation of the origin of obligation. There is no faculty or act of man that has sufficient sovereignty to connote submission, as witness our daily failures and falls. We must go beyond ourselves to find the source of this innate fear and trembling; to find the origin of the sense of indebtedness and obligation. We are only in debt to Him, who has given us all; who has created us. We are only obligated to Him who holds still the secret of conservation, the umbilical cords of creation. Hence conscience comes from Heaven and will there return again and take us with it if we will. That Epictetus, Seneca, Cicero and all the savants of Paganism found not the source of obligation argues nothing but their limitations. We who are heirs to the higher horizon; we who can articulate the heavens and the earth can rejoice in a synthesis that is at once solid, sound and satisfactory. For as Heaven is the source of duty it is also the fountain of truth. Not alone moral truth which takes the form of law of commandment and principle, springs from God as its only fountain, but metaphysical truth, the equation between being and its ideal archetype; and physical truth the correspondence with exemplar, as well. But why tarry over technicalities? To discharge one's duties, to tell the truth to live and die for the truth, so far as character is concerned, is of far greater importance than to coin a crisp phrase that with its light would illumine the dark places in truth's and duty's origin. Citizens with these assets, truthfulness and honor, are the pillars of society, the buttresses of commerce, the guardians of the state. Then and then only will nations crumble, when their men and women wallowing in luxury and ease, have lost the hardy virtue that makes duty and honor dearer than life; and makes truthfulness an inheritance to be handed down from father to son.

But here heredity will anticipate and destroy all your idealism. There are temperaments and tempers that defy both sense and sovereignty. The state which is in concept and conduct eternal, takes it for granted there will be in every generation idiots, incompetents, lunatics, criminals and the rest. Therefore it builds and equips at great expense asylums and prisons. In this it mistakes not, for there is always a horde of hereditary or criminal culprits. We face the ugly and repulsive fact that thousands upon thousands of every nation under the sun, inherit a temperament and have a temper, that is not amenable to the discipline that creates character. They are not exactly lunatics or criminals but they are very dry tinder, ready raw material, for anything but law and

order. Duty to themselves, to society and to God does not appeal to them, and truth is anathema maranatha. Others there are who are honest and industrious but who seem to have been steeped in a vat of vitriol, they are so melancholy and pessimistic. That is not a fault nor a crime but it is a grave defect of character. It can be cured by cheerfulness, which is its antidote and tonic. The nervous temperament, and millions there are who mourn with its delusions, is a great gift and a great curse. Rest houses recently have sprung up like mushrooms to accommodate this visionary, overworked, highstrung crew. Common sense, character, orderly living, a just balance of labor and rest, would be the ounce of prevention more valuable to them than the pound of cure. Although one may write wisely and well of temperament; give sage advice and pother a lot, it is no light matter to be the victim or heir to such an electric estate. "The lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact" and if it would not have ruined his rhetoric the bard might have added nerves. The mind on fire, the heart on fire, the nerves on fire makes the conflagration of the orator, the actor, the poet, that consumes to cinders the breasts of the audience. One postulates aptitude, culture, polish of manner and art, but they would be inert and abortive, were it not for the temperament that always flutters on the confines of crime and insanity.

He who conquers himself conquers more than cities, and certainly he who has conquered and corrected the defects of temperament is surely a hero. To be measured and impressive, not rash and impetuous in one's manner, is indisputable evidence of the power of personality, of the weight and worth of the character within. What a delight is the dignified bearing that is not stiff—not improvised, the decorum, the daintiness, the delicacy of turn that betrays control, patience and experience. Manners may be regarded as the finished product of character. The hypocrite may successfully conceal his heart for a while, but veneer and varnish will wear off. In the long run one's exterior faithfully mirrors and bodies forth the mechanism within. If there is greatness and goodness and firmness written by the pen of conscience and time on the tablets of nature, they will be deciphered through the windows of the eyes, by the indifferent, dull observer. The artistic turn, the polished manner, the guarded language, the kind consideration really embody and reveal a lifetime of labor, study, meditation, correction, abstinence, self-control and virtue. The curling tongues of smoke on the mountain's peak tell not more surely of the volcanic fires beneath than these do the contained and guarded character within. They are the flower of character, the grace, the ornament of per-

sonality; they are a passport to confidence, respect and honor, a pledge of emolument, reward and wealth. Opportunity overlooks many a man of integrity, whose exterior is coarse and uncouth and wanting in those graces of manner, which enlist the attention and sympathy of the world. Call it what you will, politeness, etiquette, courtesy, self-restraint and the rest, the substance is the same. What's in a name? "By any other name the rose would smell as sweet." If, then, it is the secret of success, of power, of honor, of influence and emolument it is good and desirable and should be sought for itself and this series of consequences.

Bowing and scraping are rather approbrious terms which we apply to foreigners and especially to the French. They reveal the rather low price we place upon polish of manner. Europe has a much older civilization than we have and they were, again, the heirs of much older ones in the East. If the cumulative character of the centuries capitalize and concentrate these intangible essences, capture them, keep them and hand them on as an heirloom to posterity it is a solemn warning to us not to sneer and scoff but to look and learn. Poor standards and bad taste do not appreciate perspective and color. Mona Lisas and Last Suppers are lost on the untravelled and the illiterate peasant, yet they are the highest products of human genius, the brightest gems in the firmament of art. We see in society or art what our power of seeing lets us see. We have heard it said there are eyes that see not and ears that do not hear. How technically true this is of complicated harmonies of sweet sound, and canvases glowing with life that breathes and runs and plays! If we argue, however, that we do not neglect or despise polish and culture, but that we love the simple life and that this breeds simple manners and severe tastes, there is a point in the contention. It is well to strike a compromise, and admit that suprem epolish and supreme simplicity both have their charms.

Mere manners, while admirable in themselves, are not so important as diplomacy and tact. The texture of the granite is more enduring than the polish that shows its veins. The ivy clings to the statue only while it stands. We must not in this matter invert proportions, derange perspectives, confuse values. In the race and the riddle of life wit solves more problems than sunny ways. If we have a character, a well-marked personality we shall certainly endeavor to actualize our ideals. If we succeed even indifferently well we leave the multitude fretful and chafing behind. Good taste and tact, manners and diplomacy soothe and solace disappointed competitors and sweeten their resignation to their place in the race. Still we may not entirely divorce good taste,

tact and manners, for they are indissoluble. When we said manners were the finished article of character we certainly postulated the play of wit in the tout ensemble. A graceful woman is a case in point. Women are instinctively tactful. Shakespeare has celebrated everywhere woman's wit; and it is evident he meant her ability to see a situation. Doing the right thing and saying the right thing at the right time is genius—the genius of woman. We call that correctly tactfulness and it is her paramount faculty given by nature for a thousand reasons. Yet it is not her preserve or monopoly; men have it, too, in a lesser degree but with them it is more a matter of training. We say a man is shrewd rather than tactful. That quality makes the politician and does not harm the statesman. It means success in business, it secures it, in fact. It is the elusive essence of diplomacy. To meet and master delicate and dangerous situations principally of a political nature requires aptitude, experience and tact. To the extent that tact is attainable by practice it touches the very quick of character.

Paradoxical as it may appear, there are many, especially men, who put on and practice a certain gruffness counterfeiting the rough-hewn and the strong. It would appear the very opposite to tact and yet they are readily forgiven by those who read, not revealing the sham. But pardon is an impeachment and mercy means guilt—a subject in detention. A merely superficial gloss, pertness and show, are quite inane and odious as all shams and pretensions are. Then there is the shy, awkward individual. He is usually popular, for there is an insidious charm in the unsophisticated innocence implied in it. Reserve is a different characteristic. It is often conceit parading in the paints of wisdom. And hauteur is always contemptible for it usually comes from consciousness of caste, family pride, or empty vanity. All these qualities have a family resemblance; they are defects of character and can and ought to be remedied.

But who will prescribe? Who has the right to dictate? Where is the constituted authority? What is the criterion? Who is the exemplar? Society settles the matter for us. Travel, experience and reading are valuable assistants—paramount aids in ascertaining the golden mean of character and conduct. If we have not the wealth to travel, we surely have a world of wit in our libraries. Autobiographies are incomparably superior to all else in this matter of absorbing ideals of character. We frequently find our own painful imperfections paralleled in the lives of great men, and learn their way of surmounting them. Thus we will take courage thus we will succeed. And there is such a plethora of this

literature. At bottom everything the race has written is biography. What is history but the restoration of the past, the resurrection of a generation dead? Kings and counts and generals, statesmen and peoples parade before us as they were wont to do in their own day and generation. What is the drama but the miniature, the pale image of men and women as they actually lived in this world? What else is fiction than an effort to present life? It is true it does not equal fact; it does not equal tragedy and romance; for the reason that invention never can keep up with action. Life with its fifteen hundred millions always on the stage can pour out more plays than the myriad-minded poet or playwright, who weakly tries to mimic and correct the social phenomena of his age. Yet there are many who can read fiction, who are blind to fact and see not the pith, the principle almost patent in the doings of their day. Such can find in fiction what history and drama deny them, not through its inaccessibility, but their own dullness or indifference. The Bible, too, is biography; it is a mighty amalgam of every form of literature; it brings before us saints, soldiers, savants, statesmen, poets and philosophers by turns. What a grand galaxy they are, and how again and again we ourselves and our age are paralleled in these aisles and corridors of the past. If we aim at iron endurance the fine monumental fabric of Job rises in its granite outlines before us. We can see him in his glory, his wealth, his grandeur; we can see him robed in ulcers, deserted, discouraged, robbed; fighting his friends, the wife of his bosom, in the battle of conscience and conviction. Would we be wise in the ways of the world, in the ways of philosophy, in the ways of science, go then and read Solomon. If we wish psalmody, sanctity and righteousness there are the songs of David. Eloquence, learning and zeal are indellibly indited on every page of the inimitable, immortal St. Paul. If we would be hardy and daring and robust; if we would rise from the depths of denial to the martyr's crown we can read St. Peter. Patriotism and religion, in the pages of Isaias, Jeremias, Ezekiel and Daniel, constitute a conflagration consuming the heart and the head and the hand that sent them forth. The wealth of wisdom and experience contained in the Bible have been virgin golcondas to all men even till to-day. There let us go; there let us prospect; there let us profit by the lives of the great men of the past.

But as to character building and conservation, the best books are hardly comparable to one's own personal experience; for nothing burns and brands so indellibly the memory as defeats and failures. Biography is experience second

hand—others' experience. All possible literature is that, dealing as it does with men in themselves or in their relations with eternal things. Literature is consummately valuable to experience. Men may thence have the satisfaction of parallel. Courage comes that way, and a certain hail-hearted hilarity in rising from the ashes of error folly and failure, to a finer fibred fabric than the past. This resiliency that leaps, with a smile, from recumbency, from prostration, is a feat quite as fine as the conquering of cities. It is the element of life. Death alone lies dormant. The greater the vitality, then, the greater the resiliency. Animal vitality is one thing and spiritual vitality is another; both must have batteries renewable at night. And nothing save a certain instinct so helps in keeping up the storage, the voltage as experience.

"*Sana mens in corpore sano*" is a saying as old as the race. The most barbaric generals took the hunters and mountaineers for soldiers. No fools they; they knew the alert mind inhabited a healthy body. Such they rightly sought, for they could march and fight. Experience, the wisdom garnered in daily defeat and success, in sickness and in health, contributes more to the balance and beauty of body and mind than whole encyclopedias of reading and advice. But no one's always wise. Who is he so systematic, so buoyant, so brilliant that daily dots down on the tablets of memory; hourly etches in the cameras of the heart the pitfalls he fell into, the depths and the shoals he escaped? Thus is lost the most precious pearls of experience that should have been safely stowed away in the strong chest of character. That calamity apart, the dullest has a duty of supplementing the deposit of wisdom by daily draughts on life. Men high or humble, alert or idle, by temperament must have a granary with many bins in the mind; they ought to keep ledgers and cross-references; so that the results of experience may at any moment be handed out by memory. Thus they will have practical wisdom to assist them in the arduous affairs of life.

The world is so full of sharp wits and wisdom that in open competition innocent inexperience has little or no prospect of success. There is one way and only one way of worsting the world at its own game: go to it daily in the highway and byway, in the Broadway and alley. Meet life at every point, not with a harmless foil, but with a sharpened dagger. Give it thrust for thrust. The robust ringleader, the dashing pit-gambler is a credit in himself; he is collateral, he is security; he is all that finance or faith can require. Without a penny he's a potential millionaire. His fearlessness, dash and daring are better security than a sheaf of deeds and documents. In fact, the Bourses remember many a man who

had fallen from the heights of frenzied finance, who again and again became millionaires. But money millionaires are not the only millionaires. There are besides, the millionaires of the mind, of the spirit, of the soul.

What a story has the garrets of London and Paris, Berlin and Vienna to tell! Men whose merchandise is ideas have the same story as the broker to tell. The fittest and the firmest, the most dashing, the most daring, the most indomitable well survive. With a steady step, a stout heart and a sturdy nerve, day after day for years, they take experience by the hand and assail the barred citadels of opportunity. They pound and batter and ram the Chinese walls of caste and class and privilege until they break a breach and then they climb and leap over them to the streets of the golden, glorious city of success. Besides, these same walls confront and frown at men in every profession, career and trade. Within the sanctum of success skill is always imperious, exclusive and dictatorial. It sneers at and snubs the green, awkward, audacious intruder; beyond the walls of Eden his brow must sweat till the angel with the flaming sword of perfection admits him. The state, the church, the theatre, the academy, art, science, literature, painting, sculpture—they will all smile cynically, incredulously at the raw recruit, the green novice, the 'prentice hand.

But daily men die within the sacred precincts of success and others must be at once admitted to its sunny fane. You are a candidate. There is only one question: whose robes are the whitest? The French academy is a case in point. There must be forty immortals. The College of Cardinals is another. There are only seventy members. Whose robes are the whitest? There's the recurring question. The senate of every nation is its highest tribunal. The members must be senex—old, either in years, experience or wisdom. Again, your garment must be white, if not your brow and your hair. To wear these garments that compel admission, you must have spent a life of ardor, enthusiasm and perseverance. All's well that ends well. The sunrise, the noonday, the sunset: such is the day and such is life; it must have a high meridian of heat and light and glory. Lagging on the threshold of the morn, lumbering under the glare of noon, loafing in the shades of evening will discount and defeat all the early promises and high hopes that your youth gave the world.

The ardor, the imagination, the romance of youth is soon sobered by reality. Going boldly and blindly into the far country of enterprise and adventure from the conservative control of home is its first experience. If it is cold and bitter at once, all the better for your future fame and success. The

apprenticeship of poverty, the novitiate of adversity, the school of disappointment give men the best of the bitterest training. Graduated thence they harbor no illusions, they nurse no dreams, they discount all romance. Their hands are hardened, their hearts are strengthened, their heads are cleared and they face the future, be it mountain or molehill, with a firm and steady step. Progress may be slow, imperceptible even, but experience is a trusty guide and will lead you over the foothills of trial and adversity till character with a firmer foot will pace for you the way even to the cloud-capped mount where Perfection and Success sit in glory on their thrones.

Peace

THE title, chosen for contrast and brevity, expresses the desire all men have at heart at this moment rather than the topic under discussion in this article. However, as peace is the tide and the undertow of war, the word will be permitted me. The quintessence in quantity is small but in quality it is great and to it we give the name. The crew of Columbus, busy buffeting the sea, thought little of the sea and much of the land. We are all hourly counting the resources, the ways and the means of war, yet we steal a frequent glance from the bloody business to catch if we can the first rays of the rising sun. For peace must come after war as the calm comes after the storm. Maybe we look and long for it too soon. Christmas, 1916, is popular just now, possibly because it synchronizes with Kitchener's prophecy of a three-years' war; but General Hutton just yesterday was preparing, maybe by inspiration, the British mind for at least five years of war, when he urged and accentuated the underestimate of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

It seems the proper thing now to prognosticate; prophecy is in the mouth of the multitude. But prophesying is a delicate and dangerous task. The writer must review and reverse some harmless speculations he ventured to make a year ago under the caption of war. There we predicted that the Grand Duke Nicholas would probably be the first king of redintegrated Poland, but now it appears Prince Eitel is a far more eligible candidate, the Germans being in possession of that unfortunate country. Anent the proposal to make Prince Arthur Governor of Canada which wasn't palatable here we supposed that, like Banquo's sons, the Kaiser would enjoy having his seven sons so many governors in the kingdoms to the south, if not of Belgium, Denmark and Sweden. Now with Belgium, Montenegro, Poland and Serbia at his feet the speculation is not quite so harmless and impossible as we thought. We spoke also in banter of a Calais to Calcutta corridor—but now it is no joke as trains run daily from Berlin to Constantinople, not exactly to the supreme pleasure and delight of the latter's suspicious people. Hegemony is not a Turkish word but they have the idea just the same. A German road runs on to Bagdad and if the allies' victory is not of a most substantial sort, an immense sweep of territory from

Antwerp to the Persian Gulf will be in the hands of the Teuton-Turk alliance. And whatever the political status of the partners may be, that will not salve or solace us much, for it will mean that the one most feasible dream of the Kaiser for the past ten years has come true.

If Austria, Turkey and the Balkans retained real and substantial autonomy, would the game to the Junkers have been worth while? Yes, truly! Worth while! After dominion and sovereignty nothing so sweetens the mortal mind as wealth. "The Ormus and the Ind" would be in contribution and the wealth of the East is as proverbial as it is poetical. A half a century with coin rolling in to Berlin's coffers that way would assure Germany all the political power she could desire, as the "strong box" always meant and will mean dominion.

But to return to prophecy, the Intellectuals long ago dreamed and wrote of world-peace. "The war that will end war" was the favorite title. But they took the wrong tack as the sailors say. They, with Mr. Angell, the author of the "Great Illusion," builded pasteboard houses on unsafe, shifting sands: human reason, morality, common sense, civilization and cost, forsooth. They reckoned without their host: human passion—the beast in man. They neglected altogether the call of ambition, of pride, of caste and of kingship. The most mongrel, amorphous mob if given enough wealth and education, will amaze the world by presently applying to the government for family crests. Every century or so a generation will be afflicted with the infirmity, the feeling that they are altogether more civilized and peaceful than their progenitors, only to awake to the fact that some Kaiser, some commander, some autocrat, will arrogate to himself dominion and then again the Armageddon.

Such prophets go on the assumption that history does not repeat itself. In many ways we concede the popular saying is false. The psychology of each successive generation is so different from the last, their outlook is so diverse, that a world of new things under the sun may be seen. Nevertheless if history is false to that fiction, human nature and human passions, which are its subject matter, change but little. Fasting and prayer, privation, poverty and punishment are the best cures for passion. War brings many, if not all, of these medicaments. But it is a far cry from 1815 to 1915 and men forget what their great-great-grandfathers suffered. Consequently here we'll venture to predict a great war in 2016, for surely no one then will have any idea of the suffering in this great war.

Among the prophets was a famous Mr. Bloch, a Pole, who

wrote fifteen years ago. He took a sensible, scientific view of things, and human nature, æsthetics, civilization didn't come under his glass at all. He was a soldier; not a dreamer, as they thought in England; and with his knowledge of explosives, machine guns, and trenches he concluded that the next great war would be a stalemate. One need not be an expert in mechanics to admit that machines have displaced thousands of hands in the world's factories. The progress of experimental science in this regard is nothing short of appalling to labor, but there are compensations. Economics makes that quite clear. It was inevitable that this progress in mechanics should extend to the war factory from the peace factory and vice versa. That it should invade and conquer the areas of the air was also quite natural, and truly ten years after Bloch wrote his famous book the machinery of war, both on the earth and in the air makes the stoutest heart and the mightiest nation shudder. We are willing here to say with Mr. Bloch that far and ahead of any social, moral or religious suasion stands the progress towards perfection of the instruments of war. Temperance is no longer in need of moral or religious arguments; economics will take care of it in the future. The great railways, the great shops, the great industries are crushing intemperance, for they will not employ the drunkard. So when war ceases, if ever it does, it will not be as a result of the brotherhood of man, not to mention a higher motive, but in obedience to the perfectness of machinery.

Some, learned in philosophy disregarding the humbler mechanics will have it that biology and Providence require the ravages of war. They say it is the needs of the one, and the design of the other, that men should fight. We are not unaware that men and women under the strain of war and want become heroes and heroines, and that peace develops laziness and luxury. We are aware that nations come to their senses; find their perspectives and their relations; say their prayers and grow righteous; but we deny that biology demands or Providence destines war. For all morality, ancient and modern, Mosaic and Mongolian, teaches the opposite. The sense of right and wrong after that of serving and loving God is the deepest in our nature, and argue as we will we cannot deny it. And as to biology, over-population, Malthusianism and the like, disease and death in nature's way is quite competent to look after that. The earth, too, is quite capable of caring for its teeming millions when put to it.

They are safer scientists, philosophers and prophets who trace all war to the human will, for passion and even intellect in the last analysis is the puppet of this dark dynamo. The

cumulative will, the common consciousness, the pervasive conviction of a people, of neighboring peoples, is always the efficient cause of the war. No wonder the Hebrew prophets broke out into exhortation! After an intimate fear of ruin or death there, is no other way. The religious appeal, after the mechanical, will always have a more powerful effect than either the intellectual or the moral, because its sanctions are more serious and solemn.

Leaving the philosophers and prophets to ply their trade let us turn to the possibility of peace, for that even in the midst of war, is uppermost in men's minds. Let us turn to the processes, to the men and the means, that make for a cessation of hostilities!

Few there are who have any notion of the postulates and prerequisites of peace. In a general way they would have the dove of peace hover over the trenches of war; they would have the white flag flutter over the scenes of combat; but to bring it about by an efficient agency they are absolutely unable to abet or advise. Mr. Carnegie thought he could prevent war by building peace palaces. Mr. Ford hired a ship, spent a half million dollars, went to Europe, got disgusted, and returned much wiser, but with no protocols or treaties in his grip. These were two men in a million; they actually did something. As to the rest of men, lovers of peace, it is a case of everybody's business being nobody's business.

Then how is it to be accomplished? What supreme court will adjudicate the nations' differences? What empire will give autonomy to its colonies? What king will give dominion to his foreign subjects? What state will part with a jot or tittle of its sovereignty? And still these, in many cases, are postulates of peace. Any impartial and fair overgovernment would in the interest of universal enduring peace give autonomy to peoples marked off, by language race and religion, and history proves that some sort of sovereignty is necessary to satisfy them—Israel Ireland and Poland are examples in point.

Who will constitute such a world-tribunal, and who will be the supreme president? Will the nations in this particular war, for we might as well at once be definite, appeal to the Pope or to the President, say of Switzerland, of United States or the King of Spain? It appeared patent that during the Christmas season the Teutonic alliance sent up many trial peace balloons, but the allies after the summer campaign were too blind with rage and disappointment to see forty such balloons. There is no doubt the Pope is working ceaselessly on whatever threads of hope at hand to weave the web of enduring peace. The President of the United States a year ago

offered similarly his services, but it came to naught. And since that time, by a pin-pricking policy towards the allies, though he, too, bears the democrat's burden, has become to them *persona non grata*. Just at present Mr. House, his personal representative, is making the rounds of the belligerents' courts and there is little doubt he is seeking the olive branch or extending it to all concerned. It will go on record as an evidence of good will but it will be, of course, fruitless; for the allies haven't got fairly in the ring yet, and will not think of parleying peace until they have a few more rounds at any rate.

In addition to the hatred and prowess of the opposing camps there will always be the obstacle of the professional soldier. War is his trade; it is his business. When there is peace he has a holiday and holidays do not relax when they last for long. Besides the munition maker depends on war, and he always subsidizes the press to keep the game a-going. Financiers, too, when it looks as if the belligerents could pay interest, like to loan money and wax fat and rich on a veritable tribute. These forces always make for war and count for much, as they are selfish and therefore efficient. On the contrary, lovers of peace love it in a vague, indifferent way and consequently accomplish little or nothing.

I forgot the Hague which is definite enough but rather dilettante. Sages there deliberate seriously, and set down their findings in a fair legible hand; but nations at war don't give a fig for their findings. They declared solemnly that it was not right to privateer, to use gas, dum-dum bullets and the like, but both belligerents are doing all these things. The Germans no doubt began hitting under the belt, and the allies had to play at reprisals. It is doubtful if anything so crude and mechanical as the Hague Tribunal will ever have any weight. A thing of gradual growth, like the oak, is the only thing mental or physical that can have enduring strength.

There is now in our camp a great dread of an inconclusive peace. There are compensations in everything, and in that the world may yet find a panacea for all its ills. The allies—France, England and Russia—were historical enemies. They are beginning to understand one another, to trust one another, and may be they will yet live in permanent peace with one another. What consummation could be more devoutly wished? The Germanic alliance has been bound with hoops of steel, in more than a metaphorical sense. It is incredible that they should ever fight again and I include the Balkans and Turkey, for they are all in the same boat. America has her Monroe doctrine and now it not only militates against political but also the more subtle fiscal possession. Woodrow Wilson has

so interpreted it and surely it will make for the better international relations between United States and South America to be financially, economically and politically independent of Europe. Then Japan will yet have a Monroe doctrine for China. Mark our word, they are after it hot just now, even to political domination. They have already squeezed both British and American capital hard or handicapped it by odious privileges and restrictions. There is no doubt there will yet be an Asiatic league, a Japanese hegemony and Asia will be a yellow man's country. We taught them that word by kicks and cuffs and the pole tax. And now if there are four great leagues: the allies', the pan-Germans', the pan-Japanese and the pan-Americans' the possibilities of war will be mathematically as well as morally much reduced. The four might well create an international court, whose members brought together and bound together by necessity, sympathy and interest, would make a few supreme international laws that contained the essentials of arbitration. This would be a real Hague, and it would do things; because the nations or leagues behind it would delegate real powers and faculties. Peace so proceeding would be one of toleration. The old ascendancy idea would be abandoned. History would not be permitted to repeat itself, and the bloody melodrama of the past would be forgotten in the long ages of peace.

That the acorn contains the oak the allies would no doubt admit, but that an inconclusive peace should put forth so many and such glorious leaves of promise, they will doubtless indignantly deny. They have three great navies, four huge armies, a world of munitions, bursting commissariats, and besides are plucky robust and determined. If there is a weak spot in Holland, the Caucasus, the Balkans, they no doubt have figured it out and will take advantage of it; for by frontal attacks, to face machine guns would be just as sensible as to try issues with Heligoland or Gibraltar. At any rate next summer will be a tell-tale; it will show the world how well founded is their stubborn confidence.

So far the allies have not done well, either individually or collectively. The British navy alone has done what was expected of it; cleared the sea of every German craft, merchantman or military. The French army has done well; the Italian army though valiant and efficient has not accomplished much; they met an Austrian foe thoroughly entrenched which means they met a fortress. The British and the Russians have, to the uninitiated, just blundered along but pulling themselves together most bravely after each mistake.

In view of this rather rude arraignment it will be desirable and proper to review briefly their doings, errors or other-

wise, especially since last spring, for after the winter campaign both combatants had had an opportunity to get their wind. The British, as usual, were quite cocksure. As seeing through their binoculars we Canadians were, too, for sufficient reasons—sympathy and loyalty. We were all rather proud of Kitchener's pretty phrase and we believed he knew whereof he spoke when he said, "he didn't know when the war would end but he knew when it would begin—in the spring."

Well, it certainly did begin last spring, but not the way we poor simpletons thought it would. We made a few feeble and futile attempts at the "great drive" we heard so much about, but it was so costly in men, our munitions being pitifully inadequate, that we soon desisted and were delighted to return to the deadlock—the stalemate, as they call it. It was said some one blundered; that the advance was not pressed and followed up as was proper and possible. We do not take that seriously. There was a real, sound and sufficient reason and of a fundamental nature other than tactics, strategics and the like: our men had not the necessary munitions and what was worse they hadn't the necessary numbers.

The Northcliffe press, including The Times, that old Tory fortress of the nation, talked long and loud about the Dardanelles, about incapacity, blunders, etc., and brought about the Coalition Ministry as the result. That was the best piece of fighting, pacific enough, we think, that took place during the winter campaign, and we count Northcliffe, Bernard Shaw and all the free lances among the real patriots. One of the first things the new Administration did was to let the cat out of the bag. They admitted with admirable and absolute candor and at once that there were not sufficient munitions; that the legions were lamentably inadequate; that the Dardanelles were impregnable as Fisher had maintained and should not have been attacked. Consequently Winston Churchill was forced to retire and to go into the desert like all scapegoats, carrying the sins of his supporters and his abettors on his back. He went to the Duchy of Lancaster, worse than St. Helena, to the high hot blood of the Churchills. He now commands a battalion at the front, a preferable alternative to the lazy labyrinths of Lancaster. He will make good, living or dead, for he is a patriot of the first water.

His mistakes are of the head not of the heart. He has as fine an intellect and as warm a heart as any man in all England.

But to return: they needed men and munitions, and a new portfolio and minister were created and appointed for the purpose. Kitchener appealed for more men; the King appealed for more men; Asquith appealed for more men;

and Lloyd-George scoured the whole country for munitions and for factories to make them. And now the Premier has a bill before the Commons which is in fact a limited form of conscription. This it is said is done to convince the allies she means business for they are of little faith and still think her "perfidious Albion."

And now, indeed, the spirit of levity and loftiness of last winter is gone. If history and all the glorious deeds of the past, our victories over one, Napoleon, are going to addle our heads and blank our hopes then away with the chronicles away with history: this most vociferously comes daily from the Harmsworth press. We must fix our tabernacle in the sun; stop revelling in the catacombs of history; cast off the words cocksureness and superiority. We the allies must get together; we must have a general staff; we must co-ordinate our campaigns; we must keep the same grade of efficiency in the Russian as in the French lines: we must mobilize men, money and munitions—this in columns came from every press in England.

Till now they were all working piece-meal, and with French apathy and some jealousy, each was, as it were, keeping his eye on his own little preserve, especially John Bull was keeping the little island right and fit and tight. What happened? The inevitable. The allies got soundly spanked the live-long summer. How could that happen? Was there not a mighty preparation during the winter for the great drive in May? Yes—especially in Germany. Essen was panting night and day, men and—women with breathless activity. All winter long thousands of women were at the lathes and furnaces. Every unit in the Central Empires, including Turkey was carefully mobilized. And what about England and Canada? If a man had a bad tooth or hernia; was an inch short; got drunk once; or gave trouble he was rejected or expelled. If they had been preparing for forty years they could hardly have afforded to rest on their oars like that.

But the Coalition Ministry woke up and listened to the howls of rage and anger. Lloyd-George just the other day in a speech that nearly caused Kitchener to resign said the British were too late in Flanders, too late in Gallipoli, too late in Serbia, too late in Montenegro, and still the one important thing wasn't done. The allies had not yet formed a general staff or held a council of war to co-ordinate their efforts. General Joffre, impatient at this, went over to London. There they acclaimed him as an orator but his matter must have been as good as his manner for straightway Kitchener went to Greece. Hamilton was soon recalled and

so was French. The Ministry is now thoroughly awake; for these were neither light nor easy things to do.

And what about Italy and Russia? Each had a military objective of its own. Italy wanted old Illyria back, and Russia longed for the Caucasus and Constantinople. Besides they were both watching how easy England was taking it and boasting that the navy had cleared the sea. They were suffering from the same disease—want of co-ordination and war councils.

Credit it up to what you will—unpreparedness or inco-ordination—the unfortunate summer campaign has lost to the allies, the Balkan league. They naturally watched to pick the winner, for nothing succeeds like success. They watched Russia retreat, retreat and retreat out of Galicia, the Carpathians, Poland and even back two hundred miles from their own frontier. They saw Germany leisurely entrench and they knew what that meant—Mr. Bloch's deadlock. On the other hand, they witnessed in the West the bootless efforts at Loos and Langemarck. They saw that circle of steel that surrounded the Teutons stretch and stretch and stretch till they had all Belgium, a third of France, all Poland, a province of Russia, Serbia and Montenegro. No wonder Bulgaria went in, and Greece and Roumania stayed out.

And yet I hold no brief for the Teutons although I have been brief enough in my recital of their wonderful summer campaign. On the contrary what I have said is a perfect cure for cocksureness. I claim, also, that in the face of these calamities to be able to stand fast, to keep our heads level and our nerves firm and our hearts hopeful is a pledge and a promise of ultimate victory.

Just here let me say that the dialectician and the debater owes success to the canvass he makes of the possible arguments against his thesis. He solves all of them satisfactorily in his library and his auditory think him a marvel of spontaneity. Quick wit in action is no impediment but preparation is always the major part. The soldier is a dialectician. War is a debate; it is the argument of arms. The Germans spent forty years in getting ready on sea and land, aye, and in the air. They thought their innocent, amiable neighbors would not be able to meet that argument. In fact they thought so, so securely that, that way, they lost the war. When peace flutters her flag over Europe's prostrate peoples and history writes her chronicles I shall be mistaken if the Marne and Ypres will not prove to have been decisive victories—the one to the credit of the French, the other to the British. And how were they won and lost? Because Von Moltke instead of Von Hindenburg was in command. It is clear again there

is nothing in a name. In 1870 a Von Moltke won everything and in 1914 a Von Moltke lost everything. This is no pipe dream as the Kaiser at once retired him on account of a bad liver. If Von Moltke had got his 17-inch guns playing on Liege, instead of two weeks it would have taken two days to demolish it. What happened at Namur and Antwerp? A few days laid both of them low. If in a week Germany had got through Belgium as she was scheduled to do, the British expeditionary force would not have been so efficient in rear-guard retreat as it proved to be, and Gallienis' 60,000 in taxicabs would have been smothered like Pharaoh's legions in the waters of the Red Sea. . Having your argument all ready and not using it is a fool trick. That's what Von Moltke did and history will record his incompetence or mistake in the piping times of peace when war has ceased its din.

Now, as the war, if virtually, is not actually won, it will be well and wise for us to steal into the armories and arsenals of Essen; into the shops and the universities and see what were and are the arguments they have prepared.

Arguments or rather argument—they had only one—preparedness (thanks for that word, Uncle Sam). But many elements enter this argument. Guns and gases there were, but there were also men. And that is important. Their genius, their thrift, their industry, their frugality, their obedience made them an ideal complement of the arsenals. The political vision, the statesmanship of Bismarck for good or for ill, brought this about. Professor and peasant were spokes in the great wheel of the State and if they discovered an idea of social or scientific value they were in some way co-ordinated with the advisory board of the State. This complete organization of social, educational, mechanical and political assets for peace and especially for war they call kultur; and certainly if you like Machiavelli, Frederick and Bismarck, you can find their quintessence in this method in the Prussian State.

Nor were the arsenals and the universities alone; the family played a magnificent and fundamental part. Legions made and maintained the Roman empire, the Macedonian empire, the Asiatic empires and the Pagan savants of Berlin, whatever their pretensions, knew well in the will-to-power doctrine numbers counted. Besides, they aimed at making every man a superman both in body and mind. The Kaiser set the example; he had a large family and for whatever reason, religious, moral or martial, the population of Germany increased by leaps and bounds. On the contrary, Italy and France were decadent. They were addicted to celebrity, singleness and suicide and soon fell behind.

Another element in the German argument was conscription or universal service. All Europe, except England, enjoys or deplors this system, but it is not enforced in such an absolutely finished and perfect way as in Germany. There are differences of opinion, of course, as to its merits. Englishmen love liberty and object to it; the German seems to be suited to this system and with them it is a great success. The training is of an exacting kind and develops wonderfully the physiques of the men and boys. They stand erect, their step is alert, the lung expansion is good, the eye keen, and all these qualities are just as valuable in times of peace as in times of war. In addition to these physical advantages there is another which is almost of as great a value socially as it is in the tented field and that is automatic and unreasoning obedience. The soldier must obey and it was a dictum of the schools that he ruled best who had learned to obey.

The Germans, too, have a science of psychology all their own which has proved most valuable to them in the present crisis. How, even peaceful peasants, knew all about the next war unless the schoolmaster taught it and told all about it is a wonder. It is nevertheless certain that little and large, old and young, high and humble had one common topic, the next war. The children played at war and had their mimic battles. They were as filled with fight as the rest of the world was occupied with peace. War came in the nature of a shock to minds busied alone with commerce. It took weeks and even months to realize that men were shooting one another by the thousands and that the dogs of war were loosed in the land. On the other hand boys and men habituated to the horrors of war on paper and in conversation had a distinct advantage and during the first year and even yet the psychological as well as the physical preparedness is still showing in the results. That same mental obsession made them till the fields with greater tension; made them ply every trade and profession with greater energy and ardor so as to fill the coffers of the country with gold to be used in the struggle.

A sense and a consciousness of superiority was a part of this psychology. Nor was this exactly unfounded. They were wonderful in philosophy, in music, in art and in letters for at least fifty years. A perfect pentecost of students in all these departments flocked to the universities. Protestants particularly regarded Germany as the home of their philosophy and theology and no divine could claim to be completely cultured unless he made a course in Germany. But that was not all, the Haldanes all went there to learn statecraft and the fact that these men are wont to call Germany their spiritual mother proves that their teachers really were

superior men. This eminence ramified as far as the mechanical and industrial arts. Mr. Wells, a distinguished and loyal Englishman, recently wrote that, ever since the opening of hostilities, the German novelties in war had kept the allies guessing and improvising and even at the moment of writing they had succeeded only indifferently well in matching them. In the avenues of the air really the only way to beat Mr. Bloch's deadlock they are easily superior, if not supreme. Prince Zeppelin's machine has no competitor. So far as expense in men and money it has not done much damage but nevertheless it is a wonder and may, after the war, for peaceful purposes revolutionize passenger traffic and commerce. It might be mentioned, too, that in dyestuffs and chemicals generally we depend entirely on Germany for our supply, the secret not being known elsewhere.

And besides there is her diplomacy. We discounted her diplomacy too drastically elsewhere and must reverse our views. They are not such dolts as we dubbed them. We have discovered recently that they own practically all of the Balkan and Scandinavian thrones; for by owning the queen they own the king, the court, aye, also, and the army. Popular sympathy is a broken reed as compared with a queen. Take Greece for an instance. Cleopatra asked Antony "What about the married woman?" She always counts—with her husband. Shakespeare knew human and social facts fairly well. The diplomatists and others ought to read that bard not for poetry but politics. To return: the armies and the courts of Europe are honeycombed with Teutonic princes, princesses and nothing but an equinoctial monsoon will drive them out. They have hyphenated every court and camp and democracy on the continent and hitched it to the car of the Vaterland. They have beaten Savanoff, Delecassee and Grey at their own game. These play with paper, deed and document; those with kings and queens. And they count, as Scandinavia and the Balkans only too plainly prove to us.

Knowing the possible points in our opponent's argument is only half the battle. We must also know the weak spots, the loose joints in his armor if he has any. But really so far as we can observe, after years of attention and success in mobilizing men, money, munitions, psychology, science, invention and what not, they seem to have forgotten hardly anything. All this brought about the weakness of its strength: they underestimated, underrated and even despised their neighbors—Russia, France and England. Nor was this mental attitude lost on the latter. People quickly diagnose hauteur, disregard and contempt. And outcasts—birds of poor feather flock together for consolation, companionship and even

strength. This is what happened here, these three formed an entente cordial. This decidedly weakened Germany. The Zeppelins and the strategic railways were also weak points, not in themselves, but in this, that they were storm signals to Europe. If Belgium and France had listened to Mr. Bloch, "dug in" and mounted machine guns, when Germany was putting up military semiphores their territory would not now be in the hands of the Germans. So that, all in all, the enemies of Germany did not in the debate take advantage of even her weak arguments.

The dialectician must also know his own strong and weak points. But a league of free democratic peoples are poor debaters. They may be singlely and severally argumentative and eloquent, but they will not come together and co-ordinate. In this case, at any rate, they did not meet and divide up the subject into phases, but just stumbled on to the stage and began arguing boisterously with the bully next them.

England had some well digested arguments: she had a long and glorious history; she had a huge empire containing a quarter of the human family; she had a double-standard navy and a small but efficient army. But above and beyond all she had money. She was the creditor nation of the world. Her investments levied tribute on the ends of the earth till even colonies were hardly a comparable source of strength. France also could argue: thrift was her historic argument; it took the place of world-exploitation which, more than any one thing else, brought on this war. Box cars bursting with gold rolling into Spandau with the indemnity made Bismarck sick; he was sorry he didn't levy twice as much. The looms the mines, the linens, the laces, the fashions, the farms of France are marrowfats. The French know one economic fact—the whole science—that wealth is what's left over after your living. That margin always goes into the bank. Of six francs a day two always go into the succursal, never to come out. Ultimately by eminent domain the state owns that. It can commandeer both cash and credit in a pinch. Besides, they had a huge army and an excellent navy and conscription, so they could eloquently argue. The Italians gave the earth civilization and the classics. When it had lost these they gave it the Renaissance. History is rather a romantic argument but national pride makes a spirited army. Besides Italy had a strong navy and hated Austria most heartily—the very essence and element of success in war. Patriotism cuts but a sorry figure in its compare. Russia, Kipling's "bear that walks like a man," had men, a great world of peasants, 170,000,000 of them, hardy as the wolf and as fit for the fray. They loved vodka but their Little Father took it away from

them. This was probably their greatest argument; it meant wealth and sobriety and these are the greatest of all national assets. I have not said anything of Japan and would gladly keep silence for she has a very doubtful argument. In kicking Germany out of the Orient, later on, it will be seen she was playing at a Monroe doctrine or a Mongolian doctrine for the East. Now she's bullying China into political tutelage; she has her already economically conquered, and that's always half the battle. Japan is playing a selfish game of aggrandisement. She is a source of annoyance, if not weakness, in many ways to her Western allies at this moment.

These debaters have now been on the stage a year and a half, and are still arguing. From time to time a new combatant comes on, but the crowd is now so numerous and the platform so spacious that he is hardly noticed and he doesn't cut the figure he dreamed he would. Thus Italy, thus Bulgaria. But when will the contest be over; when will they become exhausted and who will give the decision? And will it be tamely accepted by the dialecticians when it does come?

There's the rub—exhaustion. Has every other possibility of peace passed by the board? That is hard to say, for the unexpected often happens, but let us see. The first phase of the war was mobility. The entrenchment after the Marne ended that, and Mr. Bloch came along and was justified, for every line now, short of an earthquake of high explosives, is practically impregnable. So the Western, so the Eastern, so the Austrian. Armies against machine guns are only lambs to the slaughter, and no general will pay such a bootless price. There are spies and snipers by the thousand on both sides, so that soldiers must duck and stay ducked or die. The present phase is immobility; the old ideas of enveloping movements, Sedans and so forth, having been dolefully abandoned. Frontal and flanking attacks! Nonsense! A volcano of high explosives alone will drive either out. The navies, too, are immobilized, the Germans having their trench in Kiel canal and the English in the ocean, where they're proud to be.

The blockade is supposed to be starving Germany. That's another dream. With the acreage of Belgium, France, Poland and the Balkans in their hands and Scandinavia and Switzerland to draw from not to mention United States and Latin America it would seem that they will not be crushed that way. As long as the Germans have Spandaus of gold they'll get food. Another factor: this year twice as much food was produced, root and cereal, as last year in Teutonic territory, for millions of men sowed and reaped under the goad of the bayonet. The Germans won't starve. Believe me, attrition, exhaustion, paralysis on both sides is the only way out.

I've seen roosters and dogs walk away winded from the fray. They became conscious and then convinced that they were too equally matched for either to win and so they ceased fighting and became friends. So long as Mukdens and Waterloos and Sedans obsess the heads of the rival staffs they will fight, but history's hypnotism is only a land of dreams. History won't repeat itself, because it can't discover a parallel. Her chronicles are bedtime stories compared with this struggle. "Poverty makes a pig gentle"; that and that alone will cut this gordion knot.

Many seem to think that the finances of the Vaterland will blow up like a geyser or blow down like a balloon and that next morning the Krupp-Kaiser combination will be like a rag. Let's see. Bankruptcy is the word they're thinking of. But bankruptcy of individuals and nations are two substantially different things. When a man's liabilities are twice his assets he pays fifty cents on the dollar, and gets his discharge if his creditors are wise. When a nation's liabilities in debentures, loans and the like are a hundred times greater than its gold, commodities and physical assets, it doesn't pay anybody anything in specie. In peace, a dollar bill means there is a bushel of wheat or a little gold somewhere that you can have at once if you're whimsical; in war it is a fiction, I mean in the last stages (the greenback stage) a love story. You take it because you love your country. Printing a paper currency is easy. Villa had lots of that sort of money. Eliminate foreign exchange, which is an eavesdropper and a tell-tale in war, and a belligerent country can go on indefinitely despite high and low finance; for the whole thing is a matter of fiction and faith. The Indians got on without it. It is only a convenience conjured up by civilization. But then belligerents are not civilized.

As to men, when will they exhaust. We mean the fighting men. Not very soon. There are, say ten million fighting men equipped on either side. They say 80 per cent of the wounded go back to the front—nothing short of consumption or the loss of a limb will excuse a man now. Besides, both belligerents are using their artillery and machine guns and saving their men. Infantry only attacks when the enemy is supposed to be dazed with noise or crazed with gas. This sand-glass will not run out for years.

And as to materials, both alliances are socializing everything from potatoes to copper. The Governments are commandeering everything and everybody and administering their assets. This for conservation. Germany doles out the food by ounces, and this way it goes much farther and lasts longer. Psychology and heroism count in this as elsewhere. Fear,

not of the government but of the enemy makes the people literally fast and pray. The government, too, sees that production is at the maximum and with consumption at the minimum you have conservation of materials with a vengeance. This way war may go on indefinitely.

What then will bring about peace? A common consciousness under pressure of misery, grief and want will grow up among the belligerents and neutral nations at the psychological moment. It will find expression in the press of the world and the combatants will welcome it. Private peace conferences will be held in the opposing camps, and things will designedly be let leak out. Telegraphs and telephones will bring them all within earshot of one another. Long before they meet, say in Madrid, The Hague or Washington, they will have the rough outlines of the protocol. Very modest, meek, scholarly gentlemen will sit about a round table, while the war still lazily drags on, and they will be thinking more about a resurrection than an ascension. Boundaries and victories will not seem so important as guarantees of liberty to live and labor and eat and sleep. Like De Witte, at Manchester, each will say "not a kopeck." There will be no indemnities except perhaps to Belgium and that will be paid conjointly. There may be exchanges in cities and seaports but the "status ante bellum" will be the point of departure and they will depart very little from it, at least territorially.

Leaders in the War of 1914

THE Kaiser is perhaps the most unique and accentuated character that stands on the world-stage to-day. And after him Theodore Roosevelt is by far the most forceful and picturesque personality in the arena of public life. After them come a half score of others whom we shall pass swiftly in review and whose names will stand in the exclusive court of history side by side with the greatest men of any other era of which the world can boast.

But first we shall pay our compliments to the Kaiser. The Hohenzollerns are a strong-headed race of men. Any one at all familiar with what Macaulay and Carlyle have to say of them will not doubt or dispute this dictum.

One of them, Frederick, was called the "Great" and another of them would like to be so called. Now what a strange mistake the ages have made in the bestowal and abuse of that word. And should we sit in judgment? Modestly, then, let us say it has always seemed strange and queer to us that Euclid was not called great, nor Newton, nor Copernicus, nor Augustine, nor Thomas. There is a Peter, an Alexander, a Frederick and a Pompey that were called great. They were unscrupulous, immoral, magnificent butchers. They were all types of the superman, of the will-to-power artists of modern literature. It is no compliment to past generations or to history that she has selected physical fitness and force as her favorites and let the athletes of the intellect and will pass into dusty tombs of oblivion. But so it certainly seems to be. Few in the annals of time have succeeded in being at once physically and morally great. The roster of fame shows us here and there a name. Alfred of England and Charlemagne, perhaps, will pass muster, but they are lonely and isolated in the great pantheon of immortals.

Now, will the present Kaiser be called great? We do not believe he will. The age of apotheosis is past and besides there are so many in the great wide world who insist on staying on the stage and dividing the honors with divine right. However, if he is not great and will not be known as great, he will certainly be known as one of the most extraordinary if not the most extraordinary, man of his day.

From both sides of the house he inherited good purple blood; his father being a Hohenzollern and his mother a

Hanoverian, Victoria the Good. There should be in him a strain of the gentle and the strong. It would seem that the Teutonic strain predominates, for he is a terribly titanic fellow as the rapidity and ubiquity of his movements, sick and well, during this war most amply prove. That he possesses personal and family virtues, too, is evident from his numerous and admirable offspring.

There is no doubt of his ability and culture. His early environments and opportunities were such as to bring out his talents and no doubt he was initiated into the arcana of statescraft almost in the nursery. He appears to be a very Hamlet of intellectual activity without many of his moral misgivings. And like the latter, it would seem that he hardly needs to put an "antic disposition on" so near is his mental fibre to the lunacy of genius. He is a theologian and a preacher; knows philosophy and the Bible. Luther and Kant are his spiritual progenitors. He is a soldier and a master of tactics and strategy. He is an artist, a connoisseur, an economist, a statesman, a scientist and above all, he is a man of action. The elements are so mixed in him that he conceives and consummates with the rapidity of lightning. The presto-change process by which, throughout the war, he has elevated and undone both office and honor proves him to be as great on the field as in the study. Shakespeare went wild over Henry V. and Richard III.; they were men of action. That seems to be a law. Desdemona fell in love with a Mauritanian Moor for the mere recital of his "accidents by flood and field." According to that standard all men ought to admire the Kaiser and doubtless they do academically and in an abstract way.

The doctrine of the divine right of kings is dear to him and is the main factor of his fanaticism. This doctrine has been rudely handled by an indignant democracy, and it was thought when France flung it overboard and England, in its own sly way was limiting the monarchy, this fond fabric of superstition or history was being stored in the limbo of lost causes. But no. The Israelites grew tired of Judges and wanted a king, because their neighbors had them. China must have, it would appear, a king. Japan has a Mikado but over there a dynasty is lucky if it lasts a hundred years. Then, also, we have kings at home but they don't pretend to be divine. Some of the English and French kings proved to be very human, or at least their necks did.

We have no patience with the contention that this doctrine is the cause of a real fanaticism or madness in him. He has too much method in everything to be a real lunatic. We shame ourselves in saying such. He is a genius, an en-

thusiast, but no madman. He is the quintessence, the white-cap on the blue ocean of his countrymen. He is a part and parcel of the Teuton family and he's a credit to them as their best specimen. He is industrious, aggressive, persistent and methodical and so are they. Some men are physical dynamos, and they must just be up and doing because of nerves and muscle and brain. The present Kaiser is evidently one of that type. Given fifty years' feverish, fierce activity and his storage is perfectly volcanic and infernal. Nor is he true to that metaphor, for a volcano will often smoulder for a century before it explodes. The Kaiser, on the contrary, has caught the imagination of his people by his pyrotechnics from the moment he put his foot on the throne. The titanic Crown Prince is a chip off the old block; he had to be rusticated again and again for out-Heroding Herod, being just a bit hotter than his father and that would not do. If memory did its duty the latter should not have been offended, for the mild-mannered William, just one degree removed, tradition says, had similar trouble with just such a boy.

At any rate the Kaiser is a born leader and "hoch der Kaiser" in the mouths of seventy-five million Germans with tears of admiration and joy in their eyes, is a proof positive that he is "high and mighty" and sets the pace for a progressive people. The people always loved and followed a Saul, a David, a Solomon—the Kaiser is a diluted decoction of them all. Prestige and power have always won the hearts of the multitudes. The light and heat of the morning sun make even the moles look up. As he rises on the ladder of the dawn, rushes across the meridian sky and dashes recklessly down to the sea, he draws the multitudinous waters to his gaze. 'Tis thus with every leader. The Kaiser will buy a bog and turn it into a garden; he will drain it, he will till it, and they, his people, will do likewise. That's why they love him. He's a German in all his wiles and ways. He will have a field day and crown the athletes, or a sham battle and depose a general—really depose him so he'll never rise again. Reviews are no joke in the Kaiser's kingdom. He will go to the laboratory and generate gases; he will go to the opera and encourage art; he will go to the church and preach better than the preacher. In the field he will address his army and draw down the blessing of God, not once, but again and again. That is a leadership not lost on the soldiers—Protestants and Catholics alike love that little touch of religion. Be he preacher or priest the Kaiser will walk arm and arm with him like a brother.

Now then, how shall we reconcile all these activities; all the pretensions; all these pieties with the conduct of this war

which in the last analysis receives direction and impetus from him as master strategist? How shall we pardon the spirit of "frightfulness" which his legions in the rape of little innocent Belgium were guilty of as they marched women and children before their lines like Tamerlane, Ghengis Khan, exposed to the bullets of their own sons and brothers and fathers? How shall we condone the crime he must certainly have approved of, sinking the peaceful Lusitania with her twelve hundred victims including some two hundred children? How can we forget the Zeppelin raids on the homes of defenceless fishermen and farmers on the eastern shores of England? Will civilization ever forget the gases of St. Julien, Festubert? How shall we forgive the blazing fluids that burned the breasts to cinders of honorable combatants who dreamed and doubted not that they were entitled to the chivalry that traditionally the soldier grants his enemy. There is no record that Alexander, Cæsar or Napoleon ever ordered the shooting of envoys under the white flag of truce. Who else besides this monster could have inspired the license and the lust, the drunkenness and the swinishness that undid and disgraced the honor and the idealism of the race in those days of Germanic victory in the country of Champagne? No annals, sacred or profane, can show a parallel to his promising the property of an alien and honorable people, "the Serbians," to the Bulgarians, to draw them into the brimstone pit of his burning military ambition.

To take leave of him: history will trace his name in indelible letters. She will give him a place on her scroll side by side with the great butchers of the world. Whether he wins or loses his fame is secure and he will live in the memory and admiration of his people as the hyperion of their hopes; but among the rest mankind as the ruthless wrecker in an hour, of much that civilization had accomplished in twenty centuries.

And as the stars burn brighter by the blackness of the night, he will be, till time is lost in doom, the background against which the Kitcheners and Joffres will stand out as the day stars of their age, trying in the midst of murder, massacre and rapine to keep the lamps of civilization, morality and refinement alight. No Attila, no Nero will again be dragged from barbaric oblivion to fright the denizens of day, for a Hohenzollern named William will stand alone in the memory of men as the incarnation of evil on the earth.

Talking about physical dynamos, certainly Theodore Roosevelt, who is, by the way, also a Dutchman, is one of the most remarkable men of this age. "Mutatis mutandis" the same Theodore would give William Hohenzollern a very

hard Marathon for the "bravium" of history. Of course living as he does among a highly democratic peaceful people he is cheated of the picturesque militaristic setting the Kaiser enjoys. Even with these handicaps he is easily the greatest dictator that ever sat in the presidential chair. Nor do we want that to be understood in too literal or odious a sense. For though naturally dynamic, turbulent and titanic, he is a living exponent of the highest ideals and best traditions, moral and political of the American people.

He sprung from the honest, industrious Dutch stock that possessed Manhattan when Broadway was a cowpath, and Wall Street had a real wall to keep the Indians out, such as can be seen even to-day in St. Augustine, Florida. He inherited their wealth, and the social position that gradually accrued to the accumulated culture and refinements that his forebears had hoarded up to hand on to posterity. His grandfather and his father were both public men. But Theodore III. has easily surpassed and outclassed them. *Le bon sang ne ment pas*, good blood doesn't lie; and truly the honest, upright stock that poured the wine of virtue into Theodore's veins is telling the truth, aye, yelling it in his lengthening period of public life and public service. His physical health, his moral health, his intellectual health; his activity, his industry, his ambition are a credit to his parents and the race that produced him. He is a splendid example to the whole American people personally, and he has had the hardihood and candor again and again to refer to his own family as an antidote for the race suicide which is only too common in America. We glory in his splendid and daring audacity.

In addition to good blood he enjoys the advantages and opportunities that good breeding and social position afford. His dainty, if manly manners, are doubtless the family seal set upon his character before he felt the bondage of its beauty.

Environment is as important as heredity in the equipment of character. To have honest parents, honest companions, honest playmates, honest friends in infancy and adolescence is to have a bounty beyond price. These were his early surroundings. Having the advantage of a university career, too, he was early equipped for public life, for which he seems to have had an acquired, if not an inherited tendency.

Stepping on the stage at first is nearly always plagued with fright. But there are exceptions to all rules. Theodore Roosevelt we vow never shook at the knees nor trembled in voice coming before the footlights and incidentally the audience. New York was his earliest stage. He had been playing about it all his life. He no doubt knew a lot about Tammany and Albany long before he was out of his teens—

no small advantage! John Stuart Mill could read and write Greek at ten; his father taught him. Theodore Roosevelt had a world of political wit long before he got on the Commission, went to Albany or Washington. And soon he began pressing down the measure already amply filled. Be it said to the honor of the United States that money alone will not make a man president. That has been proved once or twice, but it would be odious to mention names. Any one who ambitions the American chief magistracy must ambition honor, integrity and honesty, political and personal first. Be it also said to Roosevelt's credit, that he took this stand at once, and of course was marked by the heelers and pluggers for a fall. But he was too firmly fixed on his pedestal to be jostled off by underlings. To speak of things best known, take the latest two efforts of calumny to besmear and besmirch his character. He dragged ambush into the open court and pulled the mask off his brow. You charge me with being bibulous. Then come with me to the little court house in Michigan and make out your case. Of course the adventurous journalist couldn't prove his charge and he was penalized to pay a very considerable sum, but the ex-president took twenty-five cents as satisfaction. He was not wanting indemnity; he wanted his character, his integrity and his honor. Mr. Barnes recently ventured to charge Mr. Roosevelt with a political misdemeanor touching finance and the campaign funds and he, too, got an opportunity to go into court. The result was exactly the same. Mr. Roosevelt was exculpated and exonerated.

Personal and political integrity postulates or rather connotes capacity; though not necessarily of the transcendental sort that Roosevelt has. No living man in any civilized country under the sun has his equal in political sagacity and practical wisdom.

He won the vice-presidency while yet a youth. The machine thought they had side-tracked him, shelved him because, forsooth, there was a tradition that vice-presidents never became chief magistrates. Fate and fortune seem to have played with him throughout his private and political career thus far. McKinley was shot and Roosevelt automatically became president. He was re-elected for four years, during which term there was hardly a decent sized political cloud on the horizon. That was rather lucky for the cloud, of course, for the terrible Theodore would have made it march on its way. He was now a civilian but he had been a soldier, a rough rider in the Spanish-American war. And the qualities of the soldier: the quick, precise decision and command have

indeed been the index to his character and conduct throughout his administration.

It was only when he left the chair that he became dictator. He named Mr. Taft as his successor and then nominated him in spite of delegates and committees, expecting him as beneficiary to be good enough and to know enough to stand aside when his term was up.

But Mr. Taft began taking strong food shortly after feeling himself firmly fixed in the big chair and rather at home in the Capitol. He threw the things of the child away, dismissing also both tutelage and paternalism at the same time. He actually began abandoning "Roosevelt Politics" and thereupon the dictator was displeased. It is rumored that Mr. Taft, after his election, in acknowledging his indebtedness to Mr. Roosevelt, was guilty of the indiscretion of saying that after brother Charles (a millionaire) he owed most to the ex-president, forgetting that money is nothing compared with political baptism and sponsors. The Armageddon was on between the pair of former friends at once.

Mrs. Taft, it is said, made a break that wounded mortally the incipient dictator. When the convention came along Taft bought a steam-roller and the Republican machine hauled it all the way to Chicago, but rollers are useless unless they have something to roll on and T. R. would not lie down—stood up, in fact straight up, and bellowed like the bull moose that he is. He opened another convention and got himself nominated. The electorate gave Mr. Taft four states, Mr. Roosevelt ten and Wilson thirty or forty. In a word Mr. Roosevelt was the dictator; he took the stand that if Taft wouldn't let him in the aforesaid Taft would have to go out. And he went.

Another election is now pending and an American cartoonist has taken off the situation most masterfully. The train is hurrying on to the convention. On the rear platform all the "favorite sons," Root, Hughes and others are grouped looking their likeliest. The G.O.P. elephant has his head stuck out of a window proud of his proteges. Underneath the train getting a bad boy's free ride, seated on the gear of the axle is Mr. Roosevelt with a typically Rooseveltian smile. The artist has read aright the signs of the times. Roosevelt is not on the train or on deck; he is in his state room. But when he comes back from his six-weeks' trip to Bermuda—a sort of a political big game river-hunting trip in South Africa and South America, he will leave his state room and not only go on deck, he will go right up on the bridge and ring the bell for the engineer to do so and so, and if he does not obey, Roosevelt, as master of the ship, he'll

just run her on the rocks and shoals of private life and let the Wilson crew sail smiling into the Capitol. It is between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson next year with the odds on Wilson.

Kitchener of Khartoum is the greatest military organizer that speaks the English tongue. The Minister of War in Asquith's Cabinet has been a soldier for more than forty years, having fought as an adventurer in the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 at Sedan. He certainly is a soldier from the ground up—acts it, looks it, and loves it. He could not lead in the field and direct at home at once, and so his country called him to the latter post; for the organizer is paramount in a world-crisis like this, where the theatre of action covers almost every land and every sea. This quality is a gift, a talent and an acquirement. Having chosen his profession as a youth opportunity unveiled this faculty, and a life-long service at home and in the field has brought it up almost to perfection.

Lord Roberts was his predecessor as Field-Marshal. He won his spurs and his fame at Khandahar. He, too, was as famous in organizing as in strategy. Mapping out what was formerly known as a sweeping campaign in North or South Africa or in India was his long suit. He won the Boer war after many had failed through no fault of their own, for the English didn't listen to General Butler as to the preparedness of the Dutch. He profited by the failure, if not disgrace, asked and obtained ample reinforcements and dragged a military net about the Boers that neither De Wet, Delary or Botha could escape. He foresaw the present exigencies, it appears, more clearly than even Kitchener, or at any rate, he cried out and clamored in less uncertain sounds. He wasn't heard, however; his was a voice in the wilderness and the harvest of apathy and neglect was near being a Calvary of calamity.

The alert and nimble statesman Asquith, who, after the Home Rule controversy was stilled by the greater storm of world-war, called Kitchener to his council and promptly offered him the Ministry of War, a portfolio he had held since the resignation of Col. Seely. Kitchener now became a lay-figure because it is the citizen, the civilian, not the soldier, who rules (in England?) The Cabinet under Kitchener's advice at once created General French Commander-in-chief of the army and Admiral Jellicoe supreme comptroller of the navy, and we feel satisfied history will justify Kitchener's choice. The expeditionary force of a hundred thousand men with such an admirable silence and smoothness was dispatched to the front by K. of K., that it will live in military annals. At this point General French stepped on the stage and for a year and a half

stood the strain of the siege, for that is what trench warfare means, on the Western front. Kitchener and the Cabinet then recalled him and created him a Viscount as a reward for his services to the Empire. General Haig has now the honor and the onus of generalissimo and experience, success and history we hope will prove the wisdom of his choice.

Lord Kitchener has been a sort of peripatetic Minister of War being half the time at home and half the time in the field. Hardly a month had passed when a French general retreated leaving the right wing of the English column uncovered. The energetic K. of K. crossed the Channel and consulted with the French Cabinet and chief of staff, and rumor has it that the aforesaid French general got as much and even more than was coming to him. History, we hope, will draw over the incident, the veil of silence. We shall never know until history opens the archives and vaults of the great war, how Kitchener made out his case, but we may indulge the imagination that he stated some direct things directly. Again and again he went to Paris until the Cabinet was reorganized, and the best blood and brains of France was put at the helm. Since that everything has been wholehearted, candid and generous. Common calamity makes real comrades.

General Joffre a month ago took a turn at visiting and turned up in London. The English people were fascinated with the Frenchman, who, after the sea and their navy, was a bulwark of their defence. They enthusiastically fêted and dined and wined him. They acclaimed him like mad cataracts, but the General was too old to lose his head and he stuck right to business for his business was important. The French Cabinet and the French General knew things and apparently had the means of knowing them that Kitchener and the Cabinet did not know regarding the Gallipoli campaign and the Serbian expedition. We can easily understand all that now. General Hamilton's report, lengthy detailed and indignant, throws all the blame on the Government for not sending him a hundred thousand more men—more munitions—more medicaments, etc. There is no doubt of the candor, honesty and conviction of this great general. There was just one thing wrong: he saw only a part of the chess board, only a salient, a sector of the great war and above all he saw only through his own glasses and such glasses become narrow and only let in the quality and quantity of light the wearer wants. Joffre's visit convinced Kitchener and the Cabinet that a Mediterranean cruise would be good for K. of K.'s health, as it frequently is for Grey's. It might also be profitable to the allies' cause in the near East. And they would be as pleased to receive Magi as they once were to send them to the West. Kitchener took a

thirty-knot-an-hour boat and Gibraltar soon hove in sight, then Sardinia, Malta, Rhodes and Saloniki. General Hamilton was recalled and his sorely decimated, if not almost destroyed, army under cover of rearguard and naval guns re-embarked with only the death of a few dogs and donkeys. Now, candidly we should not be cynical in such a serious affair, but we are sick at heart that so many gallant Irish and Australian legions should whiten with their bones the Levant strand in the unfortunate, ill-fated Gallipoli campaign. They say there are compensations—mostly mental. Nature adjusts itself marvellously, especially the imagination. The Turkish army, they say, was kept busy—out of mischief elsewhere. But could not General Hamilton and his Antipodeans have been useful elsewhere also. Maybe the Bulgarians would not have bolted if they had been about their confines. But we wander. Not only that but Kitchener recalled the expedition to Serbia, for a bird's-eye view showed the folly of a few French and English expeditionaries facing the Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians massed in the heart of King Peter's country. He laid the plans for the fortifications of Saloniki and had a heart-to-heart talk with King Constantine regarding certain large ships riding in the roadsteads, where Achaian's used to ride at anchor thousands of years ago. There was no mistaking the French and English argument—the flags at the mastheads. And we suppose that was Kitchener's argument too (a physical one), when asking for the hospitality and the assistance or neutrality of Greece. The King has a German wife—a Hohenzollern at that—and he also had a dilemma: he could obey her or have his coast cities, as he picturesquely put it, blown about his ears. He just pothered along from day to day indefinitely, ground inexorably between the mill wheels of Fate without the married woman or the ships exploding.

All that didn't take so very long—a fortnight or so—and Kitchener was cruising back through the Mediterranean. We do not know but we surmise that he paid a complimentary call to the Quirinal, to the eternal city, the city of the Cæsars and to Emmanuel its King, and in the event of his absence at the front, on Salandra and his Cabinet. For Italy has not been entirely satisfactory to the allies, although they are thankful for small favors, inasmuch as she is not at war with Germany, Bulgaria or Turkey and is playing like the Japanese absolutely her own game. The Italians want "Italia irredenta," old Illyria and the Adriatic as a fishing preserve. These gained, and they will be content. Whatever of that, Kitchener soon arrived in England and promptly went at raising his great voluntary army. He appointed Lord Derby as supreme recruiting agent and his charm ingenuity and

method, brought thousands to the colors. Lloyd-George, who was busy with munitions and does all things well if not too wisely, furnished the Teuton-Turk alliance with so many and such apt arguments, touching the war-sickness of England that the rest of the allies and the neutrals were becoming frightened at the avouched and avowed "nerves" of England. Kitchener, it is rumored, asked for less rhetoric (and no doubt the "too late" speech gingered him up a bit!) to Labor which undoubtedly was acting stupidly and treasonably. Not only at home but on the continent there was dissatisfaction. England's "our navy" argument was not entirely satisfying to France and Russia. and Kitchener, it is said, again came to the rescue by quietly urging the rest of the Cabinet to work for conscription. Kitchener being a war lord could do it with poor grace and but inefficiently; therefore the civilians took it up. It would be difficult to do it owing to the personal liberty the Englishman so loves they all knew, but if accomplished it would give the army the last available man and prove to continental discontent that England was not stingy or selfish in pushing the bloody business of war to the last ditch. Asquith pleaded eloquently when he said in answer to a fanatical defender of the Englishman's traditional liberty: "My friend has been walking in the groves and along the streams of academic thought, but we here and now are facing a practical, unscrupulous and numerous enemy and we must have conscripts if we cannot get enough volunteers." The Premier as usual carried the day and Kitchener gained his point and will have as many men as the industries and agriculture of England can spare.

It is rumored that Kitchener is about to quit the War Office and go to the front, or rather the fronts. The Kaiser, it is said, flits about like fire bugs in May, from front to front revising his war plans and encouraging his generals and men. Such a man in the Spring campaign now about to open might be of a great value. It would seem, too, that his work as a civilian is about finished. He organized the expeditionary force; sent it speeding off; smoothed out the initial difficulties with France; redeemed the Gallipoli impassé; recalled the Serbian adventure; prepared the defences at Saloniki and aided in impressing every available man in the British Isles. The soldier longs to be in the field; that is his place. Sir Wm. Robertson, it is said, will be henceforth the chief of staff at home and will give out all military orders "urbis et orbis." In which case K. of K. will go to the theatre of war, maybe to Flanders, maybe to Gallipoli, maybe to both alternately. In sixty days millions of men will be again fiercely engaged and

generalship such as Kitchener commands will be invaluable in consultation.

Kitchener is the latest of the great British generals. Is he the equal of Roberts, Wolseley and Wellington? Honesty will give the palm and history will proclaim it. Here's hoping that he'll do to the Kaiser what Wellington did to Napoleon. And even short of that at least that he will direct the military operations of the Empire to a successful issue. Here's also hoping that the Empire and her colonial daughters will put up promptly the last man and the last dollar to aid the angry legions as they meet the onset of our numerous and determined enemy.

Kitchener is an Irishman now in the sixties. He is a bachelor and little given to the levities of society or even to the amenities of civil life. He has been in the bloody business of war since his boyhood and is inured to the scenes and sounds of battle, whether in the sands of the South or the frozen fastnesses of the unfriendly North. And if he takes the field we shall find him sustaining the noblest traditions of the English-speaking races; we shall find him, like Henry V., by night and by day among his men directing them, encouraging them, consoling them; and we shall find, if he lives the war time out, like Wellington and Grant, still working for his country as a citizen-soldier in her halls of justice and legislation.

After Kitchener in the gallery of immortals comes, in our judgment our own General Sir Sam Hughes. It is true he didn't enjoy the advantages of the Imperial thought which one can have at the hub and heart of the Empire, but it is also true that he was a born soldier, and would have died one if he had never heard the neighing of the steeds or the barking of the guns on the Champ de Mars. He was an athlete in his youth and enjoyed the advantages of a university education. Soon he took up the profession of arms and won the grade of Colonel. When the Boer War broke out, in spite of General Hutton he wended his way to Cape Town and was impressed by the Imperial service as an officer in defence of his country. His letters to the haughty officer show a fine spirit of obedience and chivalry, but the former, it would seem was inexorable and could neither forgive nor forget. However, Colonel Hughes served his King and country ably and well in South Africa and destiny had in store for him fortune and fame which the wildest dreamer in our piping days of peace here in Canada could have hardly dreamed.

In 1911 when Sir Robert Borden became Premier of Canada he was called to be Minister of Militia. That was a good move, and time proved it so. Till then civilians were

Ministers of Militia and Defence and being out of sympathy, for the most part, with the arts of arms and the profession of war they would be inefficient to a degree and penurious, even parsimonious, in the appropriation for the purposes of national defence. It is true that Macdonald and Laurier with civilian Ministers kept a small army of volunteers, and some training schools; also that the latter bought cruisers for navy training schools which were dismantled in the Borden period. The whole thing, mostly for political reasons, was pitiful farce but when General Sir Sam took the helm he flew the flag at the masthead. Barracks were built at every important centre in Canada at considerable expense, and there was a lot of grumbling. The cadets and the scouts at once were encouraged and equipped at Government expense everywhere it was reasonably possible; and if the war kept off for ten years a million young men without knowing what was happening would have been good raw material for an army. Unfortunately the war broke out earlier than was expected by Serbia murdering the heir-apparent of Austria and his wife and giving the Teutons their long looked for excuse. They were ready and no one else was. General Sir Sam went to Valcartier, bought a hundred acres of land, turned it into a tented field, laid water pipes, gas pipes, put in drainage, equipped commissariat, called 35,000 men to the colors, drilled them, manœuvred them, officered them, shipped them and conveyed them in such a way as to fool the German spies and raider vessels, and in five weeks had them in England. It was considered there one of the great feats of the war—and England and the Empire will never forget the expedition and tact with which Canada's War Minister landed her hardy sons in France.

Colonel Sir Sam was soon rewarded being appointed Major-General and since that his son and his brother have been promoted to the same rank in recognition of the services of the family to the Empire. Thirty-five thousand have now become two hundred thousand and recently Sir Robert Borden has called half a million to the colors. General Sir Sam is now busily engaged in impressing and equipping this horde of men; but this is easy now compared with the raising of thirty thousand when conditions, clothes, munitions and armaments veritably had to be created.

General Sir Sam visited England last Summer, went to France and tramped up and down the trenches, where his own boys were housed. One can well imagine the pleasure that convulsed their hearts at seeing that friendly form from Canada—the man who had cut out all tape, red, white and blue, at Valcartier and whipped them into line, into the firing

line. The General maintains that they were well drilled and were good shots and that he saw them with his own eyes do good work. The boys were anxious to get him out of the trenches as there was great danger, and a General's life is worth a thousand privates. But Sir Sam is fearless and always was. He returned to Canada in September and resumed his work in the Cabinet of his Country.

In civil life Sir Sam was an editor and lived in Lindsay, Ont. Twenty or thirty years ago he was elected there to a seat in the Federal Government at Ottawa and has sat continuously in it ever since. He became an efficient and even a redoubtable debater, and gained Cabinet rank on his merits. He is an Orangeman but he has never allowed it to bias his relations with his Catholic constituents or Catholic friends whom he counts by the hundreds at Ottawa and elsewhere. Dr. James L. Hughes for thirty years, chief inspector of Toronto Public Schools, is a brother. He was born in the township of Cartwright, near Bowmanville and received his early education from his father who was a school teacher. Sir Sam is sixty years young and is as active as a man twenty years younger. Recently he went on a tour through his own riding, although one could not imagine any political necessity, with his present prestige, and delivered a score of speeches in a few days.

Time deals softly with the General, and when the war is over, he promises to visit the museums of Berlin and bring home to Lindsay mementoes for each one of his constituents who deserves one.

President Wilson, as the leader of the neutral nations, has occupied a prominent, nay, a paramount position in world controversy throughout the war owing to the vast wealth of his country in natural resources available for military purposes; and especially for the munitions that his country was capable of turning out.

Woodrow Wilson is a Southerner and was a university president when Colonel Harvey picked him out as possible timber for the Presidency. He soon became Governor of New Jersey and although no politician, by a queer streak of political luck as presidential candidate, he swept the United States, gaining as great, or even a greater majority than any man who was ever elected to the chair. Wm. J. Bryan in the middle of the Baltimore convention, when he saw his own nomination was impossible flung his whole influence towards Wilson and swamped Champ Clark who was picked as a winner from the beginning. But prophets are not respected by their own countrymen; and Bryan and Clark are both Westerners: so Wilson owes his nomination to Bryan and to O'Gorman and

Murphy of New York who had, it is said, a hand in it. Be that as it may Wilson was soon firmly seated in the saddle and as was proper and natural he chose Bryan as Secretary of State; but the cart was before the horse all the time, and at last he kicked over the traces, aye, even out of the traces. Bryan is an enthusiastic pacifist, quite a theologian, preacher, lecturer, orator and journalist. There is no doubt of his righteousness, energy and integrity. But it would seem that successful politicians are never pious and dependable. To be brief Damon went off and left Pythias weeping—we all imagine crocodile tears. Certainly if Lansing wept it was with tears of joy, for he very promptly got his job.

It was the irony of fate that the peaceful McKinley and the proper Wilson both had war on their hands and the bellicose Roosevelt had to live on and on pathetically civil, during piping days of peace. At any rate I shall pass briefly in review Wilson's relations with the belligerents and the neutral nations during this great war; and we shall quickly see that he has had his troubles; but we shall also have to remember, that he had the Mexican war and a marriage on his hands—particularly the latter, which would not lessen his worries.

His first act, or the absence of act, was his peccatum irremissible. The alert Roosevelt, the lynx-eyed politician—Oh; pardon, statesman—at once nailed that mistake and grasped his opportunity; for he wants and will get a third term or know why. He has kept iterating and reiterating at opportune intervals ever since what ought to have been done. I refer to the scrap of paper incident or rather the violation of the neutrality of Belgium. Why was it a "faux pas" of Wilson not to have protested? Well, the neutrals were and are in the same boat.

That the United States is large, populous and powerful doesn't affect the brotherhood of the thing; if she were small and weak and her geographical position was that of Serbia, Montenegro or Belgium she would know, and he would know, or ought to know, exactly what would have happened. There was a treaty, a convention, a pact, and England, France and Germany were the signatories solemn and adjured. That it was a case of life and death didn't make it moral, right or legal for Germany to break her oath—cast all honor under foot; nor did it pardon Wilson for not standing up for the rights of neutrals—on land—as he pretended to do at sea. The clamoring about the Lusitania because a hundred Americans went down is edifying and natural but narrow. The Americans were in principle merely neutrals and that is what the Belgians were. Because the victims were blood of his blood, and bone of his bone, he follows the case mordently:

and because the Belgians were not American neutrals, they may go to the dogs, or Huns, or even elsewhere.

This mistake and the shadow of it has been following him for a year and a half threatening at this moment to cheat him of another term. Roosevelt keeps rasping away at it and the American people have become convinced that if he were President the Kaiser would have hesitated for a while (yet the war was inevitable) and for cause. They are persuaded the thundering Theodore would have warned him not to violate the neutrality of Belgium; and with America and England, with the French and Russians—well, it might have made him pause. That's all speculation but it may be more. It may mean the election not of Wilson but of Roosevelt. Let us be fair to Wilson, though; he has persisted ever since in standing up for rights of neutrals on land and sea both personally and through his ambassadors. The controversy over the Lusitania has dragged on for a year and a half. The severest passage at diplomacy regarding it took place only last week, when the President required an answer by the seventh of February, admitting that the murder of Lusitania's victims was illegal. The Germans substituted a phrase that saved Wilson's face and saved the German administration's face before their own people, as there was a public holiday proclaimed in the land when the tragedy was announced. He has pursued what I consider a peevish, pin-pricking policy with regard to the British blockade, mostly while pretending to defy, really to please and placate the hphenates. There are twenty million Germans in the States and votes are the raw material of election and office. Owing to the sea power of England she holds up all boats suspected of carrying contraband—mail boats with the rest. This may be annoying but it is not brutal. Technically it is not legal because international law requires what is known as a close blockade, and England has not declared this because Sweden is only looking for a chance to go in with the Germans; and besides it is assumed Grey knows his business. Of course this means that the United States ships a great deal of foodstuffs and also munitions of war to the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden. This aggravates the English press into a constant chorus of clamors and howls but Grey keeps cool and also keeps Sweden out of the war.

Wilson has another trouble on his hands and the name of that trouble is Wm. J. Bryan. He maybe a power in the West but certainly in the East his name politically is hardly ever mentioned. Not so, however, Theodore Roosevelt.

You will remember that Bryan is a pronounced pacifist. Mr. Ford is also one. So is Andrew Carnegie. There were

lots in Canada before the war. The writer was an ardent and convinced one but has since seen the error of his ways. I believe now that nations from time to time, that is, every century or so just to relax their diaphragms will fight. But I don't count and Mr. Bryan does, especially because Mr. Bryan publishes the "Commoner" and places views persistently and clearly before ninety per cent. of the Democrats and ten per cent. of the Republicans in the United States every week. He has for that reason a numerous academic following and for many reasons he also has an enormous personal following.

Mr. Wilson will not soon forget—never forget—that on Inauguration Day the tumults and thunders of applause always broke out when the "peerless one" was passing. At that time Wilson was known but little, though elected, and Bryan's voice and face were household commonplaces. Now things are changed. Wilson is a brilliant academician and is a shade more adaptable as a politician than Taft. His addresses to Congress will rank with Laurier's and Asquith's, and that is giving him a generous compliment. Wilson, too, has kept his country out of war. The people of the United States saw their opportunity of bagging the wealth of the world in this war and the American dearly loves money, prestige and pleasure. Everywhere Wilson went there was a chorus of citizens shouting "Mr. President, keep us out of the war." "I will if I can," was the unvarying reply. He, admitted now by nearly every one, made a mistake in not recognizing Huerta, but the long reaches of history may justify his "watchful waiting," while his own countrymen and the unfortunate natives were butchered almost to make a holiday.

Wilson is now playing at new politics. He is in the West—Kansas and Nebraska—the stronghold of Goliath and he has his sling with him. Rhetoric is his weapon and he is using it lustily. Kansas City gave him an ovation. When he asked for 500,000 men for a standing army the whole audience, 15,000, broke into prolonged applause. There is one word echoing and re-echoing all over the United States now: it is preparedness, which means a big army and big navy. These are hard lines for Bryan for the bigger the army and navy the farther fades away the phantom of peace. But Bryan is a power and he owns the West. He is certainly their "favorite son." In a very important and critical review Bryan's speeches were recently ranked with those of Cicero and Demosthenes. That is certainly travelling in nice company. Cicero and Demosthenes must have been very lonesome waiting these centuries for Bryan to loom up. But I am not denying the charge—only a little Thomastic in my tendencies.

Wilson, therefore, in the West is something of a Daniel,

bearding the lion in his den. Wilson is lucky, however, in having the country with him in keeping out of war, and also on the preparedness question. On the seventh of February diplomatically he gained, I think a great victory, in getting the Berlin Bourbons to come down, and even in a faint-hearted way to admit that the Lusitania outrage would not be repeated except as reprisals against enemies.

Mr. Taft has recently said "Roosevelt rises red on the horizon" and Wilson is thinking much more of Roosevelt than of Bryan. But as far as possible Bryan must be spiked first. That is the *raison d'être* of his Western sojourn. For a professor, school teacher and pedant the President is doing well, but he is well coached and well advised. Will he win the nomination and the election? Time will tell. Why didn't Taft get a second term? Not because he wasn't one of the finest, fairest, most legal and judicial minded men who ever sat in the chair. It was because he didn't size up correctly the Jingo and Junker element in Canada. Laurier and the Liberals who were on the ground were fooled more completely still. Reciprocity, an economic question, was beclouded and befogged most unexpectedly with political, partizan and religious considerations, and both Taft and Laurier went to the scrap heap the same day. One thing is sure, Wilson will not use the steam roller. If there is going to be one it will be Theodore Roosevelt's.

Incidentally we desire rather impudently and impertinently to congratulate the United States on having such a galaxy of great men available for the honors of the chief magistracy. There are Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Bryan, Root, Hughes, Penrose, Fairbanks and others; and they are all silhouetted firmly and clearly on the vast horizon of American public life.

But if you ask me to pick a winner, it is either Wilson or Roosevelt named in order.

There is a tide in the affairs of man that leads on to fortune. Just now Wilson rides the tide. It is that the lives and the honor of the citizens must be protected, also that the dignity and prestige of the nation, at all costs, must be conserved. Firmness and diplomacy, preparedness in politics, are Wilson's platform.

Messrs. Asquith, Redmond and Carson are a trinity that I have been forced to forget too long and they have hardly received the proper place in the plane of our political perspective.

Asquith, McKenna and Runciman, they say, are the orators of England. Well, certainly, Redmond and Carson are the Cicero and Demosthenes of Ireland and impartiality itself will

concede the generous measure of applause to each that he severally deserves.

Asquith comes first. He was prominent in the Cabinets of Salisbury and Bannerman and the Commons knowing his sagacity and his oratorical equipment looked with pleasure to the day when he would be in the saddle. He has been Premier a long time now and he has verified and implemented the hopes of impartiality and perspective. He is the compeer of the greatest and brightest pearls in British Parliamentary history, and short of sickness and death he will hold the helm, watch the compass and the stars of the Ship of State, as she rides the bloody sea of Mars, till he docks her in the harbor of victory and peace.

Asquith, like Gladstone, is of the middle classes—only a professional man, a lawyer, as the aristocrats would say, for to do anything to make a living is common in their eyes. But the great man always breaks the clamp of caste. Asquith is not the equal of Gladstone for he stands beside Edmund Burke as a political orator and philosopher, but he is easily the greatest all round Parliamentarian in the British Isles today. Winston Churchill and Lloyd-George are competitors or were for primacy, but their time is not ripe. Churchill is fiery but unfortunate, and Lloyd-George has the longest list of great laws to his credit in a short career of any man in modern times. Asquith, keeping the Titans successfully apart and together in harmony with the others of the same mould, makes his own personality loom great and large in the firmament of Britain. The storms of the Home Rule debate kept him on the bridge for months until a calm would have appeared uncanny. He faced treason on the grandest scale in Ireland that Sovereignty ever had to tolerate. But his first mate, Mr. Redmond, was fearless, cool and trusty. The titanic Carson had the army behind him, not officially but fanatically, and also the navy. He had the aristocracy and the ascendancy behind him. He had the Prussianism of British Isles behind him; and we know now what power that implies and impresses. It is rumored that Carson dined with the Kaiser who was, of course, all etiquette and courtesy, but the Celt didn't seem to suspect the game of the Emperor. Arms and ammunition came to Ireland for the Ulsterites in magnificent quantities "on credit" it is said. Churchill ordered the Spanish or Gibraltar Squadron home. Seely commanded the camp of Curragh to brighten buckles, bugles and so forth, and then the political arsenal went off. Asquith had veritably a volcano on his hands. He looked at torrents of smoke ascending with its forked and furious fires, and then walked straight up and put the lid

on it. It cooled off quickly, too. How stranger are facts than fiction!

I think, rightly or wrongly, that Asquith and Churchill reckoned without their host. They actually and absolutely didn't know that the camp of Curragh had resigned; they didn't know that Roberts had nine hundred resignations in his pocket; nor did they know that the army and navy was disloyal to the Commons.

The next move was Asquith's. Two military chieftains were made the scapegoats, and they promptly resigned, but their services were only too soon required again and they gladly returned and were received back. Col. Seely also resigned. There was tumult and turmoil in the Commons. Rightly or wrongly the King's name was brought in as favoring Unionism; for the King is the statue on the aristocrat's pedestal. Mr. Ward, a huge labor representative, touched a fuse, and another volcano went off—this time it was Vesuvius, entirely outclassing the little Aetna of Carson and the army—this time it was the people, the democracy. George V. remembered his history only too well, and Mr. Asquith was called as if, like Atlas, he could carry worlds on his shoulders. Like the man and the patriot that he is he arose in the Commons and exculpated—exonerated the King. What history shall say I do not care or dare to divine, but certain it is that volcanoes are dangerous companions. Mr. Ward put the question crisply, "Who is going to rule England, the King and the army, or the Commons?" The detonations of the eruption reached Buckingham Palace. London shook, and the King shook and sundry busy ladies shook, who engineered the Curragh affair. The applause lasted many minutes, apparently five hundred of the six hundred members lost their democratic heads and Ireland was forgotten or swallowed up in the constitutional question and rule.

Next morning things were quiet again. London had slept, at least the common folk. There was one question in the press. What will Hercules do? Can Neptune's trident still the storm? Quickly and quietly he acted—as with a wizard's wand. Mr. Seely resigned. Mr. Asquith resigned and went to his constituents as the constitution required, to be elected, as Minister of War. Jove always has his bolts with him. The Tories were guessing or rather not guessing, for they knew what the issue was and would be. Mr. Ward put the Mane, theckel and phares of politics on the wall, "The King or the Commons." To debate that topic in the present temper or any other temper would be intolerable and insulting, would turn the clock back a hundred years and they had unruly loud ticking clocks in those days. The result was that Mr. Asquith

was returned unopposed with his bolts in his pocket all smoldered into cinders. The Home Rule Bill went through, was read the third time and was signed by the King. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond had won the hardest fought political battle of modern times.

Mr. Asquith needed a breathing space but he didn't get it. Carson's friend, the Kaiser, had been making chemicals and other things for forty years and one day in his laboratory the whole thing blew up. Gases don't make good breathing anyway, at least Asquith's lungs didn't take to it like Carson's, and he kept on this side of the Channel. He had to send over some of his men, however, to see how big the explosion was. They reported that all Europe was blown up, or was likely to be. Being a neighbor, Asquith took a friendly hand in the discussion. Figures aside, Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated in Serbia, and Germany welcomed the opportunity to fire the magazine of Europe, which assuredly it was. But before the explosion, be it to the eternal credit of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, they did all that diplomacy could do to cool the chemicals that were already in incipient combustion, but all was in vain.

Mr. Asquith has had no breathing spell since. He called Kitchener to take his own anomalous position in the War Office and no one doubts he called upon the right man. His Cabinet was not, however, a war Cabinet and the one in office in France, I hear, was no better. But the crux and the crucible of calamity clears up all petty and local jealousies. Churchill, it appears, made two terrible mistakes, Antwerp and Gallipoli, and kicked out Fisher and himself in the bargain. The Northcliffe press was thought felonious and treasonable in its attacks, but it saved the situation. A Coalition Ministry was forced upon Asquith for the King, they say, took a hand in things. Balfour, Chamberlain and Law came in and Haldane and Churchill went out—away out to the Duchy of Lancaster.

This was the most remarkable thing in Asquith's career, that he could go into close and confidential Cabinet relations with Carson and Law, especially after years of political and even personal enmity. For in the Home Rule controversy none of them played the game. The splendid chivalry of debate in the House and companionship out of it was all gone in that war to the death. But when a ship begins to sink or the earth begins to totter enemies are friends. When the existence of England and the Empire was at stake, when it was a question of being governed by the Junkers of Germany there was profound if panicky peace. As Mr. Leacock would put it, Carson calls: "Are you there, John?" and Redmond answers: "Yes, Edward. Is the steam full ahead?" Mr. As-

quith, with his old time loyalty to the trusty Redmond, invited and urged him to enter the Cabinet, but he knew Ireland as O'Connell did and none of them may flirt with English honors or English gold and remain the idol of the Irish heart. Redmond stayed out. When Carson found he was not in the "inner Cabinet" he grew restive and resigned. And besides, Redmond being free was playing at politics hard. He kept showing England that the stalwarts of the North were still in the North, and the legions of the South were everywhere in the far-flung battle line. In fact for once arithmetic was politics and figures really are convincing. Carson's resignation from the Cabinet justified Redmond's judgment or necessity in not entering it and now they are both back in the cockpit of Ireland, strutting around with red combs and glittering spurs. Whatever glasses we may look through, whether they are colored with Emerald, Orange or Rose, we can see three great monumental figures silhouetted on the skyline of Britain—Asquith, Carson and Redmond. They are a splendid trinity of characters, polity and patriotism. They will live, whatever befalls the policy they expound, side by side in the pages of history. Asquith will stand shoulder to shoulder with Gladstone—Redmond with O'Connell and Carson will stand alone—the first real incarnation of the Ulster cause

Among the Titans of this, probably the greatest year in universal history, stands the names of Churchill, Lloyd-George, Laurier and Borden. But as we have made mention on "en passant" in other sketches of the former dynamic duo we shall pay our respects to two of the most illustrious citizens and statesmen that Canada has turned out.

And first, as Sir Wilfrid is the Nestor and the orator facile princeps of our Parliament, I shall make no apology for placing him side by side with Sir John A. MacDonald in the history of Canada. History, I hope, will follow my lead in this, for chronicles clear away the smoke of battle and look at men impartially in the political, personal proportions that they betray to the pitiless passes of criticism.

Sir Wilfrid really took up the work where Sir John laid it down. The Opposition is veritably a novitiate where men are prepared for the responsibilities of office, and Sir Wilfrid, enjoying or deploring the cool shade for so long, must have been and was well prepared to sit on the seat of the "high and mighty" and shape the destiny of an immense and nascent nationality. The political horizon then as even now was red with the racial and religious question, that seems to be the inheritance and normal condition of Canada. Sir Charles Tupper had just introduced the "Remedial Bill" which was in-

tended to give the Catholics of Manitoba the educational rights that they were convinced Greenway had robbed them of. Laurier agreed with the bill in principle but undertook to give them justice by "sunny ways," a phrase which became immensely popular and carried him in as on a tide to office. The "nest of traitors" had pecked Sir Mackenzie Bowell to political death and Sir Charles Tupper inherited a sadly dissipated political estate. So Sir Wilfrid's political friends and enemies both played into his hands. But the same school question was nearly his Nemesis later on. Sir Wilfrid had a long term of office and did splendid duty to his country—notably assisting the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern, evidently taking a leaf out of Sir John A.'s book. Besides, the British preference was a great political as well as economic stroke and welded the countries more firmly without worsting Canadian manufacturers very much; for there were compensations in the increased quantity of commerce between them. While a free-trader of the Cobden school, Laurier had the pragmatism to adopt in principle the Tupper Tariff. But as politicians are wont to do, he changed the name and called it tariff for revenue only. Although condemned as a dillatante and a dialectician, he showed considerable firmness at times expelling members of his Cabinet who thought they had earned or deserved to be called the "Masters of the Administration." However, as there were no prominent men in Opposition, the great galaxy of Boanerges' being all dead, he little by little lost his political sagacity and took risks in chivalray that angered the caucus. Their reverence for the chief, however, was almost superstitious and his dictum and decision passed the boards almost unquestioned. After the flood of 1911 one of his greatest admirers, Mr. Fred Fowke of Oshawa, codified the situation in a crisp phrase from Shakespeare: "My Lord, your wisdom is consumed in confidence." This was said to Cæsar and there have been, and will be, many Cæsars in every age and every clime. The political bark of Laurier, in a word, went on the shoals and rocks during the storm of Reciprocity. That controversy is too recent to deserve much mention here. Fielding and Knox had drawn up a list of natural products that were to be freely interchanged between us and the great Republic to the South and it looked good and innocent enough. The manufacturers, Grit and Tory, saw in it the thin end of the free-trade wedge. Eaton White and sixteen others, maybe hundreds of others, bolted in Toronto; and between railways, manufacturers, and certain British "interests," a fabulous election fund was created or rather flung at Mr. Borden. Laurier and Taft, good, honest, innocents.

were allowing their confidence to consume their wisdom and they soon lost both and their political preferments, too.

In a word, the Liberal party was not defeated, it was routed. Many of the Ministers went down in the political cataclysm. It was a great surprise to the Liberals and to Mr. Laurier, whose wisdom seemed to be waning. Naturally he stood highly impeached by his own henchmen who implored him not to go to the country. And there was a reason: the Parliament had two years more to run; and there was no question of getting a snap verdict as there was no political exigency, want of popularity, scandal or the like. John A. McDonald at all events would never have made such a political blunder, for he was to his finger-tips a politician, as well as a far-seeing, shrewd, sagacious statesman.

For the past five years Mr. Laurier and the Liberals have been cooling off in the shades of Opposition; a leader especially, even all men, love power and office as well as to serve their country. They have had ample time to consider and conclude that the sands of politics as well as those of time are very shifting, and that it is well not to be too secure, self-satisfied and sure-footed on such a soil. Sympathy says that, but impartiality and patriotism say that changes are delightful and more, they are useful, desirable and sometimes necessary. The party system is the best political device for housecleaning that has yet been invented by statescraft; and it implies criticism and defence and timely exchange and opportunity of office. Laurier was a grand man, but he had been a long while at the helm and barnacles in large numbers will stick and even grow to her sides when a ship is long at sea. Patronage is the curse of politics and we shall assume it corroded the purity of the Liberals, or least it is so charged, as much as it did the Macdonald Tories or even now the followers of Borden. In a word, Laurier went out and Borden went in, and we think the country profits by every such change.

Laurier was at the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec when the news came in. He was infinitely surprised of course; but Borden at Halifax was perhaps even more surprised, probably not so much at his election as at the political landslide. Even Wilson who rode in on the same high tide received hardly a more emphatic voice of the majority. Widely various and opposite elements and forces worked in their respective favors, but they must both be dubbed the children of fortune as well as of industry, integrity and desert. Laurier took it like a man and bore up as best he could. For a time he thought and spoke of retiring but his followers would not have it so; and they say Lady Laurier—one of the choicest ladies in this land, encouraged the ageing statesman "to stay with the boys."

And he did. Laurier was not wealthy or even comfortably well off. Neither was Macdonald, nor Thompson; nor can any man discharge the onerous duties of that office, keep his political skirts clean and at the same time accumulate a competence. The white light strikes so strongly on the throne that even honesty and opportunity are suspected, and it may not act, trade or traffic in profits. Out of generosity and statesmanship, Laurier, when Premier, had provided a salary of \$10,000 a year for the leader of the Opposition, who must of necessity live in Ottawa and neglect his profession or business if it happens to be elsewhere. This was Borden's case and would be others' cases. Probably, too, Laurier, with his quick sense of political perspective and the fortunes of war, was providing a crutch for his age. However that may be it turned out luckily enough for him in defeat, and now he enjoys a comfortable competence at the justice of the State.

It was well for the country, if not also for his party, that he stayed at the helm of the Opposition, for he brought to that office a long and ripe experience, a judicial temperament and an ideal life. All these things count in any country. He is ably supported by a coterie of competent and energetic men, the remnant of the old brigade. Mr. Fielding, one of the ablest of his colleagues, was defeated and his country misses his devoted service. Still the Opposition under Laurier is able, active and efficient, and will come to its own and office in the course and consummation of time. Laurier will probably not be Premier again; he is growing old and the tides of political fortune are still flowing out. The great war fell to the lot of Borden. Humanly speaking, he has administered the onerous and exacting duties of his office under this titanic strain faithfully and well; and the country, with the sense of justice that is at least always latent in the multitude, will probably award him another term of office. Meanwhile Laurier is seventy-five years young and speaks as eloquently and leads as efficiently as ever. He is magnificently magnanimous and chivalry is his political sin. He would never do in Germany, for frightfulness is not his long suit. Just yesterday he agreed, in a great speech, to the lengthening of the life of the present Parliament for one year without an election. This is political sagacity as well as chivalry for it is the demand of the conscience and the strain of the country. Office is not everything; service and sacrifice are higher ideals and Laurier is a philosopher as well as a statesman. His name will live in history as the most ideal, if not the ablest and most successful of all the Premiers of Canada.

Mr. Borden, like Mr. Asquith and Wilson, happened to hold office during the stormiest era perhaps that universal

history will ever record. It was well that all of them were young and of strong, physical, moral and intellectual fibre. They certainly needed all that and an iron nerve to boot. Mr. Wilson has had the easiest time of it—has had leisure in this season of death even to get married—but nevertheless his presidential career has been robustious enough for his pedagogical professional antecedents and temper. What with the terrible Mexicans to the South and the belligerents to the East, Mr. Roosevelt and Bryan at home, he has had his hands full.

Mr. Borden, however, has had the actual strain of war to stand, as, when the Empire is at war, Canada is at war. Laurier is a great phrase-coiner and this one clearly expresses the fortunes of political office that fell to the lot of the peaceful, pensive, gentlemanly Borden.

Mr. Borden comes from the East and many wise men have come from there before him. Howe, Tupper, Foster and Fielding all came from down there, and I believe there is no other part of Canada can boast of such a roster of statesmen. He was born in Grand Pre, aye, "the village of Grand Pre," so musical and sacred to the lovers of Longfellow, some sixty years ago. He was educated at Dalhousie College and after graduating took up practical pedagogy for some years, having taught in an academy in the great Republic to the South—something of a compliment, as they are in the habit of picking up our best and brightest young men. As Wilson was also a professor it would seem that scholars henceforth may oust and supersede the professional politician. Returning to Halifax he studied and practiced law in his own Province. With what success and fortune is made plain by his election when young to the local and federal arenas of public life.

After the "debacle" that carried both Mackenzie Bowell and Tupper out, and Laurier in, it was up to the Tories to pull the remnants together—to reform the regiments as they say at the front, and at the meeting of the House this is what they proceeded to do. Dynasties aren't in favor on democratic soil and Sir Hibbert Tupper who was on hand and capable enough it is said, was rejected. As always happens in a landslide, political or physical, the good go down with the bad. And there was consequently not too much leadership material lying around. Between a half dozen, however, the choice stood in labor for several days and eventually Mr. Borden was selected and the others fell back into ordinary oblivion.

Mr. Borden was well equipped in many ways. First of all, he came from the East where, traditionally, the great men come from. He was besides a constitutional lawyer of repute, and a sound, solid and convincing debater. He was, too, a dainty, exquisite, gentlemanly man, and that is always

an invaluable asset. Sir John A. Macdonald, although not exactly dainty though fond of dress, possessed an indefinite charm. Laurier-like, Bryan could well be called "the peerless one." Blake's, cold as steel, leadership had left a chill among the Liberals, and the Tories, with a Laurier at the helm on the other side, were not likely to make the mistake of choosing an iceberg. Borden is not the Macdonald type, nor yet is he like Laurier; he has a mould of his own, and it is a good one.

The writer heard him speak in company with the inimitable Ned Clarke, Sam Hughes and others ten years ago during a campaign; and he doesn't hesitate to say that the hallmarks of the leader were very evidently there. In many ways he reminded him of Dalton McCarthy. His physical appearance, height, hair, face, gestures, distinctly recalled that lion of forensic and Parliamentary debate. Borden's voice was much more musical than McCarthy's, and he kept his audience, as did the other two Federalists, perfectly at ease with the smooth, rhythmic flow of their language and argument. The deepest impression was left in every mind, friend and enemy politically, that he was a well-balanced man and a perfect gentleman.

Mr. Borden, on taking office, moved very slowly—didn't announce his Cabinet for a week or so; and then took a leaf out of Laurier's book by selecting the ablest men in the Conservative party from coast to coast. And I suppose the distribution of offices and honors equitably among the Provinces was the proper thing anyway. He left out two very clever men of the West, Meighan and Bennett, whom he has found it wise since to call to his councils. Taking Sam Hughes in, and that position was hotly contested, proved a good and popular move. A civilian in that post now would be a mistake. But the great difficulty was Quebec. Sir John always succeeded ideally in Quebec because the older generation of the clergy were mostly Conservative. Since his day, was born the Nationalist movement, and it has been a thorn in the side of both Laurier and Borden. And they are yet to reckon with on account of the Ontario French question. Lavergne has been boasting that Bourassa and himself dictated the names of the Quebec Ministers to Borden. Of course that will never be officially known, but it never has been denied. It is true also that Mr. Cochrane invited Mr. Bourassa to speak in New Ontario where the French population was considerable. There is hardly any doubt that it was good politics to use them and get in. The fact that Mr. Monk resigned on a Nationalist issue shows how robust was their politics and their opinions. Blondin, the first Speaker under Borden, was

particularly eloquent against Great Britain, saying: "They had to shoot holes in the flag to breathe the air of liberty." And so Sevigny, the present Speaker, was an out-and-outer against Imperialism. He uses the soft pedal now although he is still the Chapleau of Lower Canada.

The Conservative Cabinets at Ottawa have always been of the oil and water sort. They cannot possibly be an amalgam. Historically the Orange party of Ontario have been the bulwark of Toryism. Then, of course, the French are Catholic and besides they always possess their souls and with considerable confidence. So much so that Ontario, when they get properly going as even now in the City of Ottawa, has to take her breath and look forty ways to get out of the impasse. The same situation exists in South Africa and it is even worse in India, showing what experts Englishmen have been since 1776 in keeping the colonies. General Botha and General Smuts are in command in Africa; that is the finest kind of politics. Here, too, Mr. Borden instead of mind-ing their prate political and private, took the noisy bad boys into the Cabinet and they became actively and even aggressively Imperialistic. It is good Liberal tactics now no doubt to denounce the inconsistency of the thing but under similar circumstances they also would find some way of adjusting their political consciences. Mr. Borden has done very well with the incongruous, irreconcilable elements that he has to compound, and if he continues to keep the oil and water touching without mixing he can congratulate himself and be happy.

It would seem that after a party has been in power for a time they develop a certain amount of cocksureness, arrogance and autocracy. It was charged that Laurier, Graham, Pugsley and Clark were almost as imperious and commanding out of office as in it, and they were surely a towering quartette of Parliamentarians. They undertook, on the navy Budget to obstruct it off the boards. They had done that before when Laurier moved the six months' hoist to Tupper's "Remedial Bill." In fact it was the fancy feat of both parties from time to time, when something particularly odious or damaging to their prestige or hopes was up before the House. Mr. Borden, however, resolved to put a stop to it for all time and introduced the closure. It was literally a fierce debate and he had to, or at least did, depart considerably from the usage of the House. When the Bill was brought down by the Premier, instead of allowing the leader of the Opposition to discuss it, Dr. Hazen quickly caught the Speaker's eye and closed Laurier out. This was resented by the party with much

feeling and bitterness, but then it was the will of the majority and that is law in democratic countries.

And, too, the Liberal majority in the Senate led by Mr. Ross was a constant thorn in Mr. Borden's side. The Senate is a useless and expensive ornament, an anomaly anyway and will be further emasculated soon or destroyed. England, the most democratic country in the world, after a stormy debate cancelled the veto power of the Lords. Lord Rosberry dubbed this a bloodless revolution; and France spilled much blood to do not much more. Something like that must happen in Canada soon. Sir John A. left a solid Tory Senate. Sir Wilfrid left a good Liberal one and soon, if not now, a Conservative majority will favor anything they are asked to. Where is the political value in that? Then the other side. The majority for ten years brings down all kinds of important legislation and the more important it is, if its politically contentious matter, the surer they are to be thwarted by the majority in the Senate of the opposite political faith.

Mr. Borden has fallen on stormy times but he has an able Cabinet, especially Meighan, Hughes and White. The Opposition, too, are unanimous in support of every military proposition that the Government has seen fit and desirable to bring down. They are one happy family now working tooth and nail with all the resources in men and money that we possess to win or help to win this monstrous war. For this reason, too, the life of this Parliament, to avoid a war election, has been prolonged one year. So that with the exception of criticism of graft, proper enough, by Pugsley and Carvell, Mr. Borden has had plain sailing, and if he goes on to the end of the war supporting the Empire to his best there is hardly any doubt the people will re-elect him.

After the War

DREAMING is popular now. Some call it prophecy. The statesman would be humiliated and so would the scientist if he, in his forecasts, were called a visionary. The Futurist—a new word—in art, in science, in philosophy, in politics, works on generalized knowledge. Data is the secret of his wisdom. He differs from other men in his thinking. He discounts the past. History may, too, be of some use to him, but the experience, say of twenty-five years of his own life, is much better for his purposes. From trends and tendencies he is fairly safe in calculating forecasts and consequences. It is a case of causes and effects with him. Psychological and sociological phenomena are more erratic and unreliable than the physical, but as surely as laws produce the one he knows they will produce the other. And once knowing the law he is able to foresee its working in the future. You call that vision; he calls it science, statecraft. You call it wonderful; he thinks it ordinary. He beats not his breast when he is wrong, but merely reflects "I missed these facts; didn't know the laws that govern them."

Plato, Thomas More and Bellamy had this knack of looking into the future and gave us their Utopias and their Republics. And they did well. The old man, the weak man and the simple man look backward. That's easy; it's merely a matter of memory. If the memory is good, he will write history. Reading is looking backward; it is not bad because in it one may get the habit of looking forward, feeling that it is only a hemisphere of the world's life, the other half being ahead.

What is ahead? What was ahead a hundred years ago? Now that is easy to answer. I should be guilty of commonplace and platitude were I now to enumerate the automobile, the airship, the telephone and the telegraph, and yet by the ignorant and unscientific it would have been deemed and dubbed visionary at that time to have made such a forecast. The Edisons and the Marconis are merely mortal. Their lips were not chastened by burning coals; they were not caught up into the third heaven; nor did they see visions and dream dreams. They just worked eighteen hours a day and are doing that yet I suppose. They grasp a principle; they see or may only feel—grope for a law. That was Newton's plunge when he

said gravitation; he knew there must be some law to co-ordinate the engines of the universe; something behind centrifugal and centripetal action. In a small way the inventor and the experimenter proceeds along the same lines. There are only a few La Places, Copernicuses, Ptolemies and Newtons. Short of that constellation come the crowd who contribute their bit to science, to statescraft, to literature.

What then is ahead in science in sociology, in statescraft? very much, indeed. The airship is in its infancy. That depends on mechanics; on the motor; and mechanics, too, is in its infancy. Nor will this century give it adolescence or age. The air fleets in the future, it is easy to see, will be as locusts in numbers and they will cross the oceans with commerce. The Zeppelin has probably the principle that will revolutionize travel in peace as well as in war. We thought, once, the bicycle was a wonder; the automobile has made it ordinary; and this again will be superseded. Like the hydroplane that can ride the air or the water, the automobile of the future will have a gear to ride the water and the air as well as the earth. If ever war ceases mechanics will be the cause. The machine gun has displaced the rifle; and the high explosive will displace the machine gun; and so on until men may see that war is folly. But we leave this amusing task to scientists who have data in abundance at hand.

What will happen to society? Is sociology progressive? History has something to say to that. We must admit many splendid civilizations have been lost. Splendid palaces in ruins where squalid savages now abide argue the existence there in the past of a race of men who stood high in the scale of civilization. The human will which is a law unto itself can abuse liberty, and, like the crab, walk backwards. The physical law is reliable, and short of a miracle you can be sure the sun will rise to-morrow. Still, motion, as in air and water so in society, gives evidence of the dynamic power within. Life and energy will be up and doing. Progress is a law for the universe as for the unit; for men as for planets. We will move always towards the actualization of our ideals; towards the development and perfection of our powers; not alone in isolation but also in co-ordination; not only as individuals but as members of society. Liberty is good, so is sobriety. The moral law is an instinct latent in the heart of man; it is as it were automatic as well as rational. And although there are and will be individuals, animal and atavie, who will be sordid and sensual, it will always be by way of exception, proving the rule. The ethical systems in every nation under the sun prove there is a universal law in men that makes them endeavor to do

their duty; it also proves that the race always goes on refining the ideals of obligation and striving for progress and perfection. This moral impulse will be at the bottom of the efforts made by men to restore what has been momentarily lost in this war, as it doubtless is in all wars, a clear conception of right and wrong, of the duties and obligations we owe our neighbor, and the excesses and injuries we must avoid. And because the moral law always involves the physical law, for Adam after sinning had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, society must begin to reconstruct the broken arches of her former civilization. She will have to build her cities, and her churches, and her theatres. Her farms, her gardens and her orchards will have to be cleared, as once was the primeval forest. This moral and physical reconstruction will be the work of a century.

And certainly there will be no country in the world, belligerent or neutral, which will not have been so wrenched distorted out of joint by the terrible and titanic conflict of the races and nations, that it will not have to newly adjust and orientate itself, almost as it did when first it began to boast of autonomy and independence. Nor will these efforts be in isolation. The world is now a neighborhood and neutral efforts must be made to secure reciprocal amenities. We fondly flattered ourselves that we were good neighbors but how rudely has not our complacency been shattered in this war? But whether we are good or bad neighbors, one thing is certain we must strike a *modus vivendi* and buy and barter; for no nation now, if ever it was, is a law unto itself, is sufficient unto itself. The ends of the earth contribute to our necessities, our comfort, our luxuries and we shall have, when protocols proclaim an armistice, to suppress our resentment, begin to resume our old relationships, to regain our former order and poise, and settle down to the trades and avocations of peace.

Hamlet complained that the time was out of joint, and that it was a cursed spite that he was born to set it right. Now indeed we, too, shall have so to complain. For all the nations of the world, not only financially but morally and materially, are out of joint. Primarily and profoundly the jar is in the order of ideas and ideals. If these could be rearranged and ordered things physical and material would soon fall into perfect order and harmony. But here is the real difficulty. It seems to be in the nature of things necessary or providential that men will have different and even opposite plans for the happiness of the individual, and the constitution of the State. That is splendid in itself, for variety and contrast in every order makes for brightness and beauty; but

when an individual or a society undertakes to impose or impress by physical force their conception of how the world should run on others then begins the turmoil, the strife and the pain that war always brings in its wake. How perverse and brutal men are and, perhaps always will be, is only too plainly seen every century or so. Will the millenium ever dawn when men will be satisfied to live, especially as races and nations, within their own countries and leave their neighbors to do the same?

After the conflict of ideas so fundamental in this war comes the conflict of physical things. The map of the world that we of this generation learned will be torn to shreds and patches. Boundaries will disappear and nothing but lines of latitude and longitude will be left. Colonies will shift about like pawns and cities and seaports will change hands like debentures and bonds. As to details I shall not here speculate.

One of the greatest disorders will be among men as such. They have been snatched from their homes by the million and hurried off to the front; they have donned the khaki of their country and have drilled till their trade seems slow and sickly and tame. A new life and liberty has come to them. The regularity, the order, the discipline of war is now the breath of their nostrils. The sound of the reveille is music to their ears; the laugh and the joke and the cheer of their happy careless comrade is the wine of youth to them. Drill by the hour and the route march bring the blood to their cheeks and lustre to their eyes. The pale brow and the sallow cheek is gone forever. Now they are ravenous, they enjoy their food and they sleep as moveless as a rock. Regiments will shout in unison "this is the life." The hazy notion of patriotism behind it all is lost in the newness of the life, and the apprenticeship of arms becomes a trade, a profession. The old art trade, science, profession is lost. Even the family circle, the wife and the little ones fade into a dream, so prepossessed are they with the vision that breaks before them. They do not falter and shake; they actually are restive and long to be in the fighting line. Once there and inured to the din of battle the wine of excitement intoxicates them. Is it now love of country, hatred of the enemy or merely the instincts of the animal that makes them hourly face death? We fear it is but an amalgam of them all.

Here is a problem of the problems of the 20,000,000 in the various fighting lines, one-half, even three-quarters may return. How will you make them live the old life again? After the American war thousands of veterans made a raid on Canada, thousands of others ranged the country far and wide as tramps and hoboos. They were treated with courtly

consideration but it was all lamentable and sad. Will they go back to the land where they may still drink the wines and elixirs of the morning, where they may hear the cock crow, the reveillies of the dawn? It is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Or will they lounge about the cities looking for the comradeship of camp life? I fear that this will be their choice. But statesmen must awake, arise and clear a way for the tread of marching men; they must give them homes; they must give them means; they must give them money. Peace may still be far away and yet thousands are thinking how their country will meet and answer this call.

And commerce, too, is out of joint, the amazing spread of German trade in fifty years made the English and the Yankees hold their breath. Their art and science and industry we know from the few of them that live among us. They are frugal and thrifty and sober. First of all they have the goods to ship, and, too, they have had a merchant marine. It was amazing the amount of German goods that came to Canada. Trade has no conscience or patriotism or preference; it is a mere matter of money and profit.

German goods were often cheaper and even better than the home-brew and they were bought. The Germans had South America, too. The shrewd, energetic, enterprising Yankee was merely outclassed down there and they know it well. Now all that is over and the markets of the world are hungry for the novelties and the necessities that came from Germany. What countries will invent substitutes for these? What countries will go after that trade and get it? You can trust England and the United States and perhaps Canada to capture it. Under necessity and only that, a market will accept new goods but when the tide sets in it is hard to turn it back. It will be difficult for more reasons than one for Germans to reconquer their lost trade. Their truthfulness and honor have been highly impeached in this war. On that account men will hesitate. They will also hesitate for reasons of hatred, for the human heart, once hurt unto death, remembers and resents the hand that struck it down. Will all this disorder be peacefully arranged? Will it enter the protocols of peace; or will it be merely a survival of the fittest and the strongest merchants and their ships jostling for a place or the first place on sea and land, in the marts of trade and commerce?

Boundaries—the map—even in times of peace have brought nations to the very verge of war. England and the United States, especially the latter, used plain words and did sharp deeds in the Venezuela case. President Cleveland, partly for politics no doubt, sent a very crisp cablegram to John Bull, and the latter kept his temper, knowing diplomacy

very well, also American politics. Sackville-West was handed his passport and he went home. Maybe history will say he deserved it. In times of strain and stress it is not every Bernstorff can keep his job. A dead diplomat is useless and a Dumba is odious. Then there was the Alaska affair between Canada and the United States. It was difficult and delicate and dangerous. We got out of it, but not so smoothly as one would have imagined. Lord Alverstone presided at the conference in England and gave the case away, so Aylesworth and Jetté thought, and even said, and the writer remembers well the sea of rage and resentment that ran in the Toronto papers for a week. It was a new thing and England heard something from the daughter that she wasn't wont to say. However, there was a banquet and our two representatives retracted what they had said or rather said the rest of men didn't understand what they had said. English statesmanship has accomplished wonders in colonial affairs since 1776. Now these will be a bagatelle compared with the boundaries in dispute when the protocols of peace are roughly sketched. What about the German colonies in Africa and Asia? They have boundaries. The Japanese will never, even in spite of England, give back that German fortress in Asia. The Germans want the Rhine right up to Rotterdam. But that belongs to Holland. The Dutch know this and keep their buckles bright and their armies mobilized. The hypnotism of history always beguiles the little folk. They held Charles V. at bay and beat him; therefore—nonsense. The seventeen-inch guns weren't invented by Charles V. How long did Antwerp last? If Germany wants Rotterdam she will just go in and take it. That would be a new boundary. It would make one dizzy. There is Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace-Lorraine, Serbia, Poland, Montenegro; all off the map. Who will own them or rather govern them? Of all the follies, owning peoples is the worst. For a century Germany, Russia and Austria tried severally to own a third of Poland and convert it into kith and kin, but no, ancient Poland is as much a people and a nation as ever, maybe more so, for persecution quickens conscience and consciousness.

Finance, too, is out of joint and it will be a long time before it is in joint again. The national debts before the war were twenty-five billion dollars; if the struggle keeps up for a year more they will reach the fabulous sum of one hundred billions. How to pay this debt is not the problem. The nations have no intention of doing that and never had. A national debt is a good thing, it is like a church debt, it keeps up good will and enthusiasm—stagnation anywhere, even in a pond, means death. How to pay the interest is the question

and the crux. Twenty-five billions levies a tribute in interest of about two billions. Eight billions would pay the interest on a hundred billions.

This indebtedness would be the aggregate of all the bel-ligerents. Publicists propose many remedies and first of all there is cheap money. Away goes the gold standard and William Walsh and in comes William Bryan with his sixteen to one. It would still be mono-mettalism but silver would be the metal and how Nebraska and the silver States would rejoice not for the sake of Bryan but for the love of the lucre. This of course would double the quantity of paper currency. A dollar always means a dollar to the people and they love to be fooled, or at least Barnum thought so. The prices would double; wages wouldn't; they ought to, for the purchasing power of the dollar would be less. A complete fiction would be perpetrated on the public, but they wouldn't know the difference; finance is fiction and faith anyway. Taxation is another way and the best way. It wouldn't disturb the present basis of currency—only the wine suppers and the mad race for automobiles, airships and luxury. And how? Well, take the present millionaires, dukes or lords, no difference, and the land owners or rather the earth owners, they would be and will be caught in two ways. The poor man will have to eat and he cannot pay the interest on the one hundred billions. Who will? The rich man. If the Junkers in Prussia wanted war to eliminate the menacing undertow of socialism they are going to get more than they were wanting; they will eliminate themselves instead. And God speed to them! The English lords were learning that lesson before the war on account of Ireland's land law, but that elsewhere.

The taxation expedient will work in two ways: one will reach incomes and the other inheritances. There is nothing new about this. The rich already regard it as confiscation, and it looks like that. The eminent domain of the State lets it do what it likes, morally, short of straight repudiation. They say necessity knows no law. Is it honest, is it equitable? Let others say; it is certainly expedient. A man has an income of a thousand; he needs it; you cannot tax that. Then the axe falls on two thousand and upwards. Salary, income, rent, interest—they are all the same before the fiscal guillotine. The head goes off. Then the income tax falls on the excess of ten thousand now in most countries; henceforth it will begin with five; mildly at first, but growing in severity as it goes up. What will this mean? Almost repudiation. The munition magnates and all others who have grown rich at the trough of war, have been forced almost, to take over their government bonds at five per cent. Not only they but the

lords and dukes and even the widows and laborers have willingly bought this scrip. They all draw their interest, but before it gets half-way to their hand the Government takes the most of it from them. That means the scrip draws two or even one per cent.; that is to say, your scrip is worth almost nothing. That looks like repudiation, but it isn't, it's only confiscation. In the case of inheritance the money goes to the Government instead of the heirs-apparent. This all looks like moonshine. But we may be sure of one thing—cheap money, taxation or plain repudiation will be adopted as a means of paying interest on the bonded indebtedness in every one, at least, of the belligerent nations.

Men and women, too, are out of joint in civil life. The men have gone to the front—single men, married men, fathers and sons—or they've gone to the factory to make munitions. A social vacuum, like a physical vacuum, is impossible and the women have rushed in—were drawn in or were pushed in—to take their places. Women now are in the fields, in the factories, in theatres, in the banks, on the trains, automobiles, street cars, everywhere in fact, where we were wont to see men. They are ill-suited physically for much of this sort of work, but if they hang on to their new-found jobs they will displace the returning soldiers, and make it difficult for statesmen to solve the problems of settlement. The experience, too, will give women confidence and a consciousness of their capabilities under strain of necessity, and they will naturally conclude that in times of peace they ought to have more to say about war and peace. They may reflect that men have made a fool of world-politics and that they could not do any worse. A change in the psychology of a class, as it certainly will come to women, will give statesmanship a problem that it will have to face and solve. They will have the consciousness of political rights based on personal rights, as John Stewart Mill put it, long before the war. Here in America it was received rather cordially. Chicago had experimental voting booths in every drug store to educate women to use the franchise. Manitoba, the first of our Federation, has granted women political equality with men. Probably all of the Western Provinces will follow suit for they seem to follow Wisconsin, the most radical and progressive of modern democracies, except Australia and New Zealand; and then Eastern Canada will at least consider the question. In fact, they have been thinking it over but in these parts they are undoubtedly held back by the fear they have of women on the temperance question. In England the struggle of the suffragettes and suffragists was somewhat picturesque and even tragic in one or two instances. But the lords and their ladies (save the mark!) stand in the

way. What would happen plural voting, brewing, tithes and the rest if the non-conformist women had a vote? If all this leaven was working in the mass before the war be sure it will not lose its cunning when peace arrives again.

The whole world, it would appear, then, is out of joint and bewildered statesmanship will have to steady its nerve and clear its wit so as the better to grapple with the problems of restoring or recasting the social and national fabrics.

I shall start at the very heart of the Empire, or rather commonwealth, for I fear that word will have to pass; and see if possible what manner of resurrection or reconstruction it will have. Taking it for granted the tide of democracy cannot be stemmed, it will be stronger when peace is proclaimed than before the war. The common man from England, Scotland and Wales and Ireland, north and south, fighting in the trenches as comrades will carry back a consciousness of brotherhood. Privilege and caste and ascendancy will be weakened. It was weakened before the war. The loss of the veto by the Lords was the greatest victory without revolution in the history of democratic evolution. It has emasculated the menace of privilege as much as the French Revolution did in the 18th century. The Irish land law had a similar if indirect influence on the land owners in the British Isles. The fact that selling was compulsory and that the Government advanced the money to the buyer to be paid back in a reasonable time at a reasonable rate of interest got noised abroad in England itself and the tenants were soon jealous of the agitators across the strait. With this anti-bellum progress in democracy both as to land and law as a pedestal, what a statue of liberty will they not erect when it is all over! The paying of the interest on war's bonded indebtedness by succession duties and income tax will help to rear the statue and will work hand in hand with the loss of lands and laws. Democracy will do the same with the other questions in Wales, Scotland and Ireland. The ascendancy of the North will be no more. The Home Rule is law although quiescent. Possession is nine points of the law. A Tory Government could not repeal it now and why? Democracy is the why. Labor in England now is a brother to Irish labor. The question of religion is all the while growing less and the question of a living, opportunity and rights is growing greater. Home Rule in Ireland would be a piece-meal, patchwork affair without Scotland and Wales as partners. That must come. There will be a federation in London the same as in Ottawa, Cape Town, Melbourne and Washington. Sovereignty and nationhood flatters a people; it divides the honor and the onus. It will be feasible, too, because it existed before except, perhaps, in Wales. Scotland, England

and Ireland will have Parliaments of their own; they will not be so sovereign or autonomous as to tariff and treaties as Canada and Australia, but they will look after their local affairs and do it far better, too, than in the Babylon of Imperial confusion and blundering at Westminster. Then in addition, as here in Canada, members would not only go to their local houses but also to the Federal centre, and the Provincial and Imperial thinking of the two arenas would fuse and interest and improve them all. This would be ideal, but will it be the actual reconstruction of the British Isles.

Then there is the broader question of the sisterhood of commonwealths across the sea, the overseas dominions, as they say in England. The status of colony is lost. The growth of the nationhood of Canada was gradual. Gladstone, Disraeli and Salisbury didn't like the word, but Lord North was always in their memory and before their eyes and Englishmen have never forgotten—never will forget—the Boston tea-party. Sir John A. Macdonald made some timid progress in negotiating with Washington, but it was in conjunction with the British Ambassadors. Of course, treaty making, even fiscal, was the test. Goldwin Smith was horrified and said, thinking of his dictionary, that treaty tinkering was sovereignty. Laurier no doubt said "*sotto voce*," so much the worse for the dictionary. As the wedge was driven in here and in Australia, of nationhood, the English statesmen gradually took on the new orientation until Milner, Balfour and Bannerman came out openly and admitted the national status and Downing Street prerogatives were gone. "Thinking Imperially," was popularized by Chamberlain and it meant feeling about for new words, new relationships for these disastrous daughters who were wanting and getting so much of their own way.

Of course, there was a time not so long after the loss of the American colonies when British statesmen almost unanimously thought it would be better to let the colonies go hang, for they would be sure to go anyway, but since a new relationship spontaneously began to spring up they have become reconciled to the loose affiliation. Before the war the brightest minds in England were busied about a fiscal union fastened with tariffs. This would have made a very mechanical empire, and would have robbed John Bull of the advantages of free trade, on which he had waxed so fat to the envy and distrust of Germany. Joseph Chamberlain especially was addicted to this idea; was its protagonist, fathered it, championed it. But any embargo, preference or tariff that made the bread dearer in England was never favored by the consumers whatever political prestige or advantage it promised. Long before Chamberlain died he no doubt saw that his am-

bitious effort at Empire building was doomed to fall into the limbo of lost causes. The Tory party at length dropped Balfour who was the last of the old guard, and Law was chosen in the hope that he might in some way, out of the commercial union impasse, lead them to the promised land of office. At this point the Kaiser took over the portfolio of Imperial foreign politics and in the twinkling of an eye did more, by means of war, for the sisterhood of commonwealths than statesmanship could have done in a century. India, Africa, Canada, Australia and New Zealand leaped to arms. Men and money poured out like a tide. The experience in the Boer war had done something towards establishing the consciousness of the sisterhood. One would imagine that fortune made it a stepping stone, an apprenticeship, a novitiate to this greater effort required in 1914.

In this great melting-pot of war politics are made; differences are sunk; affections are found; and from it will come forth a commonwealth and a comity that will exist in one way or another as long as lasts the English tongue. They will be one in war and they will be one in peace. There will be, no doubt, as there is now to a limited extent, preferences and rebates, that even commercially will be to their mutual advantages. And, too, there will be in addition to the political conferences of colonial premiers from time to time for purposes of consultation a deputation, as to numbers regulated by the population, sent to Westminster every time the mother of Parliaments meets from every one of the oversea commonwealths. Mr. Borden has already sat in the Privy Council. It will be a proportional representation of minorities in a very new and strict sense and will be a lesson to the world along the lines of that rather novel idea. While few compared with the six hundred odd in Westminster, their voices diapasoned by the ocean, will be listened to in great silence, and what they say will have great weight with the powers that be; for there was one, Lord North, who recked not of the ocean nor heard its potent voice, and English history execrates his name. Another reason why English statesmen will listen with seeming and later real modesty was expressed some years ago by Lord Roseberry, when he said most probably if we hadn't lost the thirteen colonies the capital of the Empire would be to-day in New York. Maybe that remark was not politic or palatable, from the man of the lonely furrow, but it was very near the truth. When Canada has 50,000,000 people, say at the end of this century, it will be hard to say where the centre of the political gravity of the Empire will be. Most probably in British Columbia. But even just now

the sisterhood of commonwealths are awkwardly brewing the new wines for the old bottles.

Canada will have a regular standing army. It will have the double-unit navy suggested by Laurier and approved by McBride: one at Quebec and the other at Victoria. And they will be up-to-date, with submarines and airships. They will be equipped, manned and maintained at the expense of Canada. All the other colonies, except India perhaps, will be similarly equipped. There will be universal service of the cadet and scout sort. The boys will drill and drill and drill, and it will do them good. They will also learn to shoot. Peace or no peace—militarism or pacificism—this sisterhood of nations will take no chances, but will keep in a reasonable state of efficiency on land and sea to protect their shores.

It is very pertinent here to consider, in the resurrection of the world the relationships of our sisterhood with the sisterhood to the south of us. Politically we shall remain independent. Economically for mutual advantage, as Taft and Laurier tried to do, we shall draw somewhat closer together, keeping the health and the hope of our own economics—manufacture and agriculture—all the while in view. It is quite possible too, although George Washington wanted no European entanglements, that some sort of an understanding between the great English-speaking democracies will be reached. They stand for the same ideals; they are of the one kith and kin; they speak the same language; and ought to make common cause whenever and wherever right, liberty and civilization are at stake. In this titanic struggle the United States are officially neutral; but seventy-five per cent. of the people evidently sympathize with the allies' cause, although there is so much German intriguing and scheming. It is also evident, as the war drags on, that Americans see more clearly to which family of nations they ought to belong.

There will also be other alignments and all might as well recognize the fact. One faction makes another, as the Triple Alliance caused the Triple, if not Quadruple, Entente. But after the war is over how will Europe and Asia line up? We mustn't be too sure that alliances and ententes will stay as they are. The Germanic and the Slavic families have long been neighbors and were friends until the present Kaiser dropped his pilot Bismarck overboard. The English and French were historic enemies; now they are fast and panicky friends. The Russians and Japanese are friends; they were enemies at Mukden. What will be the next line-up? I am coming at this: is there any possibility of the Russians and the Germans becoming allies? If they did make an offensive and defensive league they would have a population, counting in Austria and

Turkey, 350,000,000 behind them. It is bootless so to speculate but if such a thing happened the English and the Latin world would be forced to line up across the way. That would mean North and South America, Italy, France, England and Spain.

Speaking of South America is an interesting subject in this world-reconstruction. Mexico and the Latin Republics were very fine hunting grounds up to recently for the German and English capitalists. They were rich in oil and mineral wealth, and were almost entirely unexplored. There has been and there will be again an effort at federation to the south of the Equator. The potentialities are very great and promising. They have a hundred million people down there. Of course many of them are savages but then, there are savages who are not there. If a railroad ran from Cape Town to Cairo why not one from Panama to Patagonia? Why not have an exposition every other year in the two countries alternately and give the denizens of the district excursion rates?

People who know one another well and understand one another usually don't want to fight. Similarly if I were Asquith I would build a road, a double-header, one of steel and one of asphalt from Cork to Belfast, as short and as straight as the bird flies and I'd have an industrial exhibition at either end every year. I'll guarantee Ireland would soon be a united nation, such as Canada is now. Do you think our Canadians would be so homogeneous if it weren't for the G.T.R., C.P.R. and C.N.R.? These arteries let the blood flow to the extremities, and good circulation means good health. To return: just now Uncle Sam has awakened to the importance of South America and he is making love to it very hotly. This winter all the aristocrats and plutocrats of South America have turned New York into a little Paris and the hotels, theatres and restaurants are beginning to think South America's money at least is all right. They will never all go back to Paris. Such is the force of a break in habit. The Americans know how to appreciate this, as everyone knows that people who are socially congenial will soon find a way to be commercially accommodating. One hundred million people makes a fine market and the Americans are manufacturers. Besides, the best journals in the United States are trying to educate its business people as to how to approach the æsthetic Latin merchant of the South. President Wilson—and this is big play—is having conferences frequently to which are invited members of the Southern governments, wherein ways and means are discussed of bringing the two countries closer together socially and economically. The "watchful waiting" as to Mexico has done tons of good south of the equator, coupled with a few highly accentuated pronouncements of the

President; for down there they were always suspicious of the big brother to the North; they thought he would gobble up them and their pie one day, if they weren't good, and he was hungry. The fiscal appendage of the territorial Monroe doctrine also established confidence in the Latin brotherhood. It meant, forsooth, that Uncle Sam would lend them money on reasonable terms henceforth to develop their territory and the gunboat incidents and the revenue cutter acts would not be of such frequent occurrence. That was the way the old country folk collected private corporations' debts, and Uncle Sam may some day find that the bad boy is still in South America. Uncle Sam intends to bag South America bodily but not politically. Canada to the North is a real good civilized country, and one of the United States ex-Presidents often visits them, likes them, in fact, and gives lectures up there; Uncle Sam doesn't need to worry about it.

In the way of world-politics after the war there is an event looming large on the horizon now which bids fair to let the United States out of a difficulty. Of course I don't think the clever Yankees will be absolutely aware, till it happens, of how much they are accomplishing. The doctrine of the constitution (and I must use the soft pedal here as I don't know much about it) explicitly declares that the United States of North America are large enough for Uncle Sam and that they must never become imperial. They were faithful to that restriction for a hundred years but were drawn into the Spanish-American War and willy-nilly they would have colonies. That got on the nerves of a great constituency of Americans as it countered and crossed their traditions. Cuba was civilized by a very eminent Canadian, born in the United States, Mr. Van Horne, who threaded the island with railways. They then granted it freedom and independence. Similarly now they propose to grant the Philippines autonomy, after paying \$30,000,000 to the Spaniards for their rights, indemnifying the friars and aiding and encouraging education, sanitation, and public works. It is chivalrous and diplomatic to a degree to give them a sovereignty which they never before possessed. This is consulting and conserving their own traditions and in the long run it may prove good policy. The Japanese, like the Germans, have an unwieldy consciousness—a consciousness that they are the little Englishers of the East, and they are even now chafing with their narrow banks.

They have a population far too large for the little islands they occupy. The lands of the earth are already jealously colonized. China is full to overflowing and with the Japanese dream of Mongolian magistracy it is policy to let them possess it and expand. Without being Malthusian one cannot cramp

population. What is to be done? The Lord made the earth for the people. Unpossessed and uncultivated soil is intolerable if men are starving for food. A good half of Australia will never be inhabited by white men. The climate forbids it. The Philippines are sparsely populated. The Japanese know these facts and are creating a great navy—for the sea, under the sea and in the air. An excuse will some time be found for taking possession of these islands. Britain is the protection of Australia and besides knowing these things these latter will build an efficient navy. The United States does not want war with the Japanese and many Americans fully appreciate the fact that these Asiatic islands would be the bone of contention. If they get rid of them now, as they announce they will do, it may not only prove to be justice and generosity, but even good policy.

Going back to Europe, which is the crux of the problem, it is pertinent to ask what will be done with the little States and peoples. They must be preserved. It is the only way. A people, be they never so small, profoundly conscious of nationhood—Israel for instance—will keep the fires of patriotism smoldering a thousand years, waiting an opportunity to let the flames burst forth again. England's method, at any rate, short of supreme sovereignty, giving peoples autonomy, letting the Bothas and the Lauriers govern themselves is the only way to keep them sisterly and loyal.

The experience of Germany in Poland and Alsace-Lorraine, where with their method of thoroughness and brutality they persistently endeavored to smother the smoldering embers of nationality, ought to be enough to warn the ambassadors who will soon sit in conference, to draw a new map of Europe, against again trying that useless and tyrannical experiment. Belgium, if not Denmark and Holland, is the desideratum of the German heart. They have the Teutonic strain. If they would only hand over their sovereignty what a sea coast would not Germany possess. Rotterdam is as necessary for the Vaterland's ambitions as Constantinople is for the Russians or Avlona is to the Austrians. England will stubbornly oppose an Antwerp or Rotterdam base—one Heligoland is enough. This is the reason the war will drag on. There is no use parleying till many of the ambitions of the Teuton-Turk alliance are abandoned. England is committed to the conservation of the little countries. That was why she sent her expeditionary force to Belgium. Even if self-defense was her primary and fundamental motive, it was best consulted by defending Belgium and France as buffer nations, and now it is war to the death that all these fundamental factors may be secured.

Leaving the allies for the moment and assuming, which is most probable, that they will keep the Germanic tide in its own ocean, what will be the status, the condition, the compensation possible to them? Will there be a benign Germanic hegemony stretching from Berlin to Constantinople? That is doubtful. The dual Empire, Austria, is already oil and water and the several parts will never mix. The Balkan nations are well marked turbulent and warlike. And Turkey is, historically, a hard customer to handle.

Germany will not gain anything but wisdom in the war.

War Values---Losses and Gains

DEATH is the greatest natural evil in life. Life is thrown into an elemental panic at its approach. No philosophy can save the situation. Age is some solace. Religion makes it sweet and easy. But then that is not natural; for Faith lets into the soul a glimpse of the great white way of the new Jerusalem's lighted city. The soul is intoxicated with the torrents of its supernatural beauty and quite forgets or despises the grim monster, which in the struggle with nature is surely strangling his quarry.

Such is death to the individual. Be it the flower, the bird, the fish: it is all the same, death to each, or decay if you will, is the supreme evil. The hand of God through nature has granted a very definite span of life to each individual type. The ordinary man will die at seventy: so says the Psalmist. Then he drops into the grave like ripe fruit in the fall drops from the trees. Even then it is the supreme evil, not so much per se, as by reason of speculations that are natural and inevitable to the human mind, as to immortality, heaven, hell, sanctions, rewards and punishments.

St. Augustine, discussing physical evil, illustrates the subject most luminously by presenting to us a child bewildered in a forge, looking at the irons hanging on the wall and lying about in utter confusion. The blacksmith by a natural electicism, born of his trade, selects with comparative ease and quickness the right iron for his needs as they daily develop. This physical image brings out his argument most clearly. He contends that there is a Master Mind behind the scenes of the universe which, often unknown to us, co-ordinates completely all the apparent contradictions and anomalies that confuse and bewilder our vision. Though impertinent to the point here no one can show that moral evil which is an implied denial of God's existence, consequently blasphemy can contribute to a higher harmony which it is not given to man to see.

The Creator so co-ordinates the various kingdoms elemental to the universe, that there is a constant ebb and flow like the tide among them, to their several and mutual advantages. The organic and the inorganic act and re-act, give and get compensation. The breath of the plant is the life of the animal; the breath of the animal is the life of the plant. There is no annihilation; there is no loss of energy. The sum total de-

livered to the nebulous universe, if not put out at usury, has at least held its own. The capital could be returned at any moment if called. The coal bins of Pennsylvania contains the primeval forest, aye! and large investments from the sun, which it has not seen proper to recall. The forests owed their existence to the flora, the earth, the air, and the light. When we use the anthracite every article is paid back to us and nature. None of it is lost but by a mysterious and divine economy the heat and light and energy return to the vast reservoirs of the universe maybe to be re-employed by the sun or, perhaps, Saturn or Mars. This lifts us to a very high altitude from which to pass in review the sociological phenomena of famine, plagues, persecution, revolution and war, that will with our poor powers, even with this advantage, almost certainly confuse and confound our philosophy.

We can easily see and all admit that death is the supreme evil if we consider the individual, but when we consider society it becomes the supreme natural good. It was well said "One must always die for the people." The axiom is limited here by the context to sacrifice or satisfaction for sin. But it has likewise a universal meaning and application. It is just as true to say all must die for the people—for society. Society is an ever extending telescope, every generation adding a new chamber, widening as it goes, to let in more light. There are 1,500 millions, say, in each generation. If, as a unit, they faced death they would do so in natural revolt but they would leave their estates behind, not so much their physical chattels and assets as their quota, their contribution to the intellectual and the moral storehouses of the race. Individuals may lose the deposit, sections of society may degenerate, but society as a whole forges forward, because progress is an inexorable law; the law of the intellect, the law of the will, the law of nature. That is the only way nature and creation can return to the Creator as final cause. Being born and dying at specified intervals and in the main precisely marked—man at seventy years, the elephant at a hundred and so on, is a most benevolent design of the Creator's in the interest of society that the inertia, the momentum of its morale and rationale may continually but ordinately increase. Shall we conclude, then, that death is the supreme natural evil to the individual and the supreme natural good to society? To die a natural death at seventy, after having spent a devoted and dutiful life is still paying a double debt—life has been at usury—to nature and to society. We return to nature less, but to society more, than we received. There you have it; evil for the individual, and good for society. But suppose a man dies at thirty-three for religion, the natural evil is greater and so is the social

good greater than in the former case. Youth has more and dearer titles to life than age and martyrdom—a violent death—for a cause, social, scientific, moral, or religious, deposits more in the commonwealth of our race than a dozen deaths after life's day is over.

Death, then, at any age, say in persecution or war, in the interest of truth, in the interest of the common good, in the interest of society, in the interest of morality, in the interest of religion, is the noblest end that man can have. Socrates died for what he deemed the truth; Thomas More for the sake of conscience; and Hofer for his country. The longest page of history would hardly contain the names of men and women who laid down their lives for causes dear to their hearts.

Death in war for one's country's good is the supreme test of citizenship. Such an one lives in the martyrology of his country. History, at the head of her chronicles, writes his name in letters of gold. Time negatives her elements and lets live his name on the rocks of ages. Eternity calls out and clamors to inscribe his name in the halls and high places of glory. How then shall we sing the praises of the privates and the officers who in this war have marched off by the thousand to fight, not alone for their own country, but for the highest ideals of democratic civilization? Generations unborn will reap the rich harvest whose seeds were sown in their blood. Liberty will come forth from the cave where she crouched at the call of their deathless spirits. Freedom will unfurl her banners showing in gold their glorious names. Cities will rise again from the ashes of war wearing the names of their heroes. Temples will spring from their ruins and offer sacrifice in honor of the slain. Poets will name in Iliads and Aeneads the names of the unreturning brave. Chivalry will teach her children to prostrate at their names. Industry will stop her wheels and society will close her doors as the pageant of her dead heroes passes in never ending lines through the corridors of time. Romance and song and story will cherish their names as they have cherished the patriots of the past.

After religion patriotism is the strongest passion in the human breast. It is no wonder, therefore, that in many countries, especially in the East patriotism becomes religion. From being ethical it becomes religious. The hero becomes a god. Apotheosis is not an official act always; it is often the cumulative applause of the people. Great statesmen in times of peace, and especially kings, were wont in life to receive this irrational reward. But the heroes in war; the generals who led their legions forth to victory, bringing back the spoils of conquered peoples to the coffers of their country, were always

the favorites with the people and promptly received the incense of the gods in the open squares and courts of their capital cities. Ancient Rome and Greece and Japan are most notable as giving this reward to patriotism. This may, however, be explained by the nature of their religion, which was and is polytheism and pantheism. In a more rational way, we in these countries put the names of martial patriots at the head of history. And gold is not good enough; no art is cunning enough to inscribe on its pages their glorious deeds.

Although it would not be pertinent or logical to discuss it here the patriots of peace have and deserve, a high place in the chronicles of civilization. We have a word much used modernly—pacifism—which by reason of contrast with militarism must be discussed in these pages. It is a cult which was born of the highest ideals. In fact idealism is its bane and its curse. Men will never become ideal. At least half of them will always stand for liberty to eat, drink, sleep and fight wherever and whenever they wish. But postulating progress as the law of the universe, including society, they peevishly ask has not the age arrived when some progress ought to be made away from the clash of the clans and the wars of the tribes? In theory most men who are civilized are horrified when murder is committed or even when death occurs accidentally in a tragic or torturing way. The elemental passion is not only for self-preservation, but for the preservation of all sentient life. We have societies which busy themselves about the comforts and humane treatment of dumb animals and all modern legislatures have given it their sanction.

One cannot, however, in the discussion of the values of war—its losses and its gains—credit this sentiment of sympathy with sentient being up entirely to Mars or his minions. I think it is rather a permanent quantity in nature itself—nature elite and its own estate. The circumstances of war; the horrors, the bloodshed and the miseries only serve to accentuate interest and bring out the brotherhood of life and the natural tenderness and sympathy planted in men's minds and hearts by a Provident Guide. Thus is preserved in power and endurance each species put on the earth for a purpose very often beyond our ken. Yet as to this very matter as in most other matters, that are moot among men, they almost by an instinct, fall into two hemispheres, for and against. Sometimes it would seem as if a perversity were planted in reason to balance and retard action so as to give a better fibre to the processes of progress. The slow world of conservatism designed by God in the interests of safety always keeps grumbling "*festina lente*," make haste slowly! And history

too, often wearing the widow's weeds of sorrow, shows us on her open page the death of society's cherished and tested customs which are superseded by experiment walking in the illusive grove of false progress. Let us then admit there is in Opposition the spirit of wisdom which calls upon even Safety again and again to try, like the elephant, the bridge of progress, the sage design of a Providence deeper than the human mind in isolation or conjunction can fathom.

Let us now pass from pacificism and humanitarianism which do so much credit to the human heart, to militarism the opposite school, where the scholars addicted to different ideals—I shall not say higher—aim at efficiency in action and strategy; aim at fitness, physical and mental—if not moral; aim at the keen eye, the bright mind; aim at the best in mere animal life; aim at the deep chest, the strong heart, the large muscle; aim at indomitable power, both of the man and the animal. One who feels that he is civilized, who feels that he has drunk of the wines and the airs of peace has a feeling of depression—of reversion, of collapse at all this. He feels that for a providential reason, not clear to him, that conservative forces have called a halt in idealism and progress, perhaps in the interests of solidity, and that for a century or so the progressives will have an opportunity of contemplating the ground they have covered and conquered; an opportunity to make safe, to solidify, to strengthen the trenches they have taken; trenches that will serve as a point of departure, when militarism, sickening at its sordidness, will again, the disgusted cumulative mind permitting, allow progress to advance in the sciences and the arts of civilization. Yet militarism, professional and improvised, has the stage and will have it for centuries perhaps. There is a law in over-doing things that disgusts and causes the pendulum to swing to the other extreme—in logic they call it proving too much and proving nothing. This might be the medicament to meet the virus of militarism that, like a disease, seems able and apt just now to seize onto the vitals of society like a cancer, setting up an individual entity of its own; to suck into its arteries all the energy and life intended for the body, social and politic. Militarism is tribalism. Militarism is physical fitness and force. Militarism is the superman. Militarism is un-Galilean, unideal and uncivilized. Yet one cannot deny that militarism is science, is art, is industry. One cannot deny that immense and profound scholarship is consumed in this most arduous of all trades and professions. When one contemplates the commissariat of a million troops; the transport and convoy; the supply and distribution of munitions; the command, tactics and strategy, he is absolutely amazed and confounded at the

colossal proportions of the task. And who is not forced to reflect that if this energy, this ability, this science and art were used at the same high pressure in times of peace, in the interests of progress, instead of destruction, what a sum total, what a momentum, it would add to the assets of society in every conceivable way.

The commonest thing in the world, although few notice or note it, is for the means to become an end in itself. In fact if all means were personal and intelligent under the eye of psychology and investigation they would reveal like many servants a tendency to supersede and supplant their masters. In the ancient empires the thing occurred so frequently that it ceased to be unique and became ordinary. A military dictator ruling a country means the army has superseded society in its civil functions. Again and again the diadem of ancient Rome was up at auction and the dictator was the auctioneer. The sword or the pistol is for the defence, not for the conservation of life—food does that. The military in all normal political judgment is the sword of the state; but when it takes over the crown and the sceptre and the mace, the cancer has consumed the body and will soon consume itself.

Another thing supremely odious and inimical to democracy is that officialdom and officers in the army and the navy betray an infallible tendency to become a caste. In England and Prussia and in all countries, aristocratic or democratic, this order of society prevails: the king, the prince, the duke, the baron, the viscount, the general, the admiral. Even in the United States and France there is nearly as much caste and class as there is in Prussia and England. No denying this. If it is good, necessary, unavoidable, and desirable in itself, let us not complain; but democracy instinctively dislikes gold braid and gold buttons as it also dislikes bull pups in carriages with blue ribbons around their necks. The Canadians were considered a mob in England until the days of Ypres, St. Julien and Festubert, when their fighting saved the day; because, forsooth, the officers off duty would chum and drink and smoke with the men.

At any rate this war will bring into striking relief the relative merits both of pacificism and militarism, and as the heaven is in the dough neither will easily down. Overdoing anything undoes it as proving too much proves nothing. A cumulative subliminal consciousness after this war may find a voice like a volcano even in Prussia, the home of the sword and the helmet. The same consciousness may cry out with one thundering voice for universal disarmament, for perpetual peace and pacificism will be more than a dream and a theory,

it may be a fact. At the moment the tide is running heavily out the other way.

In the United States the senate is just now discussing "preparedness," and the President had to let go his strong-headed officials who were out-and-outers for perfect, if possible, defence. A month ago Bryan, an ultra-pacifist, resigned because he would have peace at any price. There is always a watershed in the mentality of men. Here you see men resigning honor, office, salary, society and all for exactly opposite ideals. The United States was till this war broke out, a peaceful country with a small regular army for a nation of a hundred million, and an efficient navy. Since 1812 they have been at peace with Canada. It is true there have been a few hot controversies, but then they were not afraid of either Canada or Mexico and consequently there were no alarming preparations made. There is not a ship or a fort on four thousand miles of a frontier. Neither will there now be, because the English-speaking peoples are drawing closer and closer together. Still there is only one word now that has much vogue among Americans and that is "preparedness." Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Root, Wilson, all agree independent of politics and party, that something must be done. This session of the senate will probably approve adding indefinitely to the strength of the navy on sea, in the air, and undersea. Not less than half a million and probably a million men will be enlisted or impressed into the standing army.

That word impress is ominous. Conscription is exceedingly odious to a free people and English-speaking peoples notoriously love liberty, personal and political. And yet England after a titanic struggle within herself has adopted a modified form of conscription. It is the thin end of the wedge and it won't come out easily, mark my word! United States, Canada and England are forced into a queer predicament—almost an impasse. But self-preservation is a strong law. Physically it is the first law. Germany, like the poor, will always be with England. Japan wants the suzerainty over the Pacific and the new world-tragedy will yet be fought out there. People are so used to the sound of the Atlantic they don't know there is a train coming on the other track. But they had better look the other way—look at the Pacific and get used to its music, its diapason and its roar. That means Australia and Canada must look sharp. They, with the United States—and now England's best statesmen admit they are nations—will have to bear the white man's burden on that other ocean's wave. Japan is not merely military, it is fanatically imperialistic. To die for the king and the country is not patriotism, it is religion and philosophy. Individuality

counts for nothing; there a man is merely an asset of the state—not voluntary or involuntary—merely spontaneous and automatic. Then what are we going to do on this side of the Pacific? Ask the Latin Republics, ask United States, ask Canada! You say why be a nation of conscripts against a little island in the East? Well, England is only a little island in the West and look at her? Japan even now enjoys the economic and soon will enjoy the political tutelage over China. In twenty-five years China will be a military nation and will have a navy perhaps under the same general staff as Japan. The Philippines and Australia are quite close relatively to their base and would be fairly easy prey. Then what of Canada and the United States? They would have to impress and conscript and that could not be done over night. A sailor or a soldier is like an engineer, it takes years to make a good one.

If not conscription maybe universal voluntary service, a much more palatable and even delectable alternative. Train a boy to box and at seventy he will strike you if you insult him. Why? Because he knows how to fight; he has confidence. Men never lose habits taken on in infancy or youth. There is a sort of military drill in all our schools now. It is done to give the children a taste for order, obedience and rule; to make them upstanding, deep-breathing, eye-beaming creatures; and the children like it; they love it. The teachers come back to the room with oxygen in their lungs and the cobwebs out of their heads and they all do better work for it. In civilized countries the school teacher is ubiquitous; he is everywhere; he is a good class of a man; ought to be indeed a model physically, morally and religiously; he must be dependable, able and energetic. He is the servant of the state; is paid by the state, and will willingly serve the state.

All institutions rise best and easiest from the pedestals of the past. Use the existing machinery, all politicians, merchants, philosophers will tell you. If there is to be universal voluntary service begin with the school, the college, the university! Take our athletes! The amount of human energy burned up in this arena of activity is incalculable. Could equally attractive exercises be invented that would have a bearing on patriotism and defence? I know not but teachers ought to know. The scout movement, the cadet movement, the first aid movement, were all the opening of an immense military perspective. There need never be the actual use of guns, and yet all boys and girls would be potentially soldiers, because multitudes would move with the ease and grace of the individual. That would be half the battle and would prepare them for battle. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" is a witticism, a cynicism and a truth. It would mean

here religion is a great virtue but drill the children systematically till they leave the university to take up the work of citizenship for which they have been directly prepared, and soldiership for which they are at least indirectly prepared. But you say that is making a nation with a chip on its shoulder. I suppose so. While all others who know not our ideals, who are barely civilized, who have a queer code of morals and are abandoning the one they have, carry chips not on the shoulders, where you can see them but ingeniously concealed it behooves us to be barbarians; to be supermen, if not in will-to-power, at least not in will-to-cower. That is not willingly abandoning our ideals or our civilization, till our neighbors come to see the folly of world-ambition, race ambition and universal conquest. France got that idea knocked out of her in 1815. Germany and Japan will also wreck on the same rocks.

I have put patriotism in the first place as a war value. It stands on the credit side of the account; it is a great gain. Losses there are in the plenty and I am pleased to be able to place this one as an asset—as cash on hand. We have seen the value of patriotism—of patriotism during the last fifteen months, when hundreds of thousands of Canada's sons have donned the khaki and sailed for the front, and I essayed feebly to sing their praise. Here, however, it is important to consider what effect this war will have on the future generations that will grow up on our soil. There, too, it will be an asset of ever increasing value. There will be first of all an army of veterans who will go over again and again their Iliads and Odysseys to their children and their grandchildren and history even now with the pen of impartiality is writing the names of Canada's heroes in her chronicles. And, too, from her storied page the urchins of future ages will drink the wonder of wonders in this great war, as we are wont to do of Wellington, Napoleon, Alexander and Cæsar; and they will be inspired and fired to go and do likewise if, and when their country calls. In fact patriotism is born of war as of no other parent. There is little or no consciousness of country in a long era of peace. Men become sensual, selfish and individualistic. Politicians rob the state. And all the nerve and the fibre of nationality grows flabby and fat. The spirit of heroism cannot live in the land; hurries off to barbaric confines where men fight with the wolf and the bear and the lion for their share of the foods and the fats of the earth. War alone inspires the true spirit of patriotism. In the last analysis patriotism and politics fall under and are found in the province of ethics; for there is not a human act that does not deserve to be called right or wrong, the category of indifference in such common vogue being ordinarily abandoned by thinkers.

This being the case, it is within our competence here, in calculating the losses and gains of war to pass in review its relation to morality and see and settle what value, if any, it has in this sphere. And first I may say that morality is so embedded in conscience, so identified with it and this again, is so completely reflected in conduct, whether of the individual or the nation, that in remarking and analyzing the latter one can quickly come to conclusions as to the general effect of war on the former. "All is fair in love and war" would seem to indicate that all morality in war passes by the board. Tactics and strategy are only other names for trickery. Chivalry was once a sort of superior code of honor or morality that combatants used with regard to prisoners and unfortunate and helpless enemies. The German doctrine of "frightfulness" has killed all that. And neither army now of the allies or the alliance can in justice to themselves employ either chivalry or morality. This is a very distinct and colossal loss. What with machine guns, aeroplanes, submarines and immorality or non-morality all the traditional glamor, glory, chivalry and romance have gone out of the bloody trade of war.

The disregard for treaties and pacts is another enormous misfortune and loss. And the doctrine of hatred which is openly taught and even sung in Germany negatives love which is the compelling law of both morals and religion. But in seasons of excitement such as one always finds in war men lose their heads as they do in ordinary anger, and preach doctrines and practice morals they would deprecate and deny when calm and peace is restored. If this were not the case what would be the use of pacts or treaties? And if the deep hatred raging down in every belligerent's breast did not disappear how would trade and commerce ever be carried on again? How would social relations ever be resumed? Then there is a degrading degree of dishonesty develops in every country at war the moment supplies are required. The confiscation of one-quarter of all profit over seven per cent. is a hard blow at boodlers and grafters. But will it do their honesty any good. The fact that such a multitude fall from grace when there is question of dealing with the government shows how weak men morally are and how necessary was that prayer "lead us not into temptation." If I canvassed this thing categorically and by the book we should find how deep the depths of moral dereliction are in periods of war. There are the cardinal virtues, prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude. The last shall be first for it is the long suit of war. Bravery is the virtue of Turk, the German, the Russian, the Briton, of every man in the fighting line. The man who faces the red mouthed cannon when it roars has fortitude

indeed, for he is facing the supreme natural evil, death. I am glad to announce this as a gain in the gloomy calendars of martial life. As to temperance, if one means moderation, and that is what moralists mean, again we score a loss. Excesses of all sorts, so solemn commissions after taking evidence, assure us were committed in Belgium and Champagne. In the presence of death, and a soldier in the field is never safe, one would imagine piety and honest morals would be the rule, but we read the very opposite is frequently the case. I suppose the animal in man asserts itself and he grows reckless and plunges into excesses that he would never dream of in his hours of sense and sanity. A life like this, antimonian in fact, if not in principle, is apt to ruin the conscience of the man. And if he returns to civil life he will be a real menace to society. It will be well to consider that same virtue of moderation in its influence on those who stay behind at home; in its influence on them not only during the period of actual war but even afterwards. Every single one of the belligerents for economical, if not for moral reasons, have enforced restrictive laws as to the sale and consumption of strong drink. This is only a very small part of the cardinal virtue of temperance which means moderation in all things. But nevertheless in modern times it has come to mean the whole thing. Talk of temperance now and the man on the street thinks you want him to take "the pledge." France has forbidden the use of absinthe; if that continues after the war it will be a magnificent gain. The peasants of Russia cannot get any more of their beloved vodka. Even England, the land of personal liberty, in certain zones and spheres about munition factories, has forbidden the sale of intoxicants. Again it is for economic reasons. Reformers don't much care for what motive so long as the end is attained. There is something in human nature, however, that will refuse to go backward once the face is set in the right direction. This encourages propagandists to hope that after the war these restrictions will remain. The English Church in England has gone on record against prohibition and that is rather a bad sign. In other countries you couldn't, since Principal Grant's time, get any church to go officially against temperance in any form. We all seem natural born puritans here. Prohibition is being hotly agitated now at least to endure during the war period, and they hope possession will prove nine points of the law. Old Country people of all classes with a few rare and notable exceptions seem prejudiced against prohibition on the grounds of personal liberty; but here we are predisposed by the very air of the country quite independent of argument to favor restrictive legislation. The government, both in the States

and Canada, takes care of the "snow-birds," people who are addicted to cocaine, morphine and similar drugs. The same is true in regard to poisons generally that are used for medicinal purposes. The druggist requires you to sign up and then only a certain number of grains can be sold. So it does not seem that the principle of personal liberty will stand as an argument, being already broken in a thousand ways by government restriction and control. Per se I am not arguing for or against prohibition but merely seek the value of war, regarding temperance, especially as that word connotes self-control in the use of spirituous liquors.

I would have a tendency impetuously to throw prudence and justice overboard as desperately undesirable impedimenta. But it becomes the philosopher to be considerate and while I'm a poor philosopher all these things touch intimately and always the perimeter of wisdom. Prudence is the virtue of the intellect. What of Joffre and Kitchener and the Kaiser's general staff and the Czar and Duke Nicholas? If prudence and wisdom mean infinite calculation of the ways and means to gain victory one can trust all these to surpass, if possible, Solomon. I suppose, too, one can run up the stream to the governments behind these generals and general staffs and find that they, too, will use the best brains in the kingdoms to their best ability. Even the humblest citizen in every one of these contending kingdoms will not sell but lend any asset of wisdom or prudence he may possess to further the advantage and cause of the fatherland. Will all these resources of wit and intellect be lost after the war? They will have a tendency to slacken and relax. If they do not our factories will run at a higher head of steam than in the past. The farm and the forest and the mine will give up the riches more quickly than ever, that nature has planted in their breasts. And as to justice? We pause for breath. Shall we pass it over in silence? The best definition of it is the fulfilling of the law. What law? All law—human and divine. The commandments of God are the principles of all human laws. Civil law is only the application and expansion of the divine law. It never can be in contradiction or contravention of it. The less said of justice in relation to war the better; it suffers irreparable loss.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" means in the last analysis you must honor the magistrate and the king; for the family is the unit of society. It is implied, too, that you honor and obey every superior, be he never so high or so lowly. What then does war do for the family and what will be its aftermath? This is a most important discussion and is radical in its results in relation to war. The number of the family,

the order of the family, the obedience and respect of the family mean everything to the state in peace and even more, if possible, in war. And yet some short-sighted, even politically democratic nations, permit and even seem to encourage divorce. They sow the wind and will reap the whirlwind. The family will decline, as it has done in modern times, and society will soon be no better organized than its unit. One of the great sources of Germany's strength in this war is population, both in numbers and quality. There will always be survival of the fittest, the strongest and the most numerous. Germany knew this. War, I don't think, has any direct bearing on the family. It may have an indirect influence. They say that persecuted peoples always have large families. That would seem to indicate that the married woman has a shrewd political instinct. She must say to herself numbers count. Politics in that case would be the mother of morality. If a whole nation became obsessed with the subconsciousness that they were to govern the world, might not the married woman be that nation's most valuable asset? To keep God's law and nature's law is primarily a moral act. That it were for political purposes in a hazy, ill-defined way would not vitiate the virtue implied. Germans had large families. Did war do that? Were the majority of the nation Galilean in their morals? The savants and war lords openly repudiated the "Sermon on the Mount" as emasculating and effeminate.

All the while since 1870 the French publicists were aware of what was happening—the Germans were forging ahead in numbers and they were falling behind. The hammers and blasts of Essen could always be distinctly heard in Paris and every Frenchman had a picture turned toward the wall of his imagination, called Sedan. These things made him anxious and fretful and consequently he set busily about doing something. That something was to improve the birth rate and impede the death rate. The death rate was kept in as good control as anywhere else, for the French are scientific and sanitary. But the family! That was and is the sore spot. I should not so odiously segregate the French in this matter for it is said the immigration into the United States is responsible for any increase they can count. Parts of Canada suffer from race suicide. Quebec alone is the land where the laws of God and man are kept in this regard. If persecution increases the family, it may be asked will war have the same effect? The motive makes the morals. An increase solely with this end in view would be non-moral but it would be natural. And where the natural laws are implicitly obeyed morals and religion will also almost by concomitance flourish. As any morals worth while, family or individual, are religious having

eternal sanctions the only way for France, Italy, England and the others is to return to monogamy and minimize the currency of divorce. This can be done best indirectly by encouraging religion. The poorest religion must have honest morals or its priests and preachers will be despised. If they preach they must practice and their example will have force and will be imitated and obeyed. France's greatest mistake was her apostacy. "No religion no morals" is a notorious axiom. Will infidel governments be able to see and admit this? If so the war will do good to the family and to society.

"Thou shalt not kill" is one of the categories and commands of Moses. They say he meant the individual. At any rate the state has always enjoyed and used the power of the sword. Some sects stubbornly stick to the commandment in its literal sense, and will not become soldiers or fight for any country and are consequently considered disloyal. Theologians usually permit wars that are just and in self-defence. Wars that are unjust and wars of aggression they condemn. However, in admitting so much they admit the state has the right in that instance to use her citizens in mortal combat. In the case of crime, too, no state yet has succeeded well, short of capital punishment, in keeping her unruly and froward children in check. Murder is killing with malice aforethought. Manslaughter is killing by accident or rage. Will war have any influence for good or for ill on society or the individual? Most probably it will make all men in whatsoever capacity coarse and callous. The wreck of the Titanic made the race reel with the intoxication of the tragedy. The sinking of the Lusitania didn't cause a shudder. It seemed a matter of course to many; and in Germany the children had a holiday to celebrate the feat. In the matter of murder or manslaughter war undoubtedly can have no place in our credit account; it is a loss, a damage and a disgrace.

As to clean living, which is the next count in the categories of our canvas, what has been called "the war babies" is a sudden and sufficient answer. The conduct of the Germans in Belgium as presented by the report of Mr. Bryce's Commission seems to place beyond doubt the fact that war lets loose the animal in man. He kills as fiercely as the tiger. He howls like the hyena. He plunges into excesses like a pig. War is lust and sensuality. We shall dismiss it summarily on this count; as it is unconscionably unclean and coarse.

"Thou shalt not steal," being Mosaic and even Galilean, it is rubbed from off the stone. Property has always been held sacred by civilized peoples. The sweat of the brow is personal and is always the price one pays for property. That it should be confiscated, for that reason, is unthinkable to all men in

their senses. And yet to armies on the march all things are common. The fields and the forests, the granaries and the barns are sacked and ransacked for food and forage. Not only that, the terrorized citizens are taxed to their limit and the gold is simply taken from the coffers of the unfortunate conquered country and her banks. In a more lawful way if the war lasts long, coinage will be debased and wealth confiscated. The soldiers must be dressed and paid and fed. The guns must be dressed and cleaned and fed. The outlay is simply awful. And the country to meet it must bankrupt and scrap her citizens, appropriating their chattels and property. Repudiation of debt is not necessary; the result—robbery—can be accomplished in other ways. All this wrecks and destroys confidence and faith and makes men dishonest in tendency if not in fact. The Lords of England and the Junkers of Germany and the plutocrats of Canada and France and Russia will never want another war. It is an absolute fact that their lands, chattels, investments are going to be heartlessly taxed to meet the interest, aye! only the interest, on the colossal national debts. This will democratize the nobility and that will do good; as the fruits of the feudal system its castes and privileges have been conserved only too long. It was coming anyway in England, as Lloyd-George even before the war was forcing the Dukes to sell their estates. He was speaking somewhat uncivilly when he said a Duke cost the country as much as two dreadnoughts. It was thought for long, not by real economic thinkers, that the tenants existed on the Duke's bounty. Now it is seen that the Dukes ride on their tenants' backs. How do you figure that out—that a Duke costs \$60,000,000 or two dreadnoughts? The state by "eminent domain" has in the last analysis a right to all the physical assets of the state. The lands, who ever holds the titles, are supposed to produce the maximum inside the law of exhaustion. Some of the Dukes own whole counties which, instead of being put out to usury in the hands of the husbandman, are left idle for the fox and the pheasant, the redingotes and the hounds. This would not be so miserable and glaring if England weren't an island, and a little one at that. At any rate, prejudices aside and reason in command, the Lord made the land for the people and even in Russia and Turkey some day the land will be parcelled out to the peasants; and every man's hut will be his castle and his lands will be his with title clear under the higher ownership of the state. In no sphere will war work greater havoc than in this of property. Shall we say the sum total is on the debit or the credit side of the account? It is too vast and far-reaching for any accountant to grasp.

As to telling the truth, bearing false witness which is now to be discussed, war can hardly claim much credit. Ambush is one of the expedients of war. It is a physical lie. There are more lies than those told by the lips. Any line of conduct that does not express your mind is a lie. Every deception is a lie. Sharp wit and practice that designedly misleads is a lie. Diplomacy is often a lie. Everything is lawful in war proves that all war is a lie, so that the enemy may be deceived and led into ambush. A country under the heel of penal laws will develop a peasantry equal to the "Scotland Yard" detectives in the keenness of their wit. They will evade and fool every law that the mind of man can make. They have to lie and steal and deceive in order to live. The character soon crumbles under this fiendish strain and soon they are not to be trusted in their intimate social relations for the forensic habit soon invades and destroys the fabric of conscience. A mother who teaches in the interest of something dear to her, say religion, her boy to lie and sneak and deceive his father will reap the whirlwind in the character that will soon deceive her and all society as well as the father. The general or officer soonest promoted is the man whose army can so lie as to catch the enemy napping and mow them down like the reapers do in Autumn. You say the moral standards of peace cannot be applied to war. Do you admit that there are two moral standards? Can a public man do what a private man cannot do? Can a soldier do what a civilian cannot do? Answer that! There is a palliation, if not a compensation, in this that when each knows the other is lying, it would be silly to suspect him of telling the truth. But does that lessen the moral depravity that seems to be in the fibre, the very woof and web of war? By no means. To win in war one must keep his buckles and bayonets bright, leave his conscience and heart at home with his mother; and go right in like the wild beasts in the jungle till he gets his prey. The tiger lies when he sneaks silently up on his victim and so does the soldier. War is a lie.

Concupiscence is a generic term. It was coined to codify the desires men experience to the end that they preserve themselves and society. Desires are therefore good in themselves and were designed by the Creator for the necessary and useful ends of cosmic economy. It is trite to say that it is the abuse of the subliminal laws that constitutes the crime or the sin. War is concupiscence—world-concupiscence. War is social concupiscence. The desire to have dominion, power and wealth was more than anything else at the bottom of this war. To have Asia and Africa if not America in contribution—paying tribute was the ambition of the German Junkers and

war lords. You say England had Mexico, United States, China, Africa and I know not what in possession or contribution and made Germans jealous and feel that they'd like to have a larger place in the sun. I am not familiar enough with universal history to give England a *carte blanche* or a *carte noire* in this matter. One thing is certain—England is in, either in physical or fiscal, possession of a quarter of the globe and a quarter of the human family can sleep and even snore in safety under her flag. If her commonwealth were not one of liberty, fraternity and equity another thirteen colonies would soon be found to bolt. But to return: it is concupiscence, the desire to have and to hold our neighbors' goods that, in practice, was the cause of the war. That was the place in the sun. If this earth were twice as big as it is and were never possessed by squatters like Holland, Belgium, Denmark, especially, who stand in one's road to the sea the desire to take possession would not have been a moral dereliction. But at least these three little countries were sturdy nationalities long before, aye, a thousand years before Bismarck's Germany was born! It was, therefore, desiring to have her neighbors' property that caused Germany to plunge in the hell of crime and iniquity essential and incidental to this war.

With the ethical and moral aspects of the war I am done. I fear I have been drearily prolix and I pass with pleasure on to the consideration of religion in relation to war. I shall have to enquire whether men in the presence of death feel the presence of God more intimately; exercise the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity more frequently; throw themselves on their knees in private or public worship more ardently than they do when pursuing the trades, the occupations and the avocations of peace? The opportunities for public worship in war are few and far between and, therefore, that topic can be dismissed, except to say that in camp and on the field many attend because the company do or rather because they have to. This is especially true when they attend a religious service, the creed and ritual of which are odious to them. The question of private prayer and piety is far more interesting and although while in soldiers training in this country I have noticed no very remarkable piety, I hear it is quite different in France and Flanders where the thunders of the volcanoes are rocking the earth and roaring in their ears. It is quite ordinary to find Protestant soldiers in Catholic chapels and churches, for there are no others there, piously appealing in private prayer to God to protect them from the dangers of their desperate trade. As to France itself which for twenty-five years has persecuted religion, can one say that war will produce a revival? That is being generally said for it is sadly

in need of the leaven of religion and morality. If France is at a standstill, is suffering from dry-rot, or is in declension and decay it can be credited more to the persecution of religion than to any other cause. Many of the grand mediæval churches have been destroyed. Will the peasants have the piety, the courage and the generosity to restore them or build new ones in their places? That remains to be seen. Will the war have any effect on the government of France? Are they calumniated in calling them atheists? Are they irrational enough to think that this orderly universe is an accident and has no personal cause?

And what about Germany? Religion was not persecuted in the Vaterland, nor was it in Russia or Austria. Germany was the home of Lutheranism and the cradle of Protestantism. The anniversary of Luther will not be celebrated at all or with a lessened enthusiasm this year in English-speaking countries. Even up to August, 1914, Protestant seminaries went to Germany to get polish and inspiration. Kant's "Critical and Practical Reason" was a text-book everywhere in the colleges and the author was often rightly or wrongly dubbed the philosopher of Protestantism. Nobody seemed to see that his "categorical imperative" was nonsensical and unchristian and would sap the foundations of morality. We certainly see now that self-sufficient rational morals are no good. Unless obligation the sense of duty is profoundly and primarily owed to God and dereliction in this regard are penalized by the eternal and solemn sanctions of Heaven and Hell your morals are a sham, a deception and a snare. But English Protestantism is of age—has attained its majority, and it can and will stand alone. They will not go to Germany any more for the higher criticism. They will be able to get too much of that in Scotland. In fact Modernism will receive a hard blow from this war. Men will see that criticism destroyed faith in the infallibility of the Bible, that it consequently destroyed religion. Men without religion or morality adore everywhere and always the golden calf. Men will adore something. The instinct of religion is undeniable and in the absence of God men will make a superman and a superwoman and they will begin to burn their incense to things graven and made with their own hands and hearts. At any rate Protestantism will have a new orientation after the war; it will leave Germany alone. The Catholic church in Italy and France is apt to gain much ground lost in the last quarter of a century. War will do religion good.

Will war contribute anything to political science? I don't mean to ask if certain boundaries and colonies will lose their present positions and their present sovereignties? That is

almost absolutely certain. It is well known that every constitution like every man, animal, vegetable tree is a growth. Not only that but that they are as individualized by local circumstances and conditions as man is by matter. Certain forms of governments are called republican, autocratic, aristocratic, monarchic, etc. But what's in a name? France is a republic; so is the United States. Look at their written and unwritten constitution! They are different. France is really an autocratic tyranny. Democracy there is dead. An election there is not the voice of the people, it is the echo of the administration's call. England is called a limited monarchy; it is really a democracy. Asquith and the Commons make the laws and the King is permanent and hereditary President. Practically all political ideas have been born in war. The confederacy of the United States, a new thing then in politics, came into existence in 1776. The thirteen States started off with autonomies, sovereignties of their own but they agreed to surrender enough sovereignty to make a federation possible. Then piecemeal and by patchwork they fought for or purchased territory until now they have the half of North America. Canada is also a federation but it is entirely different. The British North America Act is its constitution. It is technically a colony, but now really a nation; if it has sense enough to stay one. Canada has contributed a new thing to political science which was not born in the throes and labors of war. She became a nation by bloodless evolution. The treaties with France and the United States, fiscal if you will, settled that. The British ambassadors in these places looked on in amazement while the Canadian envoys dealt directly with the afore-said governments.

South Africa and Australia have similar constitutions and no doubt are quite as individually differentiated as those in our continent washed by the Atlantic's waters. The future alignments of the dominions or commonwealths within the Empire—or confederacy—is now being warmly debated. If there is a general council held every five years quite distinct from the present British House of Commons in which there will be an exact balance numerically between the overseas and the at-home members quite a new idea will be contributed to political science. There have been informal meetings already of colonial and imperial statesmen which were, I understand, merely consultative and advisory. Something quite different from that has to come. The war debts locally in the overseas dominions will be enormous. But those in the motherland will be more insupportable still. This body that has been suggested would have to deal with tariffs, rebates, embargoes, preferences and the like intended mutually to assist all the

dominions without in any way lessening their present political status. There will always be great danger in this general council of reverting to the colonial condition in which a tax might have to be paid on tea shipped not to Boston but to Quebec. Treaty-making without sovereignty was new to the dictionary, still that now is an accomplished fact. And some new federation may come after this war between the various members of the British commonwealths that will divide equally between the overseas and the at home legislators the political deposit and powers of the whole. Something new will be worked out in the British Isles that would not have been possible before the war. Ireland, Scotland and Wales will have, no doubt, local Houses and look after local matters. But foreign relations, fiscal policies and war will not be within their competence or jurisdiction.

Another matter of political importance which the war is going to permanently affect is socialism. This theory which is partly economical and partly political has been exploited with persistence, violence and heat since the days of Engel and Marx. It's the voice of dissatisfaction and discontent. It is a reaction against the individualism of the eighteenth century. It is now almost cheated of its incentive and objective as the majority of men, even society itself, has also been quietly but strongly running in the opposite direction. Brotherhood, neighborhood co-operation are words in everyone's mouth and consequently the speakers in the parks not saying anything new are neglected and find their trade and popularity almost gone. In the twentieth century the pendulum is swinging to the exact opposite extreme from where it was in the eighteenth and those who come after us may find the tide setting in again in the opposite direction. What it advanced regarding utilities—that they should be taken over and administered by the state in the interests of the people—has been done and is being done more fully now—to their hearts' content or rather discontent, for they hoped to have had a hand in it and to have gotten credit for it. The exigencies of war have forced the governments on the one hand and coerced the people on the other to adopt all their important theories. Everything from corn to cotton has been socialized. Everything from munitions to men has been mobilized. The individual now is a thing, is an instrument, is an asset of the state. This new thing will remain with us till the war is over. After that some of it will no doubt never be revoked. As a political theory socialism, collectivism and the others in modified forms were tried in a small way and tentatively centuries ago. And they failed, as extreme doctrines are always bound to do. Now that they have been adopted as a military necessity,

will rob them of all political novelty. Besides what is really useful and desirable will no doubt be permanently retained. For instance munition factories ought to remain under government control; in fact all war supplies. Railways, telegraph, telephone, post offices in many countries being public utilities were already before the war in the hands of the government. If and when this socializing tendency goes too far one can trust the Opposition in Parliaments and the free lances in society to go after it with a vengeance and without mercy.

As to economics the war will overturn the whole fabric of it. Whether to men's profit or loss time alone will tell. Labor and capital, like conservatism and reform, have been mighty forces at work in the fabric of society from its very origin even until now. And there will be or can be no rest. Look at the winds and the waters! They constantly purify themselves by motion. The air instantly distributes the gases and the water throws down at once its precipitates. In society, too, by analogy the purification processes must go on. The debasement of the coinage and currency raises prices, taxes and wages. Its purchasing power being lessened, there is only one remedy: wages must go up. Labor has to be fed and capital will have to give of its profits to meet his needs. There is and will always be no doubt selfishness, prejudice and unreasonableness on both sides. But when the voice of necessity calls out either or both sides will have to give way and compromise. The "interests" have always been affectionately protected by the supreme courts of every country in the world and the plutocrats consequently flourish and grow fat. This is no doubt good as labor individually and collectively would be in a bad way only for the employment provided by the organizing genius of capital. The governments of the world during this war will have the hardihood to take a quarter or half of factory profits beyond seven per cent. which is considered a fair return for investments in these strenuous times. If after the war is over governments would continue to confiscate and decentralize capital by income taxes and succession duties there would be lifted off the shoulders of labor a great burden. The minimum of taxes would be levied on their homes which would allow them a more liberal margin to be used in the comforts and pleasures of life.

Henry George twenty-five years ago urged the theory of single-tax in the interest of labor, but it has made very slow progress. Our new provinces in the West have been tentatively trying it. But conservative and radical minds seem to be about evenly divided on the question. Land values and labor values, land products and labor products, are the opposite assets, that the various schools would tax exclusively.

It is the business of economic science to fight it out in practice as well as in theory. The same must be said of free trade and tariff. The end is not yet.

It remains to say a word of art, science and literature in relation to war. War is the reckless destroyer of all the works of man. Bridges and churches and cities and universities have all gone ruthlessly down in this terrible cosmic cataclysm. Peace in her own quiet way like the ants will go about rebuilding it all. Industry will have to reconstruct the avenues and ways and means of commerce. Steel and iron must do their part before gold and silver can begin. When the essentials and life-giving things are reconstructed men will begin again to build their churches, their universities, their art institutes. Will science point out the way to many changes? No doubt. Will art improve on Rheims and Namur? It is to be feared it will not. The ages and inspiration and faith are gone that produced those unparalleled monuments of the human genius. As of old and always, science and art will work hand in hand and will produce things useful and æsthetic. For men always seek the beautiful as well as the useful, the true and the good. Churches and galleries and theatres then will arise from the ashes and the blood and the destruction of this war.

And as to literature, it has always flourished in periods of stress and war and strain. Fires burn then fiercely in the human heart and it is then that men do their best, say their best, and sing their best. The songs of hate produced in this war are a new thing in literature. Whether these were primarily poetical or political it is hard to say. It is well known however, that hatred is a greater asset in a soldier than patriotism and therefore this form of literature may have been studiously inspired and written. Certainly for a year and a half no other subject could have been profitably discussed, as men are too distracted and preoccupied with the unreliable fortunes of war to devote much time to or concentrate on the subjects of peaceful pursuits. And after the war when the lengthening perspective of time lets men look over the fields of carnage and into the motives of men dispassionately, they will begin to write their Ilyads and their Odysseys. Poetry will receive her inspiration from the genius of war and under his ægis she will make the mighty legions of the dead do their deeds of honor over again. She will make them shout and sing as they did in the camp and in the charge and she will place on their heads the garlands of victory whether they won or lost. And history will impartially rummage the archives of every chancellery on earth, will get the figures and the facts and the motives of men and she will write them with

accuracy and care, that generations yet unborn may know the truth; may know the insane deeds their fathers did; may know their fatuousness and folly that they may avoid the pitfalls of passion, of rivalry and ambition.







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de really help... suggest how left-overs can be used. for it is hard to realize that thous- ands of young cooks throw out all food that is left after a meal. If you should be able to watch the work of famous culinary experts, you would see that some of the best- made dishes are combinations of foods that have been cooked pre- viously. Food need not be stale be- cause it is a day old; and when it is properly re-heated it may be better than when first cooked. If you have rice for breakfast and a cupful re- mains save it for 24 hours and then make into rice pudding and, served with cream, it will have little re- semblance to the breakfast cereal of the day before. That is the secret of the successful use of left-overs, add-

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